Collier's
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DECEMBER 25, 1943

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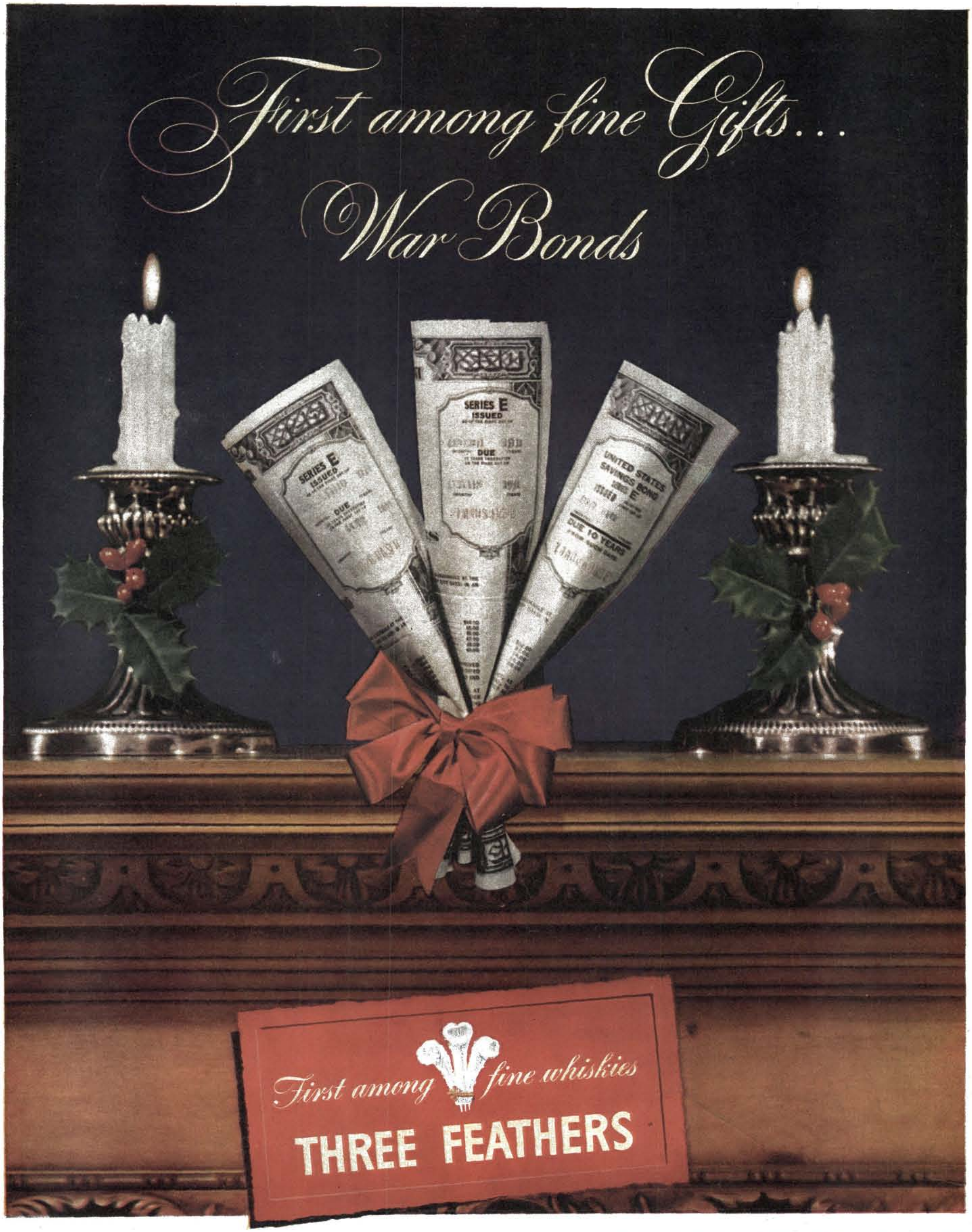
IOLA FREE PUBLIC

AMERICANS AT WAR

THREE VITAL ARTICLES BY
JIM MARSHALL · COREY FORD
HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONI FRISSELL

c. 25, '43


First among fine Gifts...
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UNITED STATES SAVINGS BOND SERIES E
DUE 10 YEARS
First among fine whiskies
THREE FEATHERS

THREE FEATHERS BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 Proof, 60% Cane Products Neutral Spirits. Oldetyme Distillers, Inc., Aladdin, Pa. • ALL OUR DISTILLERIES ARE CONCENTRATING 100% ON THE PRODUCTION OF WAR ALCOHOL

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WARTIME ANNOUNCEMENT!

Revolutionary RADIONICS Product of Great Importance

For All Hard of Hearing — their Friends and Families

$40.00

READY TO WEAR
COMPLETE
—WITH RADIONIC TUBES
—CRYSTAL MICROPHONE
AND BATTERIES

. . . *Liberal Guarantee*

★

TO PHYSICIANS: A detailed scientific description will be sent upon request. Further technical details will appear in medical journals.

★

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

★

The Zenith Hearing Aid can be supplied only by your Zenith franchised Optician or Optometrist (no home calls or solicitations).

Zenith Radio Corporation
CHICAGO

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

To: Manpower Authorities, Employers, Physicians,
Parents, Teachers and Hard of Hearing.

Our country's manpower crisis calls for everyone's maximum efficiency. Since I lost the hearing of one ear in an accident twenty years ago, I have been acutely conscious of the handicaps of the hard of hearing. While pioneering in radio I have for some years directed Zenith's research toward development of the best wearable hearing aid that science could produce.

My own company has spent millions, the radio industry tens of millions for research. This research has been paid for by scores of millions of purchasers of radio sets.

We, with this technical knowledge and engineering skill, now bring to the hard of hearing a new precision aid — the ZENITH RADIONIC; an instrument of the highest quality.

A hearing aid is essentially a part of a radio receiver. It wires the human body for sound. It is composed of a crystal microphone and parts of a radio receiver set reduced to miniature size and manufactured with watch-like precision. For many years it has seemed to me incredible that the public could buy a complete radio receiver for $29 or less with which they could hear the words whispered in Europe, Asia, or South America, but people with deficient hearing have paid $100 to $200 for a comparably good hearing aid to hear the human voice across the room.

Zenith's facilities and methods for precision mass production of radio sets, Radionic devices, etc., enable it to bring this superb hearing aid within the reach of all.

Eye-glasses, like hearing aids today, were once the luxury of the few. What the optical companies have done to make the finest spectacles available to everybody at low cost, Zenith is now prepared to do for the hard of hearing -- to bring with the aid of modern radionic science a highly perfected hearing aid within the reach of the masses.

ZENITH RADIONIC -- low cost battery upkeep wearable hearing aid -- complete with miniature radio tubes, crystal microphone and batteries -- will sell for $40 -- about one-quarter of the price of the better vacuum tube instruments of today. Hereafter no one, child or adult, need be without a hearing aid because it is too high-priced. There are ten million people, of whom over three million are children in our schools, who are hard of hearing.

Even if Zenith never makes a dollar at this low price, it is willing to take its pay in the good will of the hard of hearing, their families and their friends. Thus begins a revolution in hearing aids -- a revolution to "lower the cost of hearing" within the reach of all.

E. F. McDonald Jr.

President,
Zenith Radio Corporation

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Picture
OF THE MONTH

GREER GARSON WALTER PIDGEON
in
Madame Curie
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by............ *Mervyn LeRoy*
Produced by.......... *Sidney Franklin*

with Henry Travers, Robert Walker, Dame May Whitty, Elsa Basserman, Van Johnson, Albert Basserman, C. Aubrey Smith, Victor Francen, Reginald Owen, Margaret O'Brien

Screen Play by *Paul Osborn, Paul H. Rameau*
Based on the Book "Madame Curie" by *Eve Curie*

In "Madame Curie", Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, that utterly delightful couple whom you perhaps remember best as "Mr." and "Mrs. Miniver" give their best performance in their best picture. With new personalities, new roles but the same engaging talent for team-work and heart-work on the screen.

"Madame Curie" is the dramatic story of the woman whose love and devotion endowed the world with the magic of radium. Of Madame Curie and the man she loved, it has been well said "they caught a star on their fingertips". And it is nothing less than a starry quality that shines so eloquently through the scenes of this film.

As one of the finer efforts of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (who can be justly proud they made this picture), "Madame Curie" not only brings together again beloved Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon—it also boasts the direction of Mervyn LeRoy and the deft discretion of Producer Sidney Franklin. This duo made "Random Harvest" unforgettable and their genius for the long-to-be-remembered is again reflected in this, a major masterpiece.

Besides the halo shining around Greer and her screen-mate, Walter Pidgeon, 10 other fine names gleam in the impressive cast. And Paul Osborn and Paul H. Rameau have developed a heart-holding screen-story, based on Eve Curie's notable book.

Add up all this scintillation and you arrive at the happy conclusion—"Madame Curie" can be simply summed up as "great".

• • •

P. S. This picture has just been selected for a premiere showing at the Radio City Music Hall, scene of the screen triumphs of M-G-M's "Mrs. Miniver" and "Random Harvest"! And like those two pictures, "Madame Curie" will start its run on New York's Big Street but its absorbing story will take it into every town, large or small.

Collier's

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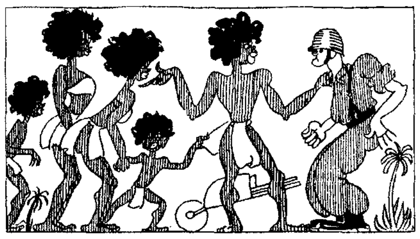
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

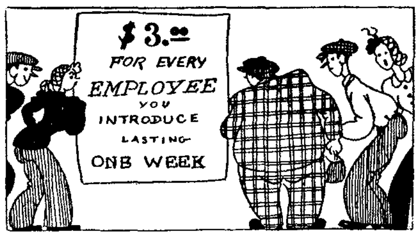
FROM a soldier in New Guinea, who asks us to withhold his name because "maybe a certain party in Holyoke, Massachusetts, won't understand," we learn that a native named Busutuu ("We call him Luther") is now the owner of a wheelbarrow through the good offices of our correspondent. Luther was so grateful that he returned next day with his wife, two sisters and eleven children, the youngest of the latter being about five. Luther, who speaks an English taught him in a mission school, shoved them toward our soldier, one by one. "Fine, fine!" said our soldier, and then asked, "But what?" Luther waved his hands. "They are yours, all yours," he replied, "for the wheelbarrow."



WE HAVEN'T been in Hurley, Wisconsin, but Mr. Henry Francis Brown of the American Temperance of the Seventh Day Adventists in Lansing, Michigan, writes to notify us that Hurley "is known far and wide as the wettest town on the map." He goes on with dripping details: "Hurley's population is less than 3,000. I counted sixty-five taverns in its five blocks of Main Street. On one block, there are nine taverns side by side, and they look across the street at nine taverns side by side—eighteen in one block. It's a story that ought to be told to the nation." Well, we've told it. We shall now sit back in our chair and wait explanations from Hurley and we hope that they will include what else Hurley does in its spare time, if any

MORE complaints about Your Life Tomorrow. "Cut it out," demands Mrs. Winifred T. Dyerte of Baltimore, Maryland. "If my husband ever finds out he can drop into the corner store and buy his dinner in pill form, he'll never come home at all. As it is, he's bad enough."

THE latest word we've had about the date of the war's end is November 11, 1944. This information comes from Mr. Julius Bion of Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Bion is an American Legionnaire and he is not wholly in sympathy with the idea. "Let the soldiers in this war have their own date to celebrate," says Mr. Bion. "I hear, though, that the politicians are fixing it so that both wars end on the same day to save time. As a fellow veteran of the first World War, please expose this." And there are other possible frictions between A.E.F.s old and new. A lot of us veterans of 1917 and 1918 are going to be hurt if Mr. Roosevelt's determination to send survivors of this war back to school overlooks us. Of course, it's going to be a little late to try to teach us gaffers much, but we're going to demand that we be asked. Moreover, we would travel some distance to see such of our fellow heroes as Mike Wolf, Spike O'Neill, Ewing Rafferty, Bill Gill, Bill Snow and Cupid Simoncini picketing the White House with banners and crying, "We wanna go back to school."



MISS SUE THOMPSON of New Orleans was pretty well overcome by a communication from the personnel office of a department store to all its employees, subject—Shop Talk Correction: "In a message from our president on the first page of Shop Talk, employees are told they will receive one dollar for each new employee they recommend. Our president has changed that offer. You will receive three dollars for each new employee whom you introduce and who remains in our employ one week." Miss Thompson inclines to the opinion that this sort of thing just can't go on. And we're a little on that side, too. Wait until the war's over. With that thought in mind, we shall go home and shudder. . . . W. D.

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THIS WEE

DECEMBER 25, 19

SHORT STORIES

DOROTHEA MALM
Make Up Your Mind. A female J Alden learns not to take anotl affair to heart. Pag

L. L. FOREMAN
Guardian of the Angels. Nat nobleman finds out, painfully, ladies are human, too. Pag

WALTER HAVIGHURST
Midnight Sailing. The glory great ship lives on in the hea a man who served her. Pag

EUSTACE COCKRELL
The Preacher. For a moment's n the mantle of divinity falls upon easy shoulders. Pag

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Okay, Soldier, by Howard Mai Pag

SERIAL STORY

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
Romance in the First Degree. third of four parts. Pag

ARTICLES

AMERICANS AT WAR
Vital articles on three phases o war effort. Pag

HELENA HUNTINGTON SMI
Soldiers Speak Out. And tell they think of the war—and ians.

JIM MARSHALL
Wooing Western Workers. sonal reasons" hamper war o on the West Coast.

COREY FORD
Tail-End Charlie. Portrait Yank fighter and his thought

JOHN KIERAN
Lost—and Found. The Raft Boo Walter Gatty, is required rea for castaways. Pag

SENATOR R. OWEN BREWSTE
Don't Blame the British—Blam In regard to our own interest yond the home shores, we hav consistent policy at all. Pag

DEVON FRANCIS
Four Stars and a Heart. Anno ment of the 32d annual award Collier Trophy. Pag

WALTER DAVENPORT
Blind Devotion. Sightless wo win the Maritime Commission's for efficiency in production. Pa

AMY PORTER
God's Partner. Robert G. LeTou made a compact with the Lor keeps it, in spite of success. Pa

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

WING TALK. Pa

THE GUILTY (Arthur Greiser)
Profile of Axis Terrorist No. 21 Pa

THE WEEK'S WORK. Pa

EDITORIALS
Real Postwar Planning.
Closer Ties with Canada.
Racial Peace Prescription. Pa

COVER TONI FRI

PNEU-MO-COC-CUS is a treacherous fellow

(... and this is his best hunting season)

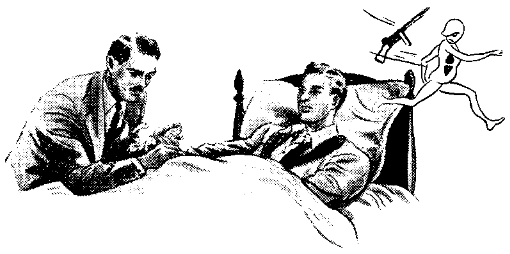
PNEUMOCOCCUS is the germ that causes most cases of pneumonia. He is a skillful hunter, preferring the cold winter months when people are less able to ward off his attacks.

Sometimes Pneumococcus strikes people who are in excellent physical condition. But he really goes to work with glee on someone whose resistance has been weakened—perhaps through overwork, poor nutrition, insufficient exercise.

He enjoys good hunting in stormy weather, stalking people who aren't dressed warmly, or whose clothing or shoes are soaked. Even better, he likes to shadow someone who has influenza, a severe cold, or a cold that hangs on. Such infections of the nose, throat, or lungs help him start a full-blown case of pneumonia.

Once you learn these wily habits of Pneumococcus, you can take the obvious steps to avoid his attack.

If, in spite of precautions, he should press home a successful attack, *quick action is necessary!* Any of the following signs of early pneumonia are an urgent warning to call the doctor *immediately:* A chill, followed by fever...coughing accompanied by pain in the side... thick, rust-colored sputum... rapid breathing.



In most cases of pneumonia, the doctor has a powerful weapon in the sulfa drugs. In some cases, serum is still used effectively. The earlier treatment is started, the better are the chances of hastening recovery and of preventing serious consequences.

Sometimes when pneumonia strikes, Pneumococcus is not to blame. The cause may be a germ or a virus against which sulfa drugs and serums are not effective. *In such cases, prompt medical and nursing care are particularly important, for recovery depends upon general care.*

During the "pneumonia months" the wisest course is to keep fit... avoid colds... take care of a cold should one develop. If a cold is very severe or hangs on, *go to bed . . . call the doctor!*

For more information about pneumonia, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Respiratory Diseases."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 14-C, "Respiratory Diseases."

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

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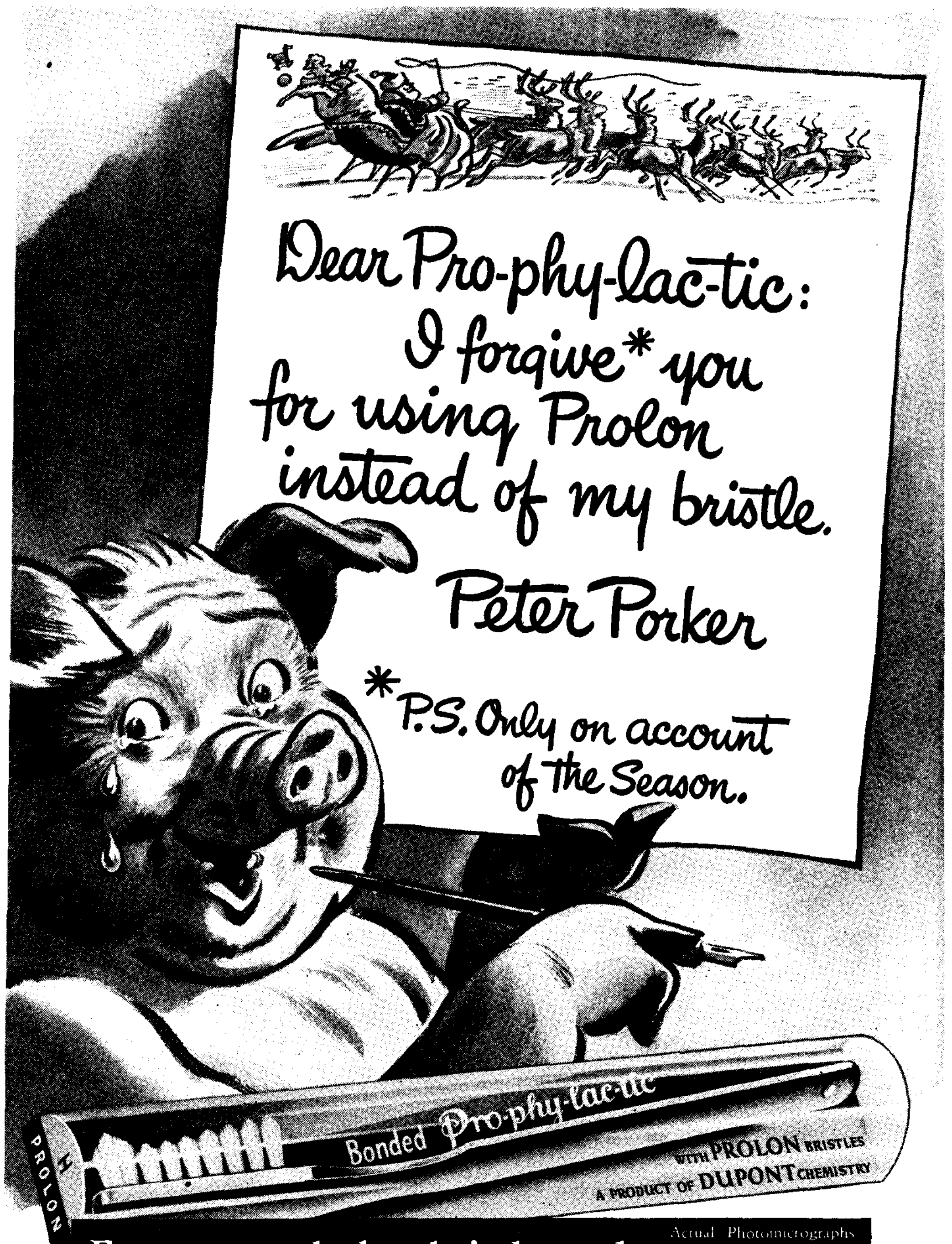
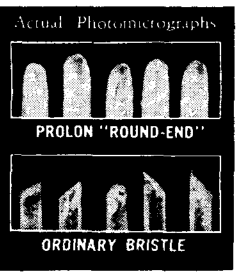
FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS! Infantile Paralysis research and education must not slow down. Epidemic aid and assistance to victims must continue in war or peace. The battle cry of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, "Fight Infantile Paralysis!", merits support. The annual campaign, January 14 to 31, is a proper time to echo that cry.


Dear Pro-phy-lac-tic:
I forgive* you for using Prolon instead of my bristle.
Peter Porker
*P.S. Only on account of the Season.
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end *PROLON*



Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

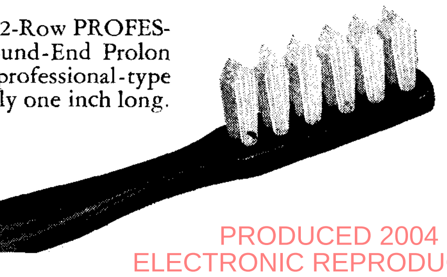
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The longest flight ever made by a homing pigeon was the 7,200 miles from Arras, France, to Saïgon, Cochin China, in 1931, in a demonstration to prove that homers are not guided by landmarks. The bird was taken to France in the hold of a ship that traveled around India and through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, the pigeon flew straight home, making the journey in 24 days.

The sex of a set of identical twins, born in New York City nearly a year ago, is still unknown and is expected to remain undetermined for several years, as they are pseudohermaphrodites, or individuals having part of both male and female external reproductive organs. Only eight other cases of this condition occurring in one-egg twins are recorded in medical literature.

Of the hundreds of languages in existence, eleven, with their dialects, constitute the mother tongues of three quarters of the human race. Ranked in importance they are: Chinese, English, Russian, Spanish, Western Hindi, German, Japanese, French, Bengali, Italian and Portuguese.

Coroners and medical examiners usually consider two or more bullet holes in the skull to be good evidence that the wounds were not self-inflicted. Yet a number of suicides have been known to shoot themselves in the brain two and three times. In one case a man fired five bullets into his brain before he collapsed.

A new aerial camera produces a continuous photograph on a long strip of film which is exposed as it passes automatically across a narrow slit at a speed synchronized with that of the plane. With it, a pilot can take reconnaissance pictures in such detail that even names on shop windows are clearly legible when photographs are taken from 150 feet altitude at 300 m.p.h.

A New York company that makes and sells recordings of radio network broadcasts now has on file the recorded voices of more than 100,000 persons, including 20,000 soldiers, sailors and marines, who have been heard as guests on one or more of these programs in the past five years.

The largest labor union in this country today is CIO's United Automobile, Aircraft and Agricultural Implement Workers of America, which has increased its membership from 453,000 to 1,078,000 in the past two years.

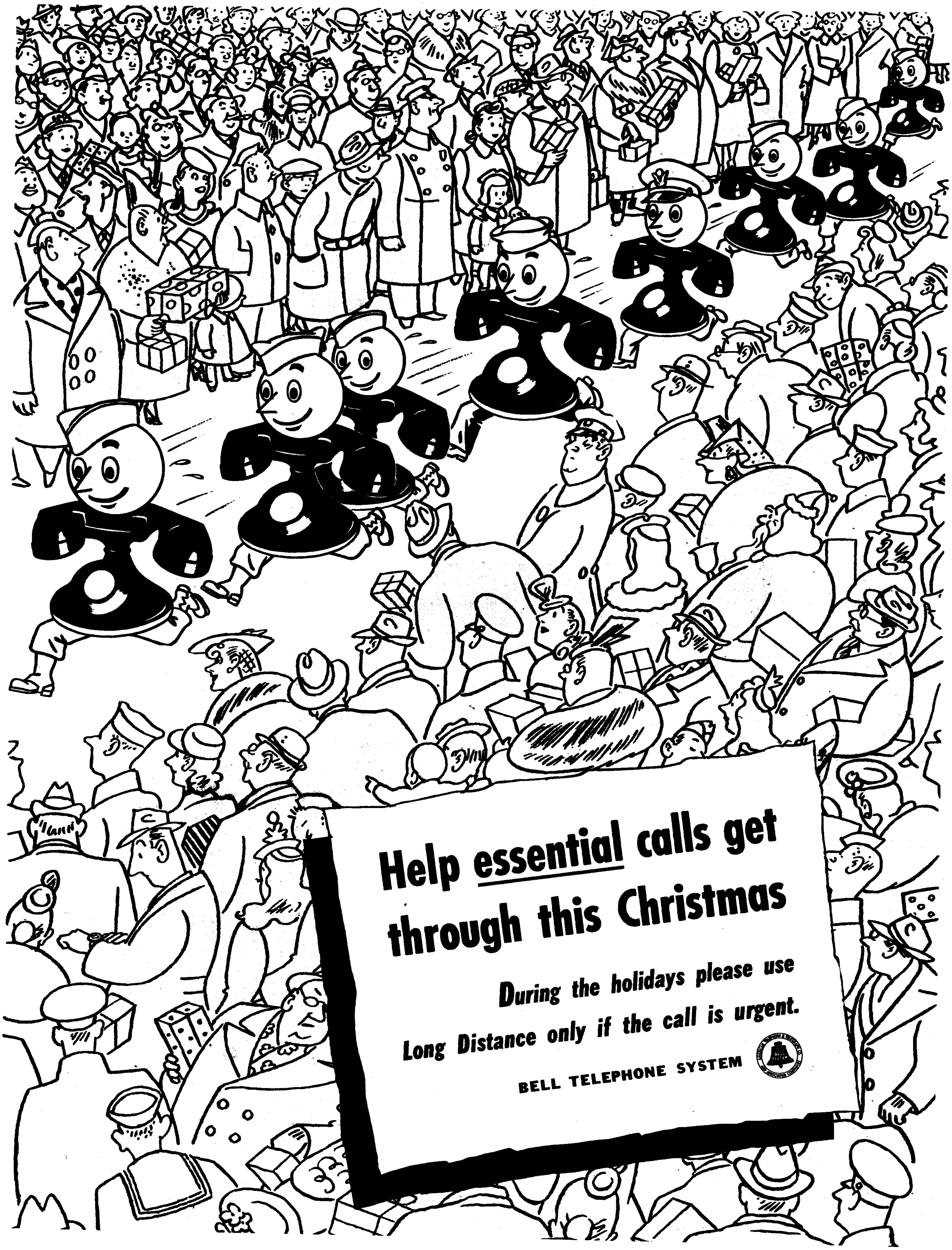
The film rights of Life with Father are still unsold, the owners having turned down, since the play opened in 1939, all 27 offers, which have ranged from $15,000 to $600,000.

The only national body of lawmakers whose proceedings are broadcast by radio is New Zealand's House of Representatives. The system was established in 1936 because Labor Party members claimed their speeches were too often ignored or garbled by the opposition press.

When Hirohito conferred the Supreme Order of the Chrysanthemum upon Mussolini last summer, the name of the decoration was omitted in the Italian press and in news releases to other countries because, in Italy, the chrysanthemum is symbolic of death.

At least one third of all our corporations have no earnings, even in prosperous years, that are subject to income tax. . . . A half-inch nylon rope can lift three tons, or double the load that can be raised by a manila rope of the same diameter.

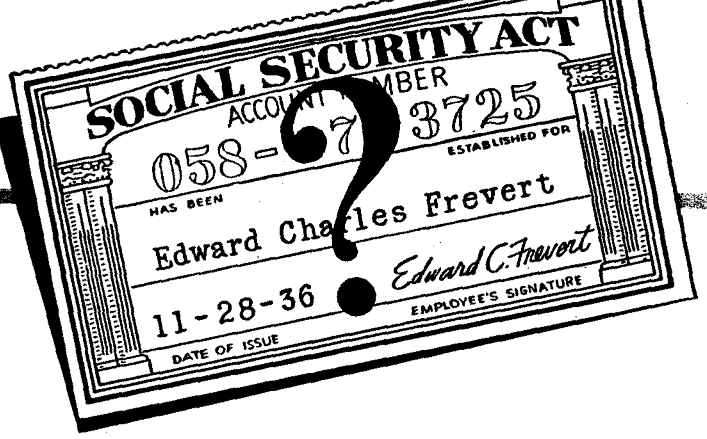
Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the *items* may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**



Help essential calls get through this Christmas

During the holidays please use Long Distance only if the call is urgent.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Social Security Quiz

Test your knowledge of something you own

—YOUR SOCIAL SECURITY BENEFITS!

1. Suppose after retirement at 65 you have an independent income. Can you still receive Social Security benefits?
2. If you are receiving benefits at 65, does your wife, if she is also 65, receive benefits?
3. Do children of a deceased insured worker receive a monthly income from Social Security until they finish school?
4. Can you continue to work after 65, and still receive Social Security benefits?
5. Is the middle-aged widow of an insured worker entitled to monthly benefits?
6. Does Social Security provide for the dependent parents of a deceased, insured worker?

Correct Answers below

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW how Social Security works out for your family? What income you can expect—and when? How you should fit your life insurance policies into your Social Security program? The Mutual Life representative in your community has equipped himself to be of practical help to you in Social Security matters. Without obligation, of course.

Write for Free Social Security File—It lists for you the seven types of official records needed to collect benefits. and provides for their convenient safe keeping. You will also receive a handy form on which you can estimate now your future Social Security benefits. Foresighted planning will help you, your wife or children obtain benefits without delay when due. Just mail this coupon today to Department CR2.

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ADDRESS ______________________

OCCUPATION ______________________

100th Anniversary Year

THE MUTUAL LIFE

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"First in America" Lewis W. Douglas, *President*

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CORRECT ANSWERS

1. Yes. 2. Your wife, at age 65, will receive a monthly benefit equal to 50% of yours. 3. Each child under 16 years of age receives 50% of the father's primary benefits; children aged 16 or 17 receive this benefit *only* if they attend school. $85 is the maximum family allowance. 4. Not if you earn more than $14.99 a month in covered employment. 5. Only if she has in her care children, under 18, of the insured worker. 6. Only if there is no surviving widow and no child under 18.

INTERNATIONAL

Heading toward Britain after plastering an enemy fighter base in France, these Marauder (B-26) medium bombers fly over the Ditch, as the Channel is called. One engine of the center ship is afire, but the crew extinguished the blaze and reached home

RADIOED FROM LONDON

AIR WAR has made people look more at maps today than ever before. I don't know the situation at home, but in London and in other British towns, maps, particularly the war specials published by the newspapers, are for the first time "best sellers" in bookstalls. A study of them and their contexts often upset long-held notions. Consider the English Channel. It isn't really a channel at all but a capeless gulf and it is more French than English, if you consider the nationalities of the coast line totals it washes past. To Yank fliers over here, it is the most interesting of geographic features. More, the Channel is a real personality to them. It occupies much of their thinking, represents safeguards as well as risks in their fighting, and they speak of it with affection, as of a living thing.

Through historic times, this most famous natural moat in the world has not only separated but protected what Thomson called "the blest isle" from the widest and warringest land mass on earth. Napoleon and Hitler are merely the most publicized of ambitious men who have stood on its south bank and gnashed their teeth. The Channel has withstood the modernization of land and sea warfare, but air war brought new problems and thinner immunity. Then, from behind it, the immortal few of the R.A.F. flushed into the autumnal skies of 1940 to save our kind of civilization.

Nicknamed by the Fliers

Quickly the R.A.F. had its own irreverent name for the Channel—"the Ditch." No airman ever calls it anything else now. Even the Luftwaffe has picked it up. In 1941 I heard young German fliers speaking of *"der Graben."* In the commonplace, everyday language of the R.A.F., the Yanks and the other Allies who fly here, it has taken on the full working value of various parts of speech: ditch, to ditch, ditching, ditched, and ditchy. As an example of the latter: "A ditchy show" means that some of the boys had to swim home.

And it was about swimmers—and seasickness—most of us formerly thought whenever we heard mention of the English Channel. Matthew Webb, Gertrude Ederle, Helmy the Egyptian, and the rest. As a matter of fact, none of them ever swam the English Channel. They swam the Strait of Dover, a quite distinct body of water that connects the Channel with the North Sea. On this Strait, and not on the Channel proper, are the towns we most often, but thus not altogether truthfully, associate with the English Channel—Dover, England, and Calais, France.

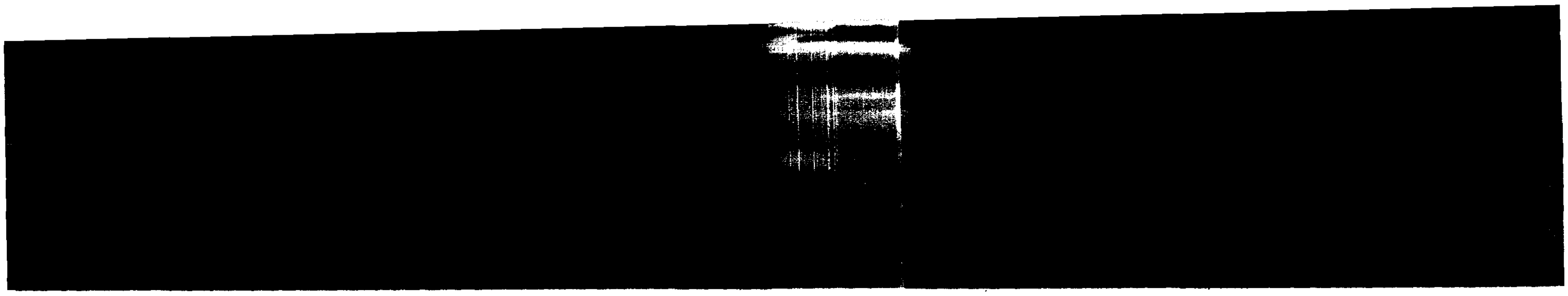
The Channel is perhaps most famous for its weather. Daily in wartime, English papers carry from Dover observations of its behavior and conditions—something they're forbidden to do about any other place in the United Kingdom.

Factors in "Channel Weather"

Many factors contribute to the roughness of its seas. Fierce gales rage almost constantly from autumn until March. It is funnel-shaped, narrowing, in 300 miles, from more than 150 to less than 20 miles, and up it, bores the full weight of the stormy Atlantic pushed by westerly winds. The petering-out Gulf Stream is split in two by the Scilly Islands at the western-edge gate of the Channel. Part goes north between Ireland and England, past Scotland to Norway. The other part goes up the Channel and gives the Scilly Islands, the Isle of Wight, and the other Channel islands their contradictory nature—mild climate, with semitropical plants flourishing in the open, in the midst of a wild and bleak waterway. Lastly, the shallowness of the Channel in relation to the mass of water it entertains, plus the saw-edge coast of south England, rumples the waves and causes such tidal freaks as the double high at Southampton and the double low at Portland Bill. Such turbulence is both destructive and constructive. The white cliffs of Dover you sang about last year are estimated to have been cut back nearly a mile since Christ's time. Other spots have been built up. And even Lord Nelson, the sturdiest sea dog of them all, used to count upon an hour or more of misery whenever he put to sea across the Channel he helped keep inviolate.

The English quite reasonably are jealous of their Channel. Various schemes during the last century to tunnel through its sub-bed of chalk to the Continent have been dimly viewed here. The most recent proposal was for a double tube with frequent electric train service that would reduce the London-Paris journey by two hours. The economics of the traffic involved, however, didn't appear to justify the cost of such a tunnel, which at a minimum would be almost $2,000,000,000.

(Continued on page 43)



Ever that Same Star...

That star has never failed us yet—it won't fail us now. The darker the night, the brighter it seems to burn.

It is a beacon of hope—a promise of the secure new tomorrow for which mankind is striving.

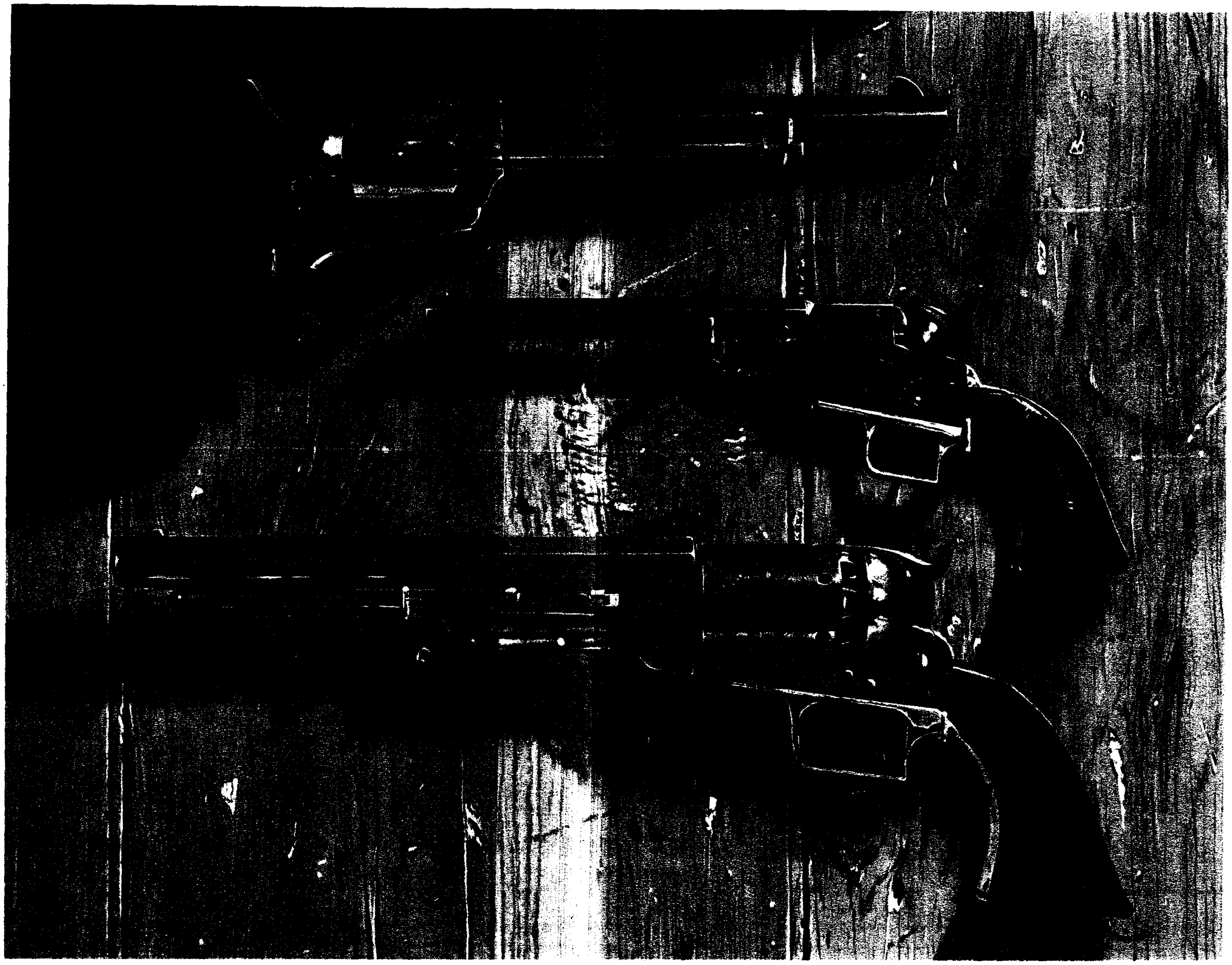
Swifter than any plane, swifter than radio, swifter than the thoughts of men, its spirit travels around this earth—carrying, even against the distractions of war, its age-old message of hope and assurance.

And that star's bright gleam reflects the greeting sent across the miles to the ends of the world—a greeting to every man and woman in the service of their country—a greeting from your neighbors—from your friends—from all America.

Another year may be different—let's hope it is. Let's keep our eyes on that star with its promise of peace—another year and another Yuletide when again we will hear your familiar voice shouting—"Merry Christmas!"

THE STUDEBAKER CORPORATION

Builder of aircraft engines for the Boeing Flying Fortress



Three Great Guns

THESE THREE PISTOLS hang in the den of a man in Hartford, Connecticut.

You might think to look at them that all three were more or less alike. Yet these three revolvers were designed for completely different uses, and to meet a specific set of circumstances.

Take the one on top. That is known as the Colt "Peacemaker." This .45 caliber model of 1873 is the famous six-shooter that helped preserve law and order in the frontier towns of the West. It was an absolutely dependable gun, so rugged that it seldom needed repairs, an important consideration in a territory where gunsmiths were scarce.

The next one is known as the Colt "Wells Fargo Model." This gun was designed for the fast-mounted express riders who protected the mails from highwaymen and Indians. It was of .31 caliber, with the loading lever left off to save weight. Because of its lightness it was preferred by these men to whom speed was everything, and who counted every ounce.

Below them is another famous revolver, the Whitneyville Walker Colt. Captain Sam Walker, of the Texas Rangers, helped to design this revolver.

At the beginning of the Mexican War he was using an earlier, lighter Colt. His Rangers had dangerous work to do and he knew they needed a stronger, more deadly arm. The result was this impressive weapon sometimes known as the "First Dragoon Model." It was of .44 caliber, 15½ inches over-all length, and the heaviest gun in the history of the Colt revolver.

Each of these pistols, you'll notice, had the qualities to meet a special purpose. The men who used them made their choice accordingly. And the care with which they made their choice contains a worthwhile moral for you.

For in the protection of your home and your property, you are called upon to make a choice of weapons, too. The weapon you use is insurance. And the type of insurance you select is very important. To choose just the right type is sometimes a difficult problem for the man who has not made insurance his business.

One way you can be absolutely certain that you make the right choice is to call in the Travelers agent or broker nearest your home or office.

He has had great experience in providing exactly the right types of policies for hundreds of men and women. He knows what kinds you should and should not have. The defense of your home and your property must be the best. Let the Travelers man help you make sure that it is.

MORAL: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and fidelity and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR DECEMBER 25, 1943

Soldiers Speak Out

By Helena Huntington Smith

Our fighting men doubt if we at home know there's a war on

Home-front squabbles are likely to seem trivial to these returned soldiers at Walter Reed Hospital in Washington. They are Sgt. Stanley Jankowiak of Buffalo, N. Y., who lost an arm in a New Georgia battle, and Cpl. Stanley Plocharczyk of New Britain, Conn., who lost a hand in the same action

WHEN a soldier overseas doesn't get a letter, his friends have a standard consolation to offer him. It is: "Yeah, 4F Johnny's got your girl."

To Selective Service, a 4F may be merely an unfortunate who is disqualified from entering the Army, but to a soldier, he is any man of military age who for any reason, however justifiable, is still back home enjoying the comforts the soldier has given up.

The attitude of the soldier toward 4Fs may be unreasonable but it is human, and it sums up the way he feels about the war, the home front and his own situation.

All healthy armies are full of gripes, and the American armies overseas are very healthy. They gripe about the food and the weather and about their officers ("I never had no use for an awf'cer except at the front," said one upstanding American.) They gripe because V-mail print is so small it's hard to read; and because they don't get enough of it.

All this is as it should be. A sweet-natured soldier with no complaints would be sent home from the Army as a mental case. But underneath the harmless beefing is something more serious—a slow, deep resentment toward the people back home and the way they are conducting their part of the war.

In the past few months I have talked to dozens of wounded soldiers newly returned to hospitals in this country. They were from many fronts—from Italy, from Guadalcanal, from the jungles of New Guinea, from the air war over Germany. Those from the invasion of Europe were only just starting to come back. I also talked with a number of correspondents just returned from abroad. It all added up to the same thing: Our fighters feel that in many ways we are letting them down.

There is no other country at war with such an enormous gulf in sacrifice between fighting men and civilians. There is no other country where the men at the front have given up everything, while the people at home have given up practically nothing. And the soldiers know it.

Many of the wounded men I talked to had lost an arm or a foot. Some were swinging agilely around on crutches, with a pajama leg knotted under the stump of a thigh; later, of course, to be fitted with artificial limbs. They were as cheerful and courageous as any group of men I have ever seen.

But sooner or later most of them got around to one thing: "A few bombs would do this country a lot of good." I heard that in San Francisco from a curly-headed sailor who had been sunk in the Pacific, and I heard it again in Washington from a corporal who had left his leg on Hill 609. Both added, rather anxiously, that, of course, they wouldn't want anybody to get hurt.

The soldiers of other countries can feel "we're all in it together," but not ours. A private who had been in Australia said, "They're more rationed down there than the people are here, but you don't hear them grumbling so much about it."

"In England," others said, "the civil populace knows there's a war going on. They're all out for the war. *All* the women are working in England."

A lieutenant colonel, who had been knocked out by concussion and had his back broken in three places, remarked, "I feel closer to the civilians of England than to those back here in America. They know what it's all about, over there."

These men are glad to be back in this country—so glad, there are no words for it. Yet there is another side to being back which is not so good. When they go downtown on liberty from the hospital, limping, or with a patch covering the place where one eye is missing, they are often virtually stared off the streets. They didn't expect that from their own people. The more sensitive are reluctant to go again.

And that isn't all. I heard this one so many times that at first I thought it was a rumor. It is not a rumor. Man after man said. "Look, it happened to *me*." He went downtown, hobbling on a cane, and some bright citizen who didn't know what a Purple Heart ribbon meant waltzed up to him and said, "Sa-ay, how come they took you in the Army? The Army must be getting hard up for men if they're taking in guys like you."

The citizen doesn't mean to be offensive. He just hasn't found out there's a war on.

Reaction to Home News

The anger and disillusionment of the soldiers has focused most readily on strikers and labor leaders. The great majority of American soldiers abroad wanted to "give John L. Lewis a gun and stick him up in the front line." But like all Americans, they have learned to make a distinction between leaders and led. Quite a few remarked, "Those coal miners have got a case"—though they added that now wasn't the right time to settle it. They have a fairly good groundwork for their opinions. On the European front at least, and by this time undoubtedly on all fronts, they are well supplied with news.

The Army's Special Services Division does a good job in keeping the men informed. The men are given all possible access to radios. Each battalion has a command car equipped with both long and short wave, over which, in Europe, they get BBC broadcasts and some American programs by short wave. The African edition of Stars and Stripes gets up to the front, where it is very popular, and each unit gets some sort of news bulletin daily. Even under the enormous difficulties of fighting in New Guinea, a little weekly dope sheet called Guinea Gold was flown over the mountains to Buna.

When they get to a radio, the first thing our soldiers want to hear is some American swing music. Before Tunis fell, their favorite program was the one put over by a female renegade who talked American

You've heard about how we pasted the Japs at Rabaul and here's one of the boys who dished it out. Sgt. Beech Clark of Darlington, Md., flight engineer of a Liberator, was injured when his plane crashed after many missions over Jap-held islands

and broadcast from somewhere behind the German lines. They called her Sally of the Axis or Berlin Betty, and the whole Army listened to her every night. Her hot music and her rich, crooning voice sounded like home, and they thought her propaganda was very funny. Unintentionally, Sally gave quite a boost to American morale.

After music, they wanted to hear the war news—"how the Russians were doing"—"how the British Eighth Army was making out in the south." They'd see their own Air Force fly over on bombing raids and naturally they wanted to know the results.

Complaints about the hardships of rationing in the United States don't get much sympathy; yet rumors of meat and milk shortages affecting their own families upset them considerably. They are living under a strain, and they react to everything with a violence not easily understood by the comfortable people in the U. S. A. One soldier said: "If you get a letter that's a gripe about things back home, you feel you never want to write again yourself."

Heartaches from Afar

Never tell a soldier that "absence makes the heart grow fonder." He knows too many cases to the contrary, right in his own company. A good many men overseas fear that the war will force the sacrifice of their personal relationships even if they don't get killed. Married men worry about the effects of time and distance on their marriage, especially in isolated outposts where loneliness and inaction magnify their problems: they come to the gloomy conclusion that perhaps an eight- or ten-year-old marriage can survive the strain, but not a recent one, and theirs are nearly all recent.

A dispatch from India mentioned the question of estrangement from wives as one of the worries of men stationed out there. Right after reading it, I talked to an Air Force private just returned from China, who said that "50 per cent of the married men in his outfit expected to get back home and find their wives' feeling toward them had changed."

Since they beef about so many things, it's interesting to know what they don't beef about. They take pride in the rigid cleanliness of the American Army. I met several who mentioned this.

"It's the Army's rule to leave a place the way you found it, or better," they said. "And, boy, they really do it, too."

Strange as this may seem to those who remember the last war, there are few complaints about our allies. Toward the Russians, they feel nothing but wholehearted admiration. "They're fighting devils," is the phrase which about sums it up. I had a feeling that any attempt to raise a bugaboo out of the Hammer and Sickle republics after the war would fall very flat as far as troops are concerned, the only exceptions I heard being among a few officers.

Toward the British, as always, our emotions are a shade more complex. A lot depended on where the soldier had been. There were spots in the Far East where cousinly irritation reached such a pitch that American units were ready to start a private war with His Majesty's forces, and would doubtless have attempted to do so if they had not been segregated by their commanding officers.

But in Africa they went to the opposite extreme. To questions about the British I never heard but one answer from any man who had fought in Africa. "They're *swell!* And all the boys in my outfit thought the same."

Some of them admitted that they had landed on the other side with a prejudice, but lost it promptly when they saw the British in action. "Most everybody changed their opinions about the British when they got over there." "Don't let anybody tell you they haven't got plenty of guts." "They saved us at Kasserine Pass, and, believe me, we'll remember it."

And it wasn't only the Army. I heard the same sentiments expressed about the British navy by American naval gunners who had been through bitterly fought convoy actions on the Murmansk route.

But in England itself, they found much to puzzle them. They thought the people were swell; the Scottish people even nicer. But—"It doesn't seem to be as much of a democracy as America," said an ex-Washington taxi driver. "A poor man over there hasn't got near the chance he has here."

Soldiers have not given much thought to postwar world problems. Few of them are even worrying about whether they

Interpreting home-front current events to this weekly discussion group of convalescent wounded would be an uncomfortable assignment. Today they're listening as a couple of Air Force pilots, also wounded, describe their adventures over Germany

Cpl. Joseph Saskasitz of Nazareth, Pa. (in bed), was run over by a tank at El Guettar. His friend, Cpl. Rodney Graham of Atoka, Okla., is an American Indian. Graham was wounded and captured by the Nazis, and was repatriated in a prisoner exchange

themselves will find jobs—except the minority who are older and have families. When you ask them any question about a remote, impersonal future—these kids who have been living where tomorrow may never come—they get a queer look on their faces, a mixture of surprise, amusement and boredom, as though they were thinking: Aren't civilians funny? To our fighting men overseas, the future means just one thing—getting it over with and getting home.

But there are indications that soldiers in the quieter areas, at least, are ready to start thinking if someone will supply the material. Of a group of American soldiers who were polled in Britain, 64 per cent said they would like to hear talks on the United States today, and 63 per cent expressed a desire to hear about what will happen after the war.

A private in New Guinea wrote a letter to the African edition of Stars and Stripes. This private had taken time out to do a little thinking; maybe he had the habit before the war started. He said, "It looks as though our biggest fight of all is for a good postwar world. Out here we're too busy fighting human and insect enemies to do anything about it. That fight must start now, back home." ★★★

Wooing Western Workers

By Jim Marshall

Some workers give everything they've got to help win the war. Others have "personal reasons" for not sticking to their jobs. Every blandishment industry can offer fails to keep this latter group on the job in sufficient numbers to meet urgent war quotas

PERCHED on the white leather stools of the Aero Bar in Hollywood, California, Mr. and Mrs. Brad Johnston were drinking bourbon and tap water at four bits a shot, as befitted the heads of a $10,000-a-year family. Mr. Johnston wore a neat gray lounge suit, and Mrs. Johnston wore a red silk dress and four silver foxes.

"It is kind of different from four years ago," said Mr. Johnston. "We got to California with less than five bucks. Came from Arkansaw. Blown out, dusted out, ractored out. Heard there was work for all in California."

"Wasn't, though," commented Mrs. Johnston. "Don't want us here a-tall. We came West over old Sixty-six with thouands of other Arkies and Okies and Texes, after the farm blew away. Mister, it was plain hell." She rearranged the silver oxes and lifted her glass.

"In those days," said Mr. Johnston, "we were glad to get fifteen, twenty cents an hour and put in twenty hours a week, working in the fruit. Nigh starved, living round in jungles and guv'ment camps nd being chased by deputies and vigilantes as vagrants."

"It's different now," said Mrs. Johnston, patting her hair-do. "Like it? Individually styled for me by Victor. Twenty-five bucks. It's nice to have money to spend. We made $199.70 last week, building airyplanes. Ten thousand a year. And four years ago . . .

"Brad here," she went on, "he's learned to be a toolmaker; $78.50 a week at Douglas. Evie (that's our daughter) and me, we work at Lockheed. I'm a tube-bender and Evie's a riveter. We pull down $49.40 a week each. Young Dan, he goes to high school, but he puts in twenty-eight hours a week on general assembly at Vega and gets $22.40. Not bad for a kid."

Mr. Johnston sighed and drained his glass. "Ain't going to last, though. Mother. Maybe we'd better hit ol' Sixty-six back to Arkansaw. Be a million people out of a job here on the Coast the minute the war quits, and we don't ever want to go through all that hell we went through before. That did something to us, Mister."

"And to a lot of other Dust Bowlers, too," agreed Mrs. Johnston. "It scared them for keeps. We've saved some money. We can buy a little garage or something else back home and sit her out until things get back to like they was before."

"Get out ahead of the rush," explained Mr. Johnston. "Maybe not make so much money, but we'd be safe, anyway. Not be just one of a million folks fighting for jobs. And no jobs!"

All up and down the Pacific Coast this fall, from Boeing in Seattle to Consolidated and Ryan in San Diego, thousands of airplane builders seemed to be figuring like the Johnstons. Workers were just disappearing from the sprawling plants, and no one knew exactly where they were going. They were not going from one plant to another; they were not going into the shipyards. They were just going.

In September, the manpower shortage was so bad that Undersecretary of War Patterson, General Marshall and some of the brass hats in Washington got aircraft industry leaders to the capital and lectured them for days about increasing production.

A Draft of Essential Men

The executives, who had been trying to do that very thing for a year or more, went back to the Coast, resurveyed the situation and then announced candidly that Army, Navy and Air Forces, if they wanted more planes, would have to forgo making more soldiers and sailors.

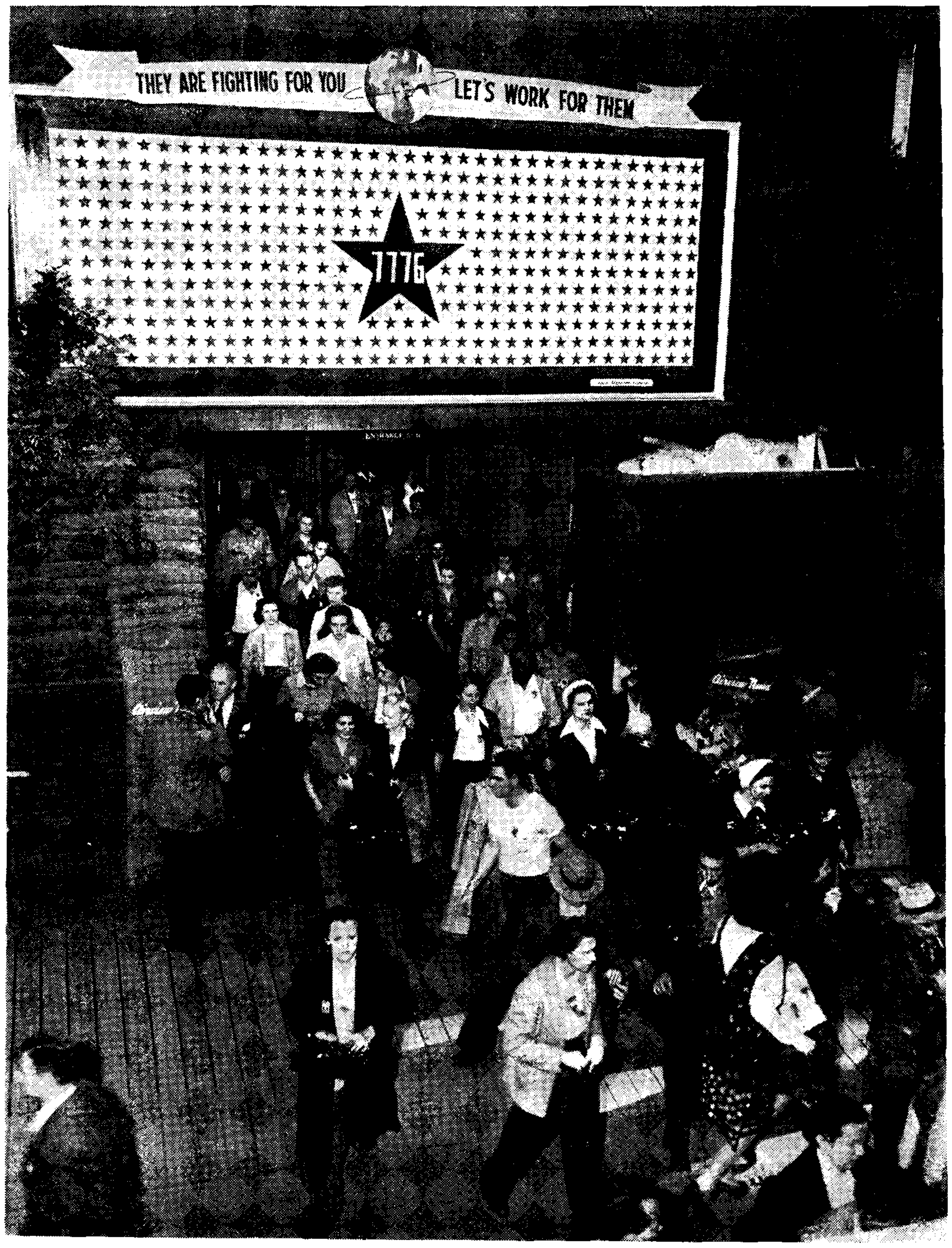
The government has recognized the draft problem. "Replaceable" men are released to the Armed Forces when they can be replaced; "irreplaceables" have six months' deferment, and further deferment is given if they are still irreplaceable at the end of that period.

Here's how bad the situation is: In one six-month period this year, West Coast airplane plants hired 150,435 new workers. At the end of this period, they had a net increase of just 20,000 workers.

In September, the industry needed 13,700 new workers to add to its 300,000 in order to meet military schedules. To get these, the industry had to hire almost 33,000 new hands, because it knew that 19,000 would quit during the month. An additional 13,818 would be needed in November—meaning the hiring of another 33,000.

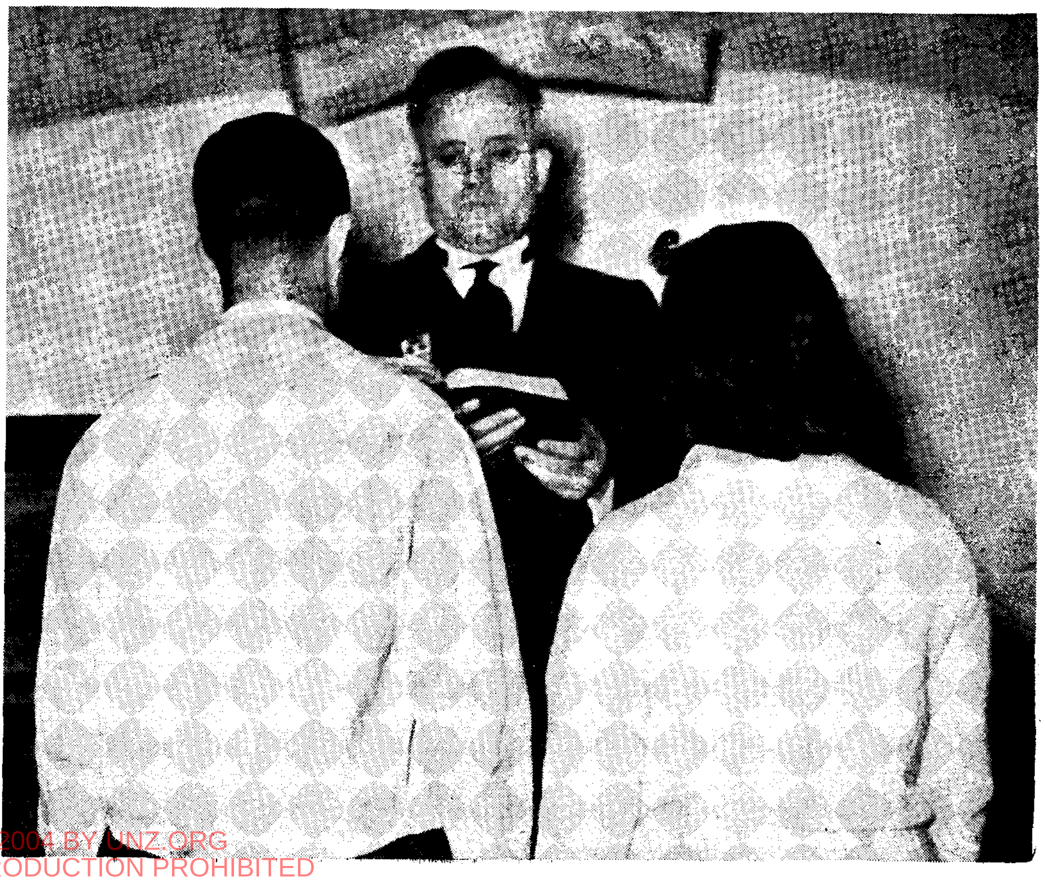
Of the thousands hired, reports from all eight major plants showed, eight per cent quit within fifteen days; more than one third lasted less than two months; nearly half quit within three months, and at the end of a year, out of a hundred hired, only fifteen remained.

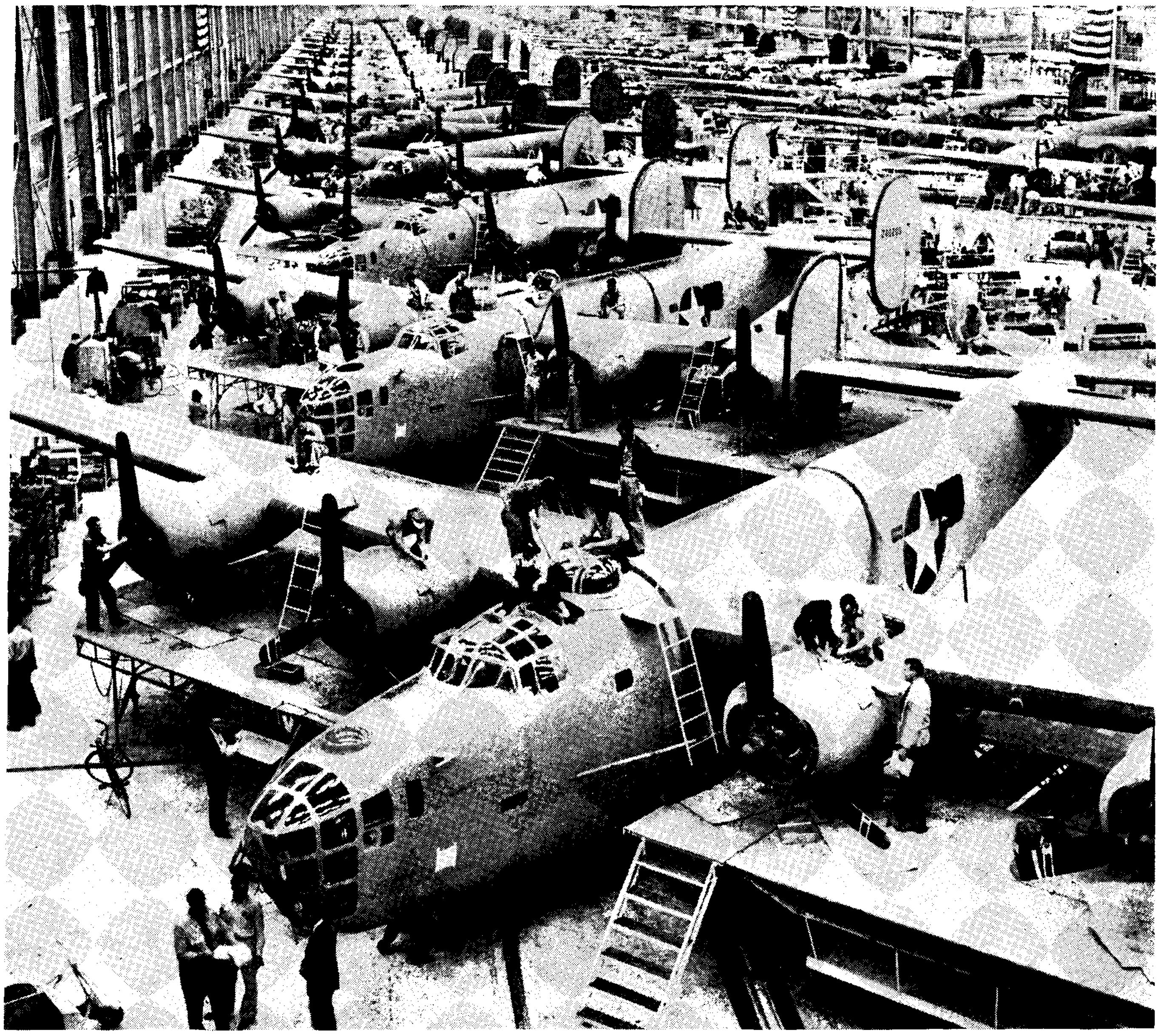
This was in spite of easy hours, high wages and every known scheme for keeping workers happy, including 88 free services ranging from prenatal care for


THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU
LET'S WORK FOR THEM
1776

The huge service flag of the Douglas Santa Monica plant indicates one of the reasons for the West Coast planemaker's labor pains. They must now find replacements for 58,000 workers who'll be drafted

Free weddings by a staff pastor are among the many personal services offered by the airplane companies to keep workers on the job. Reverend Peter Wall here is marrying a couple of Douglas workers





Labor shortages in the aircraft industries hit hardest on the big assembly lines. Chief difficulty is to find, train and keep "direct" workers—the experts who actually work on the making and assembling of plane parts. Above, the big double assembly line at Consolidated's Fort Worth, Texas, plant

These girl horseshoe pitchers are Northrop employees using part of the recreation grounds provided by the company. Plane manufacturers try to hold employees through meticulous attention to their personal welfare, and provide a long list of free services from prenatal care to burial ceremonies

lady welders' babies to complete burial ceremonies.

Every conceivable notion for getting more workers had been tried, even to ringing doorbells. Lockheed had hired the six best interviewers in Southern California to make calls on women in homes. The six persuaders made 1,500 calls, and got promises from 150 women to visit the plant with a view to going to work. Of the promisers, 75 turned up. After being lavished with kindness, shown through the works and told about the 88 free services, four women consented to go to work.

Of the four, two quit within three months, and a third (who looked good in a sweater) was threatening to quit unless someone restrained her foreman.

About a quarter of the manpower loss is due either to the firing of incompetents, or to Selective Service demands. The rest stems from "personal reasons." Every quitter is interviewed on leaving, and reasons range from ill health (13 per cent) to distaste for the California climate (one eighth of one per cent). Twelve per cent quit to "go back home," and five out of a hundred quit to get married.

There is a high turnover among women because a lot of girls and wives go to work for patriotic reasons and then find the work too hard or discover that their homes, and often their marriages, are collapsing under the strain.

There are, of course, thousands upon thousands of steady workers who stick through thick and thin, realizing how vital their jobs are, but there are enough thousands who consult their own pleasure before national need.

Summer and fall of 1943, for example, developed a new type of hobo—short-stake men and women with a few hundred dollars, traveling around the country from plant to plant, sometimes equipped with the necessary "releases." There is an official record of one worker who started from New York and, by working a few days each in Houston, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, Las Vegas and Chicago, finally got back to New York—a grand tour on overcrowded trains and busses at taxpayers' expense.

Some of the services given to employees go to great lengths. Avion Aircraft, a smaller Los Angeles plant, does the meat, vegetable and grocery marketing for its workers, and bigger plants are about to copy the idea. Ryan in San Diego, besides other services, plans to handle banking and checking accounts, and to run free first-run films in the plant for workers and their families

Nothing Too Good for the Workers

Consolidated, Vultee and other concerns handle traffic-violation summonses to relieve workers of the chore of going to court. Nearly all plants make train and bus reservations, buy theater seats, get workers into radio broadcasts, help with income-tax forms wrestle automobile and drivers' licenses and gas coupons, and practically relieve the worker of all battles with bureaucracy. They shield him tenderly against the increasing floods of government forms that trouble workers in less-favored industries.

All the plants serve low-cost meals in cafeterias and restaurants. Douglas has a staff pastor who officiates free at weddings, christenings ($5 War Stamp free fo baby) and funerals. There's a free lawyer for any couple wanting a divorce.

Lockheed and other plants keep squads of visiting nurses motoring around to workers' homes. Anyone who's off three days gets a call, with free cigarettes candy and magazines, and a soft-voiced appeal to please come back to the production line soon. Employees in this and other plants may borrow from $25 to $150 free of all interest, but even this doesn't please everyone. A worker at one factory recently applied for a free loan o $11,000—$10,000 for a peace bond and $1,000 "for incidentals." When he didn't get it, he threatened to quit

North American puts on free vaudeville, hires wrestlers and boxers to entertain workers, and stages concerts. Consolidated operates a music building, with a couple of swing bands and other orchestras, for which it provides instruments and uniforms. At Northrop there are ten vaudeville shows a day on three stages Lockheed runs a symphony orchestra, a band, a dance combo and a choral club.

It's hard to get watches, clocks, radios and shoe fixed or laundry done, so the plants relieve workers o all worries about these perplexing problems. Special fas services are provided and if, after all this, the worke still has a headache, the company loads him up with vitamins at cost and sends him home in a company car right ahead of another car bearing a nurse and the customary cheer-up cards, cigarettes and reading matter

In the old days, a machinist just got fed up with hi job. Now he suffers from "industrial fatigue neurosis,

When Lockheed found that its women workers were leaving because they couldn't take proper care of their children, it set up this modern nursery and put Child Expert Mrs. Vera Inge in charge

and gets a trained nurse to hold his hand and sympathize with him. Malingerers used simply to get a bawling out. Now, the stay-at-home riveter is mailed a "visual reprimand"—quite likely a large picture of Hitler holding out his hand and saying, "Thanks, Pal!"

Company stores in most plants sell everything from aspirin to clothes, furniture, jewelry, gifts, souvenirs and auto parts, at 10 per cent below retail prices.

No one has to worry about paying water, light or gas bills, or registering to vote—these things are all taken care of right in the plant.

Executives Received a Shock

But last summer, when company executives surveyed their 88 services and practically defied anyone to invent a new one, they got a shock: There was quite a move on, they discovered, to have the industry absorb the 20 per cent withholding tax Mr. Morgenthau was extracting from pay checks, a reduction which many workers looked upon, quite simply, as a wage cut, to be restored by their employers and, in the end, by the taxpayers.

While workers are not supposed to switch from one job to another, under what many of them call the "slave labor law," thousands of them do change jobs, and employers are so desperate for help that the law is breaking down. Big concerns don't accept workers without "statements of availability," but lesser concerns often do. So do nonessential industries.

Strangely enough, many workers quit plane plants for jobs paying less money in industries not doing war work, either in Western states or "back home," to which there is a steady flow of people who came to the Coast to work. There is one basic reason for this.

"I used to work at Lockheed," a Los Angeles waitress told us. "I've got a couple of kids to support. I don't make quite as much here, but, Brother, people'll be buying meals long after they've stopped buying fighter planes. After the war's over, I'll have a job."

Despite all the long-hard-war propaganda, many workers have a notion the war is nearly over. They have read that, the minute the war ends, plane and ship plants will almost completely fold up, throwing thousands out of jobs. So they figure to beat the game by quitting war work now, while the quitting is good, and getting into something permanent.

This problem of making a living in the future seems to transcend all the patriotic appeals. All the free services, curiously, don't impress a lot of plane builders. Thousands of them were on relief of one sort or another for years, and so became conditioned to a paternalism that robbed them of initiative and ran their lives for them. There has grown up in their minds the belief that they have a "right" to be given all sorts of things for nothing.

This state of mind, of course, is not that of a majority of workers but it is that of enough thousands to create a major problem.

In the plants even now, around 63 per cent of the workers are women, 4Fs and overage men, and this percentage of less efficient people is constantly growing. The big problem is to find "direct" workers—those who actually work on planes, as opposed to the "indirect" white-collar clerical labor.

From January, 1941, to August, 1942, Selective Service took more than 66,000 skilled men out of Coast plants alone; now it is taking 58,000 more, almost one fifth of the working force.

These 58,000 normally would produce almost 800 bombers and fighters a month, but the loss is really greater, because most of the draftees are skilled men and they have to be replaced—if they *are* replaced—by women, physical rejects and oldsters, and in the end, these never are as fast or efficient.

A statement by Douglas, one of the largest plants, says frankly that "Selective Service withdrawals have restricted the number of airplanes Douglas is able to build; second replacement schedules will further cut production.

North American, Vultee and others say essentially the same thing, and Northrop adds: "It is doubtful if we could guarantee to meet any schedule, no matter how retarded."

As a last hope, someone suggested more machinery and fewer human beings, but the limit of machine production seems near. In six months from January to June, 1943, the number of man-hours needed to build a plane was cut 23 per cent, and this, in turn, was on top of other cuts. Just how few man-hours can be made to build a battleplane, no one knows, and new machinery, itself, takes manpower to build.

These are the reasons why the Aircraft War Production Council, representing most of the big Coast plants, says briefly: "It is the universal view of manufacturing executives that draft schedules will make production impossible at levels set by the services . . . It will be impossible to maintain present production, much less increase it."

In the Aero Bar, the bartender turns up the radio for the ten o'clock news, and the Johnstons order another bourbon.

"Looks like it's mighty nigh over," says Mr. Johnston sagely, reaching for the check. "Guess we might as well be getting back home to Arkansaw, Mother."

And out on the production lines, under the blue glare of the lamps, the output figures slide off just a little more. ★★★

Tail-End Charlie

By Corey Ford

The rear gunner in a Flying Fortress has plenty of time to think—and his thoughts about some aspects of the home front aren't flattering

HE IS just nineteen years old; celebrated his birthday last week, as a matter of fact. It was quite a celebration. The red tracers were like paper streamers, and the flak bursts all around him were the exploding snappers at his birthday party, and underneath him—as he looked down through the bomber's window—the center of Hamburg was a great cake filled with flaming candles.

Nineteen. A year ago, he was going to high school and working in the grocery store afternoons and Saturdays. Maybe you remember him: the sort of blond kid with the nice grin who always carried your packages out to the car; wore brown-saddled white sports shoes and a blue polo shirt, and won all the jitterbug contests. He isn't jitterbugging now; he wears broad G.I. shoes and a khaki shirt, and on the sleeve are three chevrons and a single rocker.

He's proud of that Staff Sergeant rating. He has the Air Medal with an Oak-Leaf Cluster—dingleberry, he calls it—that you get for ten missions over Germany; but he doesn't wear it much. Too many fellows have ribbons, and besides, a lot of fellows that rate them don't have them. He doesn't wear his Purple Heart ribbon, either. He used to carry around the piece of flak which the doctor cut out of his neck, but finally he gave it to a girl.

He's old for nineteen, in some ways. His gangling body hasn't filled out yet; all ribs and jagged shoulder blades when he peels off his undershirt, and his face under the leather visor of his garrison hat is still down-smooth; but the lines around his mouth are old lines, and his smile is shrewd and self-contained. The grin is gone.

A Silk Stocking for Luck

There isn't much he hasn't had or seen or done, at nineteen. He's living in a hurry, you see; there's a lot of living still ahead of you when you're only nineteen, and he may not have time to get it all in. He knows the law of averages and he knows what his chances are. Sometimes he tells himself frankly that he'll never make it; claims it's easier once he makes up his mind. Then, every time he gets back from another mission, it's like being handed something extra, a present or something. He plays it safe, though; he has a silk stocking that a girl gave him, and he always wears it around his neck when he flies. A fellow can use a little luck, on a job like his.

You don't hear much about his job. He doesn't pilot the plane or drop the bombs or guide the ship back home. He's not an officer; just an enlisted man, like ten million other enlisted men who are doing jobs you never hear about. What's more, he doesn't even have to do the job; he volunteers for it, and he can always have himself taken off flying status any time he asks. Only, he never asks.

Charlie, they call him. Tail-End Charlie. He's the rear gunner of a Flying Fortress crew. . . .

It's a funny point of view that Charlie gets, looking at the war through a bomber's glass tail. When the rest of the crew is looking ahead toward the target, he is still gazing at the disappearing coast of England; and when the others are facing home, he is staring back at the death and destruction in their wake. He sees something else the others don't; he sees the straggling Forts that go down. He is the last living person to see them before they crash. And sometimes, as he kneels all alone out there in the glass tail, a lot of funny thoughts go through Charlie's mind.

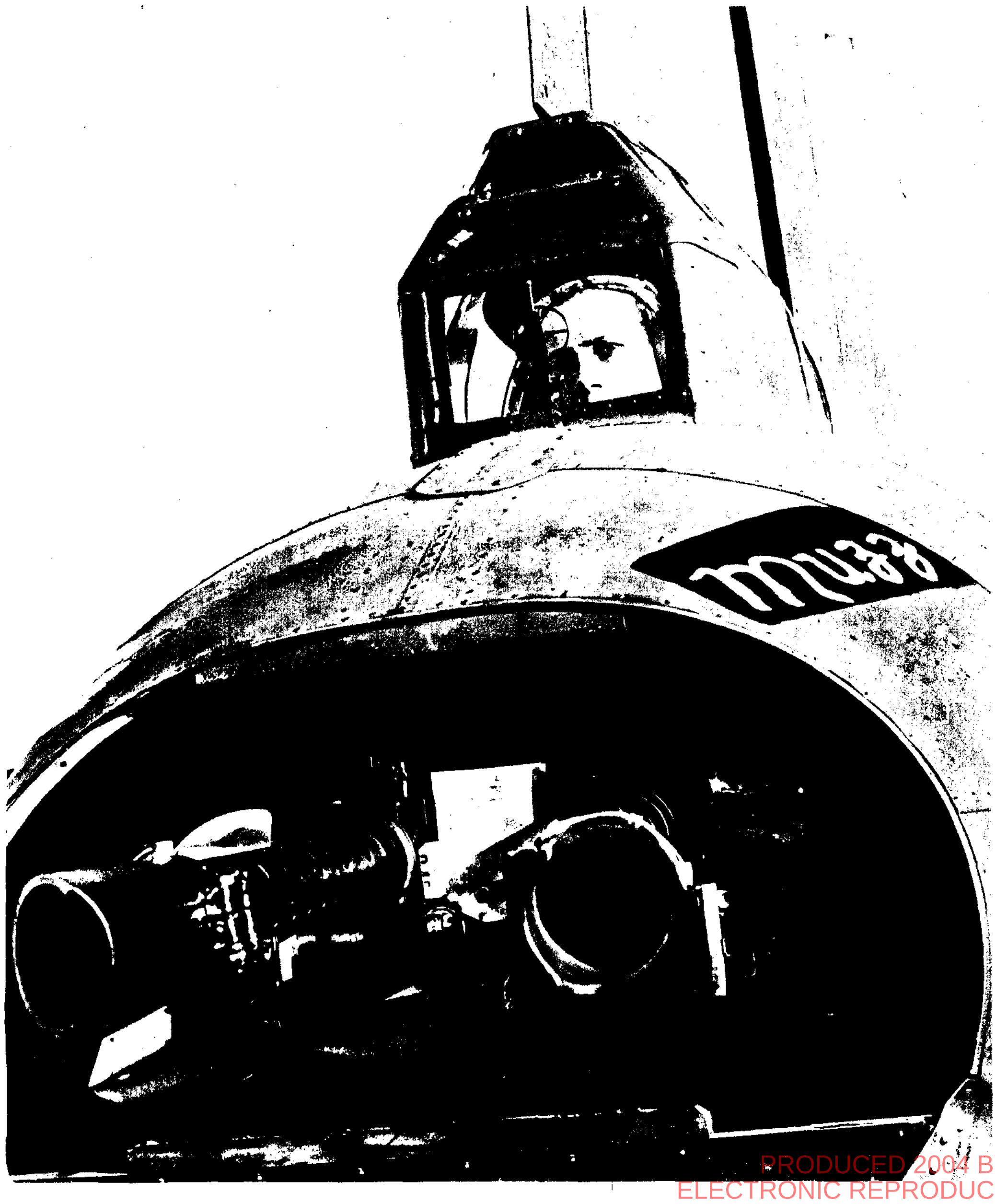
Some of them are not very intelligent thoughts, because we at home are not doing very much to keep Charlie informed about what is going on; and some of them are even a little disturbing. But I'm going to put them down just as they are, without pulling any punches, because Charlie's feelings—and the feelings of ten million other men in uniform just like him—are pretty important for all of us to know.

He's an ordinary guy, you see. He doesn't think of the war the way you do, in terms of maps and newspaper headlines. He doesn't even think of it in terms of life or death. He thinks of it in personal terms of whether he'll get powdered eggs again

JOE DEARING

Sgt. Mike Milliff, 19, of Refugio, Texas, is a typical "Tail-End Charlie," which is what the U. S. Eighth Air Force calls the gunners who man the important and dangerous tail-gun post in its Flying Fortresses. Above, he's lugging up his gun barrels. Below, Sgt. Milliff is ready for business. He's been over Germany a dozen times and has been wounded

JOE DEARING



before tomorrow's mission, and whether they'll sit in a lump on his stomach, and who will win the blackjack game tonight, and when his next promotion will come through, and why doesn't he get any mail, and how can he make a date with that blond Waf he saw at the dance last week. He thinks of the war as a long, dull, dirty job, and all he wants to know is: How long will it last, and when can he go home?

He doesn't think he's any hero. Heroes never get scared; and every time Charlie starts out on a mission, he's scared stiff. His stomach ties in a knot, and his palms sweat, and he asks himself over and over: "What in hell am I doing up here?" When the ship lurches during a bit of evasive action, he's sure the pilot's been hit, and they're going into a spin. Sometimes he recites out loud a religious verse his mother taught him as a kid; but he's not sure whether it helps more to say the verse or to think of his mother. And then the Jerries start coming in, and he's too busy to be scared.

No Illusions About Heroes

He gets a laugh out of the hero stories the war correspondents write, as a matter of fact. The time his ship caught fire and ditched in the Channel, for instance: a correspondent interviewed him in the Savoy Bar in London and later wrote a story that made Charlie out a sort of Superman, and everybody kidded the pants off him at the base.

Besides, the correspondent left out all the real things that happened: the one rubber dinghy that landed on a burning wing and was consumed in flames while they watched; the waist gunner who had to swim to the other dinghy through a hundred feet of blazing gasoline, and who was so badly burned that when he tried to take hold of the raft, all the skin came off his hands, like peeling off a pair of gloves; the last glimpse they had of the little radio operator, floating face down, helpless, just out of reach. They thought he waved his arm once, but it may have been the heaving seas.

Charlie has bagged two Jerry planes so far, though he got credit for only one of them. He got the same kick out of it he'd get out of dropping a forward pass into the end's pocket, or powdering a clay pigeon at skeet. The funny thing is that he has no personal hatred for the Jerries; actually, he has considerable respect for them as fliers. He respects their planes, too. It's the Japs he really hates. All the time he's flying over Germany, he's hoping we'll lick the Jerries soon, so he can get after the Japs.

He has one other hate: John L. Lewis. He hates Lewis more than anyone else in the world. Every time he hears of Lewis calling a strike, he gets so mad he wants to grab a gun and go after him. The time Lewis ordered the big coal strike, Charlie's plane was flying home from Germany, and the crew heard the Nazis broadcast the news to them by short wave, and they laughed at it as mere German propaganda. It wasn't until they landed that they found out it was true. In a way, Charlie blames Roosevelt for letting Lewis get away with it. He thinks Roosevelt should have cracked down on labor long ago. He even thinks he'd not be for Roosevelt if he ran for a fourth term.

He's wrong, of course. He doesn't know all the facts; we haven't had the patience—or the courage—to tell our Army the facts. He doesn't know that John L. Lewis is not guilty alone, that there are a lot of others, that capital is just as much to blame as labor for the strikes and slowdowns at home. But he's right about one thing: Strikes slow up production, and that means fewer planes. And when a formation has to fly without enough planes, that means the total protective gunfire will be less, and some of them will be shot down, and some of his squadron mates will be killed.

It isn't nice to see a bomber go down in flames and see the crew bail out with their chutes on fire, and realize that maybe it happened because some defense workers took off a few hours to smoke cigarettes in the men's room, or some chiseling factory owner deliberately held up production to fatten a cost-plus contract, or some plant shut down because of an overtime wage dispute. He doesn't know who's at fault—capital or labor; but he knows that any loss of production may cost him his life.

Tail-End Charlie, kneeling in the bomber's stern as he heads into combat, is gazing back farther than the disappearing coast of England these days. He's looking all the way back across the ocean at his own country and he's doing a lot of wondering about things at home. He misses home, but lately he's had a feeling that's even worse than homesickness—a feeling of homelessness.

When he hears about black markets at home and pleasure driving and complaints about butter rationing and protests about taxes, he feels that the people at home have forgotten him and the war and everything else except making money.

Sometimes he wonders how many of them realize it's their war, too, as well as Charlie's. He got a letter the other day from a friend back home who got himself a soft job as supervisor in a defense plant and is making a hundred bucks a week now and owns a new car and is going around with a girl Charlie used to know. The friend didn't say so, of course, but you got the idea he thought Charlie was a sucker for being in uniform.

Charlie wonders sometimes what will happen to him when the war is over. He wonders what he'll do for a living when he gets home. After all, a pilot or a navigator can always get a job after the war with one of the big commercial airlines. But what can a tail gunner do? Sometimes he almost hopes the drys'll put over Prohibition again; there's one job he could do. He could handle a machine gun. . . .

Or maybe—and he's beginning to think about it more and more lately—maybe there'll be another American Legion after this war, only bigger. Maybe all ten million of them will stick together when they get home. In case the John L. Lewises are still running the country, in case minority groups like labor or the farm bloc or the silver bloc have their front and hind feet in the trough, in case there's no other way but to form their own pressure group. . . .

New Voice of the People

For Charlie's coming home some day, and he won't be Tail-End Charlie then; he'll be right up in front, in the driver's seat. He'll be running this country some day, and he's too important and too fine for us to allow any bitter or vindictive thoughts to develop in his mind. We've got to make him feel he's part of the country he's fighting for. We've got to make him feel that the decisions being made at home these days are his decisions, too. We've got to give him a voice in our plans for postwar reorganization and peace. We've got to give him a vote; and we've got to do more than that. We've got to keep him informed about what's going on at home.

Somehow we've got to give Charlie all the facts, good and bad, without censoring or sugar-coating. We've got to make him feel that he is a citizen as well as a soldier.

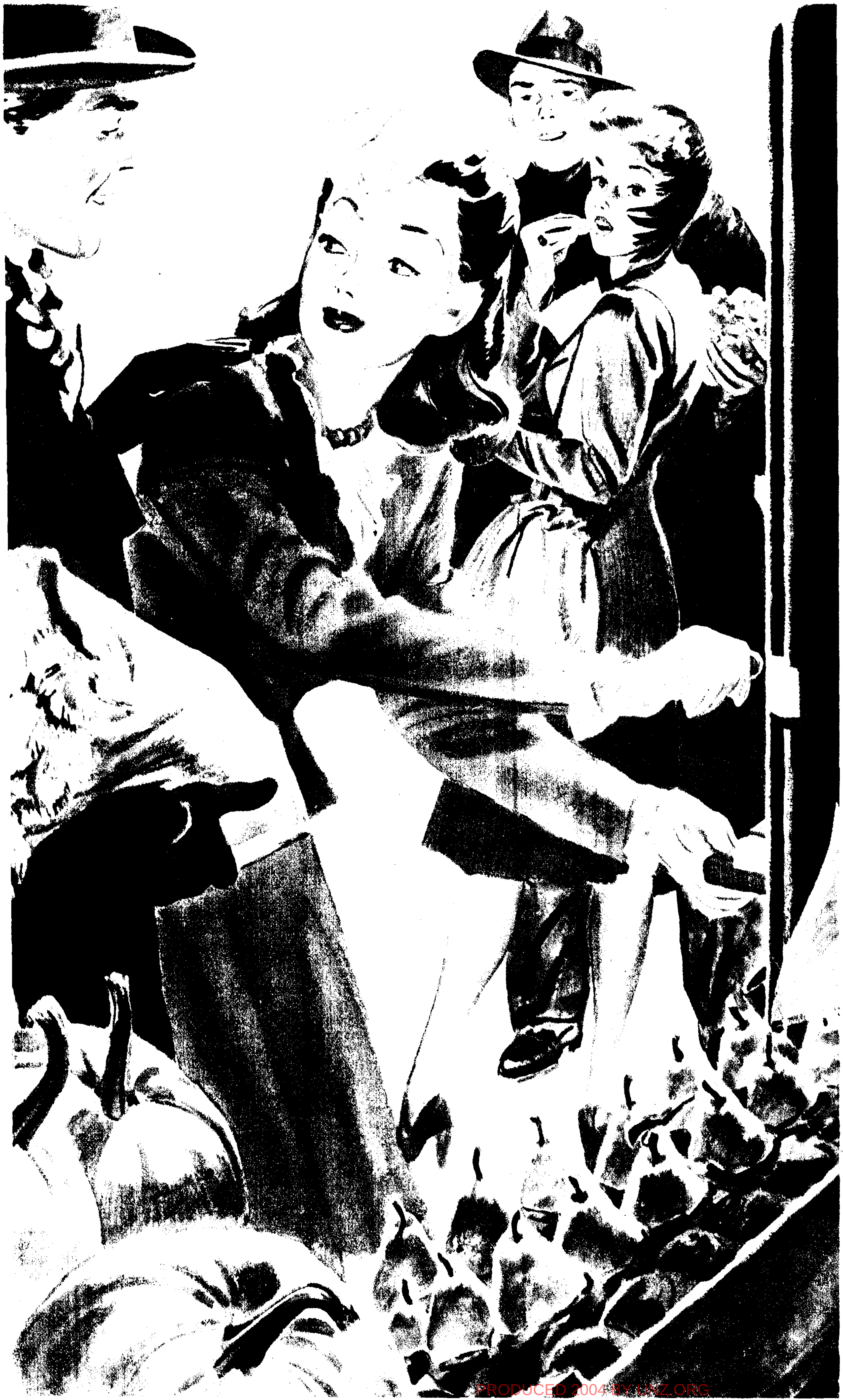
We can trust him. He and ten million Charlies like him are the finest Army in our history. He's the best thing we've got. We can trust him, and we can entrust our future to him. ★★★

MAKE UP YOUR MIND

BY DOROTHEA MALM

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Hannah was a very moral girl and a good friend, but when she tried to play John Alden her heart began coming apart at the seams



Hannah glanced over her shoulder at Ginny, who was bending over the cigarette machine with Richard Reynolds. They were laughing; he had his hand on her shoulder. If I'm jealous of that, she thought, it shows that I have no sense

THE trouble with me, Hannah thought as she sampled a grape from the bunch that Milt held out to her, is that I'm in love with a man I've got no right to be in love with. . . . "All right, three pounds. And a dozen oranges. And . . " She glanced over her shoulder at Ginny, who was bending over the cigarette machine with Richard Reynolds. They were laughing; he had his hand on her shoulder. And if I'm jealous about that, she thought, it shows that I've got no sense. "Gin, do we need cream?"

"Like cream in your coffee, Richard?" Ginny said, looking up at him with her shining blue eyes, smiling her dazzling smile, getting every inch of advantage out of the mist of veil that circled her little white hat.

"Top milk'll do if you're feeling the pinch of poverty. . . ."

"Never top milk in *our* house," she told him. "Yes, we do, Hannah."

"And a half pint of what you laughingly call cream," Hannah said to Milt. "And a half pound of butter. And how are the potatoes?"

"*Very* fine," Milt said with confidence.

"All right, a peck," she said, and looked in her bag for the little green leather purse that was their kitty—they each put an equal sum in it every Monday when they got paid, and at the end of the week they split the surplus, when there was one, which there usually wasn't.

Richard came over to carry the parcels, and she gave him a quick warm smile and then wished it back. He was Richard Reynolds, with gray eyes and dark hair, back in college after a session at the wars, a little banged up but not to matter, and terribly attractive; and Ginny was in love with him, and he wasn't yet quite in love with Ginny. Which meant that there was no place for Hannah in that affair.

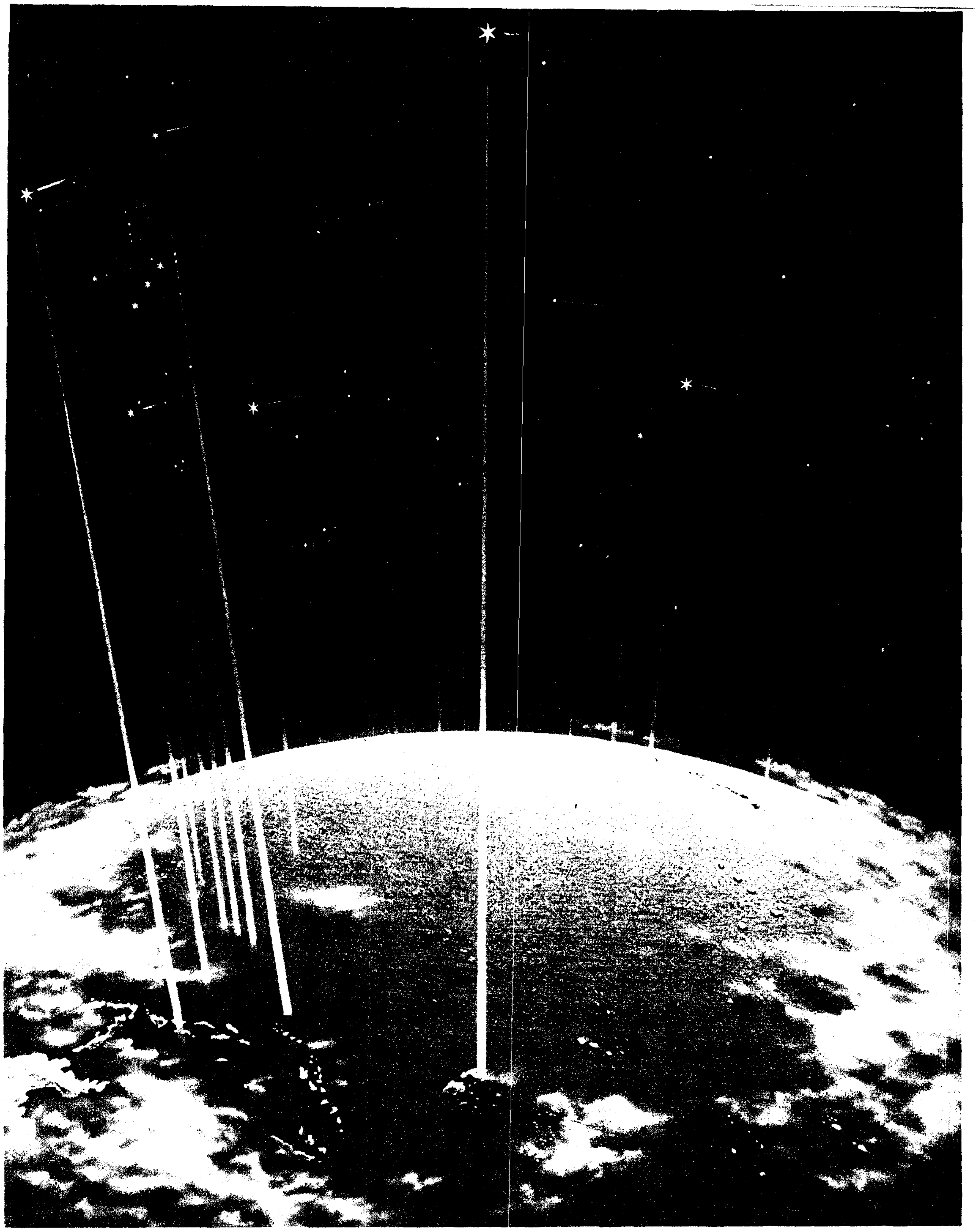
There was such a thing as honor between girls who were friends, who shared an apartment, who were good friends, best friends—and Ginny had known him first. . . . But all a girl's natural instincts were to attract a man, not to repel him, and all her training was to the same purpose. What to do then?

"Thanks," she said, briefly, gruffly, took her change from Milt, and walked out of the little fruit-scented store as if Richard were only an anonymous lackey. She heard him talking to Ginny behind her, and the sound of his voice made her heart twist. But that was silly again.

THE apartment was just around a corner, through a small-paned door, up a flight of carpeted steps. There was mail—two letters for Ginny. She carried the letters upstairs and put on a rather battered green apron. It was funny about homesickness. Usually she didn't feel a bit of it, but being unhappy about a man seemed to weaken your resistance to all the other emotional ailments so that there just wasn't any peace for you anywhere.

Ginny and Richard came in, laughing. Ginny pulled off her hat and got a brush from the dressing room and came into the living room again to stand in front of the long mirror and brush her very beautiful silky dark hair.

(Continued on page 38)



Polynesians viewed the stars as moving bands of light passing over the same islands night after night. Drawing shows Sirius over Vanua Levu of the Fiji Isles

LOST–AND FOUND

BY JOHN KIERAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE RAFT BOOK BY HAROLD GATTY

Downed on the trackless South Pacific with Harold Gatty's new book, fliers can now find out just where they are, where they are going, and also where their next meal is coming from

NOBODY wants it to happen, but it does happen and it could happen in this fashion: A United States land-based bomber flying far out over the waters of the South Pacific; gas running low; engines sputtering; no land in sight.

Over the interphone: "Pilot to crew . . . pilot to crew. . . . Turning into the wind for a landing on water. . . . Prepare to abandon ship."

A little later, with the crew settled in a small rubber raft on the trackless ocean, the pilot—or navigator—unbuttons a flap on the inside of the raft, takes out a small book and begins to read as the others stare at him intently. What is the pure reading matter over which this raft occupant is poring when he and his companions are in such a fix? Well, it could be The Raft Book, by Harold Gatty, the party of the second part in the famous flying team of Post and Gatty that circled the globe by plane in eight and a fraction days back in 1931.

It could be The Raft Book (published by the George Grady Press, 445 West 41st Street, New York, N. Y. $3.25), because the Army Air Forces not long ago ordered copies to be added to the life-saving equipment of its planes in the South Pacific area. That was just a starter in official distribution, and Author Gatty apologized for the condition of those books. They were printed in ordinary style. He has on the fire—possibly in active service by the time this appears—a later edition in which maps, star charts, paper and print are waterproof. Any survivor of a raft trip will guarantee that this is a good idea if there is any reading to be done in such company.

This book is a life preserver in print. Men on a raft—or in a lifeboat—are faced with some desperate questions. Where are they? Which way should they paddle, steer or sail? How can they find food if their provisions run out? How can they keep track of their progress over the ocean? Are they in a current that is helping them or hindering them? What's behind that cloud on the horizon? What are the good and bad signs under, around and above a group—or a lone man—on a raft or in an open boat far at sea?

If a wide ocean poses some complicated questions, this little book provides some simple answers. First, about navigation. Harold Gatty is primarily a navigator. He plotted the course that the late Wiley Post followed at the controls of their plane when they made their record-breaking flight around the world. He is a graduate of the Royal Australian Naval College. He was a navigator in the Australian merchant marine for years. He took to the air as a navigator. He taught air navigation to famous pilots. He was a civilian instructor in Air Research and Navigation for our Army Air Forces. He made surveys for flight routes all over the South Pacific. He was group captain, Royal Australian Air Force, with supervision of flight service over many military routes.

So Harold Gatty (forty years old, small but well built, very friendly, quiet, dark curly hair, good-looking, married, three children) knows his navigation. He is best known for his practical experience and research as an air navigator, but in this little book he comes down to sea level to help the men on a raft or the party in a lifeboat who wonder where on earth they are and which way they should go. He tells the reader in clear language how to figure that out in simple ways. But simple as he makes it—setting a course by the sun, moon or stars, by compass and calendar, by charted currents, prevailing winds and changing water temperatures—it still takes a little study that may well be spared a magazine reader who doesn't expect to be all at sea in the near future. A man on a raft has more time to study, anyway, and a much more pressing reason for studying such matters.

But Author Gatty sets forth some nontechnical guides that are entrancing. It's his belief that the Polynesians "were without doubt the greatest (oceanic) pathfinders in history." Without a compass or a modern navigating instrument of any kind, the ancient Polynesians, in small boats, sailed back and forth for thousands of miles in the South Pacific and peopled the islands in that area.

Students of the Heavens

How they did it is simple and at the same time amazing. The ancient Polynesians were astronomers extraordinary, ages before telescopes were invented. As Harold Gatty puts it: "The Polynesians viewed the stars as moving bands of light passing over the same islands night after night. They knew the stars which passed over particular islands and used these stars as heavenly beacons to lead them to their destination."

Think of it: they memorized the nightly track of the stars through the full swing of the seasons. They had no instruments. They had no knowledge of higher mathematics. They simply sailed under or toward certain stars because they knew the way the stars went nightly through the sky. With such a simple system of navigation, they sailed their boats unerringly from Tahiti to New Zealand, across 2,500 miles of open sea, in colonizing voyages that came to a close nearly 150 years before Columbus daringly crossed the Atlantic to discover the New World!

By their intimate knowledge of the stars, the sun and the moon, these native navigators of long ago could tell, by night or day and in any season of the year, where they were and in which direction they were heading. Author Gatty refers to Captain Cook who took a native of Tahiti as far as the East Indies and was amazed to discover that the native "at any time during the passage, even as far as Batavia, when asked in which direction Tahiti lay, was able without hesitation, night or day, to point very accurately in its direction."

But the Polynesians made use of other aids to navigation, too. The clouds gave them direction, and so did the fish in the sea and the birds in the air. Can "man, proud man" learn anything from a long-tailed cuckoo? Author Gatty says, "Yes, indeed," and registers his conclusion that the Polynesians of Tahiti first came upon New Zealand by marking the flight route of the long-tailed cuckoo in its annual migrations between those two distant points.

The Raft Book deserves the benison of the National Audubon Society. Author Gatty tells how sea birds may be helpful to parties adrift on a raft. He has black-and-white illustrations of forty-three species, with further detailed description in the text, and goes on to indicate how observation of the birds, in small or large numbers, can be put to profit in laying a course or making a landfall.

Of course, Mr. Gatty also makes this important statement early in his book: "All sea birds are edible and are not difficult to catch, provided you have a fishing line and can float a baited hook." But not even the National Audubon Society would cavil at such a healthful hint in a book of this kind.

Author Gatty writes that if stormy petrels to the number of half a dozen or more flutter around a raft at sea in the Southern Hemisphere from December through February, land is probably within seventy-five miles; but golden plover and arctic terns sighted in many months may mean nothing whatever of a favorable character to a sea-tossed party yearning for a sight of solid ground, because these birds, in migration, often wing over the ocean a thousand miles from any land.

All sea birds, of course, nest ashore and rarely fly a great distance in search of food for themselves or their young in the breeding season. Raft passengers are urged to note the direction from which such birds come at dawn and the direction in which they fly at dusk. That way, land lies, and probably not far away.

As for the great scissor-tailed frigate bird (sometimes called the man-o'-war bird) that soars over salt water in all the warmer parts of the world, Author Gatty writes:

"This marauder of the skies is a very useful instrument to show the direction of land, for he is essentially a land-based bird; and although his diet consists entirely of fish, he rarely catches one and does not usually land or take off from the water. His practice is to sit and wait for returning boobies. He takes off and gets altitude and goes out to intercept the returning booby before it comes in for a landing. The frigate bird, being faster on the wing, dives at the booby, forcing it to disgorge its bellyload of fish, which the frigate bird deftly catches in the air. . . . As they cannot spend the night at sea, the direction of their flight in the late afternoon or early evening will be toward land. *Bear in mind that when you are out of sight of land and see these birds overhead, their greater altitude and keener sight very likely enable them to see the land.*"

Much of this birdlore was absorbed by Harold Gatty when he was a ship's officer in the Australian merchant marine and when he was surveying routes and inspecting land bases for transpacific air travel.

Backed Up by Authority

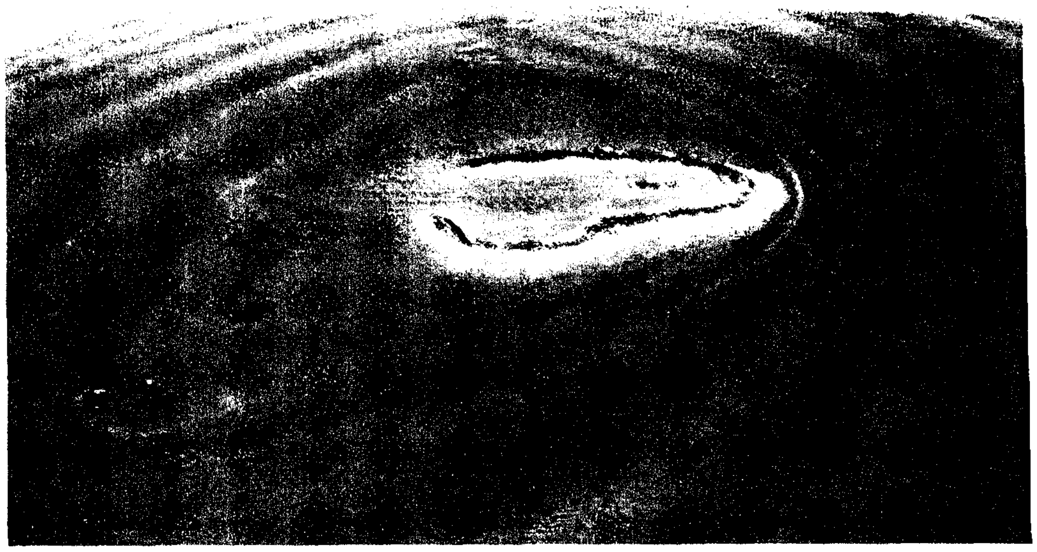
But to make sure that he didn't have a feather out of place in the bird section of The Raft Book, he submitted it to Doctor Robert Cushman Murphy of the American Museum of Natural History, eminent ornithologist and world authority on sea birds, for extension and amendment. Mr. Gatty couldn't have found a better man if he had searched the seven seas.

Since nobody but a biped skunk would give the wrong steer to men on a rubber raft at sea, and Harold Gatty is no biped skunk, he checked all other parts of his little book—the sections on navigation, fishes, ocean currents, water temperatures, star charts and weather conditions—with scientific experts in those fields. He visited museums and consulted authorities all the way from the Auckland Museum in New Zealand to the Hayden Planetarium in New York.

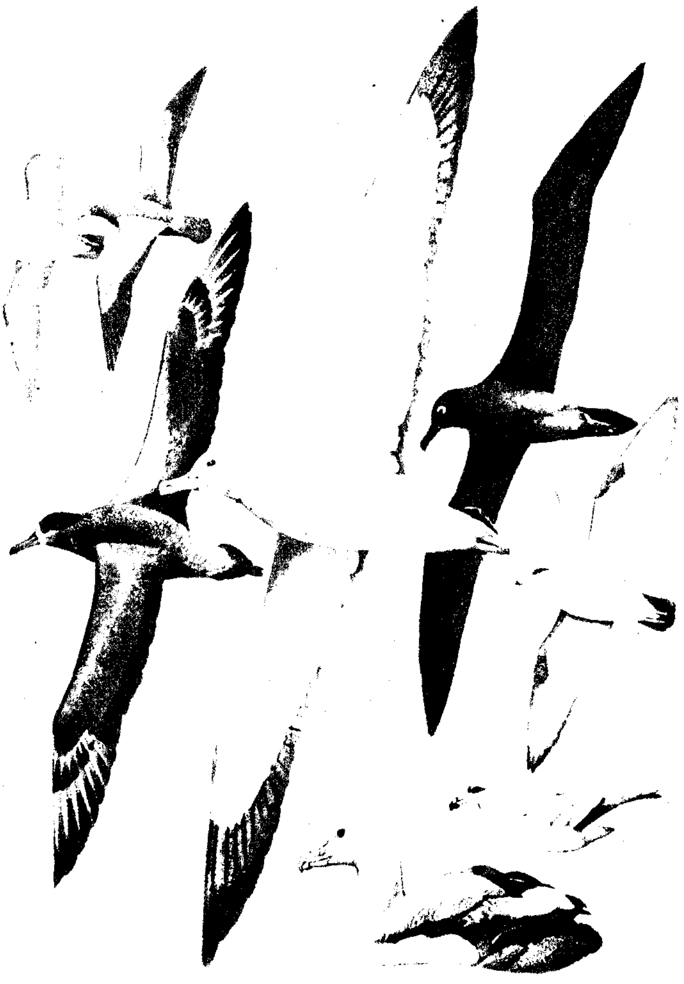
His fish section starts at the large end, with sharks, and works down to lantern fish less than six inches long. Sharks are inmates of the warmer waters of the world,

(Continued on page 43)

Ocean swells curve and meet around an island, indicating its proximity. Drawing also shows how lagoon's tide interrupts the swells

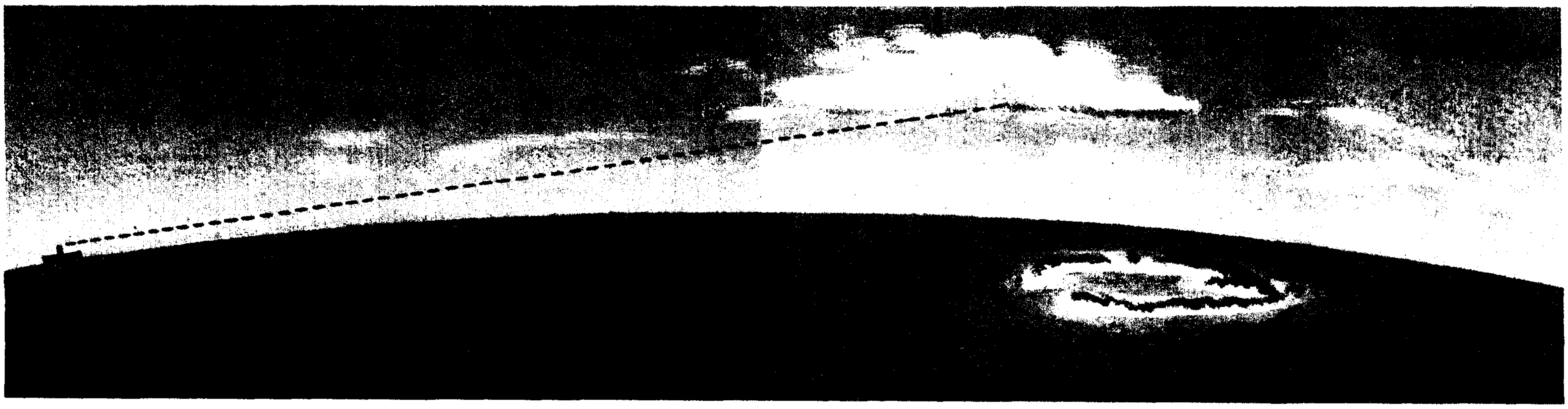


ROBERT GRAVES



Sea birds are not only edible but are valuable in showing which way the land lies. Shown at right from a plate in The Raft Book are (left to right) the Kermadec Petrel, Short-tailed Shearwater, Black-footed Albatross, Wandering Albatross, Sooty Albatross, Fulmar. Sitting are Wandering Albatross and Fulmar. All of these may be 100 or more miles from shore

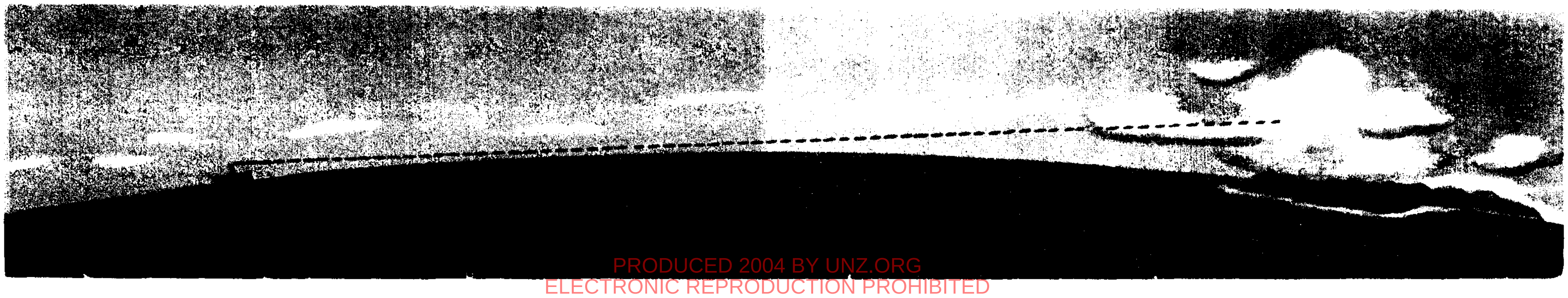
F. L. JAQUES



ROBERT GRAVES

Above: A lagoon's color is reflected from a cloud, indicating an atoll beyond the horizon. Below: Moving clouds by-pass fixed clouds around land peaks

ROBERT GRAVES

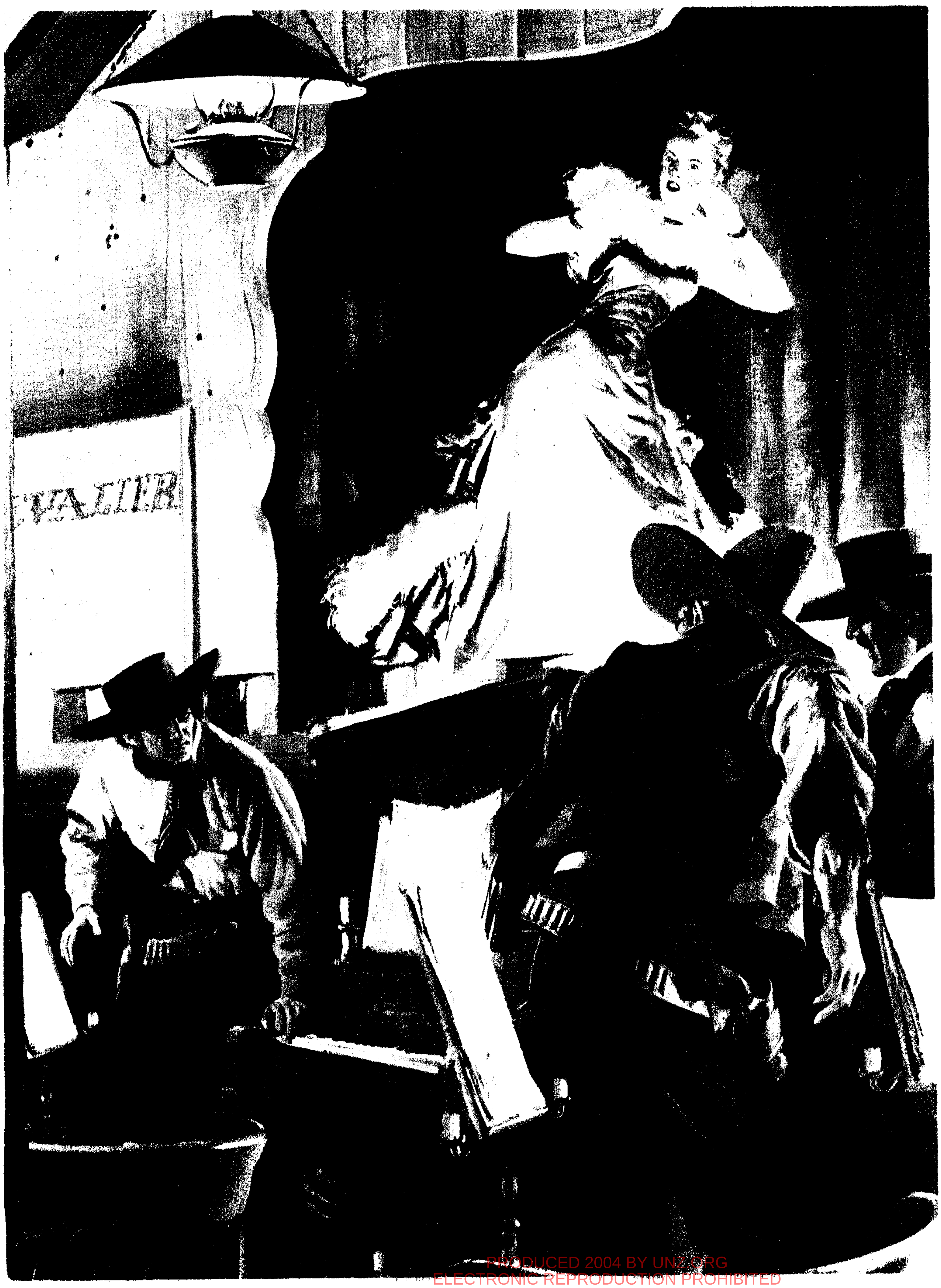


Guardian of the Angels

BY L. L. FOREMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Actresses they might be, but they were refined young ladies, too—and Lew Tanner intended to keep them refined, even if he killed a few people in the process



When that farsighted showman, Mr. Benjamin Franklin Keith, took vaudeville by the hand and led her out of the beer halls of the East, he could not have imagined the disruption that he was precipitating in the boom town of Gayville, two thousand miles west across the continent.

Vaudeville was not known by any such highfalutin pseudonym in Gayville; there, as in a thousand other towns, she still romped under her honest old name of Variety Show. So, when to Gayville came the Continental Vaudeville Company—Offering Polite & Pleasing Variety Entertainment for Ladies & Gentlemen, the billing aroused considerable speculation. Up to that time, nobody around Gayville had ever heard of a variety road show presuming to be polite enough for ladies.

The show manager, Mr. Thurlow P. Suttle, had to explain the unusual billing to Miss Glennie Kimball, mistress of Mother Hylan's Home and owner of the Melodion Theater next door. He spoke with reverence of Mr. Keith and his high-class vaudeville palaces. If rowdy old Dame Variety could don silks and genteel manners in the East, claimed Mr. Suttle, who arrived ahead of his company, there was no reason why she couldn't also be made to behave herself on the road. Besides, there was money in it. Mr. Keith and others were proving that respectable ladies, who wouldn't go near a vulgar variety show, would attend refined vaudeville. You thus drew bigger crowds, raised the tariff, and turned the box office into a gold mine.

"It means the end of the honky-tonks and stag-slabs, Miss Kimball," Mr. Suttle predicted, and added primly, "I never did approve those 'blue' turns and risqué pieces."

He was a fidgety little man, and his yellow waistcoat and sharp nose made Miss Glennie think of an anxious canary. She suspected him of past connections with the legitimate stage. "I trust," she said dubiously, "you are enjoying a successful tour, Mr. Suttle." Although she owned the Melodion, she never entered it. She was, she hoped, a lady.

Mr. Suttle frowned. "H'm, yes and no. In the last town we played—Sierra—cowboys mobbed the stage after the show and wanted to dance with the girls. It was disgraceful! My girls are young ladies. Young *ladies,* Miss Kimball!"

"We have a lot of miners and railroad graders in this town, as well as the cattlemen," Miss Glennie hinted.

"I have engaged a man from Sierra to keep order here," returned Mr. Suttle coldly. "His name is Lew Tanner."

It took every wheel out of the livery stable to carry the show in style from the depot up to Mother Hylan's Home. Up the dusty main street they paraded, the horses dancing, distrustful of the mob, the show girls circumspectly gazing straight ahead.

The girls were prettier than average, all dressed alike in green velvet, tight-waisted and full-skirted, and little tulle-trimmed bonnets. And, of course, there was the Grand Company of Talented Performers: Miss Leatrice Chevalier, Renowned Sweet Singer, and the Philadelphia Trio, the Anya & Mario Comedy Team, Salona the Egyptian, the Lemoine Sisters, and all the rest.

Tailing the cavalcade of surreys and red-wheeled buggies rode the noted Lew Tanner on a borrowed nag, a gun slung openly at his hip. In his shabby Levis and forty-dollar hat he looked like any ordinary cow hand, except for the touch of

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Fright clamped down on Miss Glennie as she stepped out of her box. She had to swallow to find her voice. "Mr. Donovan," she called, "lower the curtain, please

Don't Blame the British—Blame Us!

BY SENATOR R. OWEN BREWSTER

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB LEAVITT

Back from a 45,000-mile tour of our battle fronts, Senator Brewster warns that the United States must act to protect its own world interests by being as hardheaded and practical as the British, especially in matters of oil reserves, postwar aviation and Lend-Lease

Maine's Republican Senator R. Owen Brewster. He charges that in matters affecting our interests the British are outmaneuvering and outtrading us

IF, ON the political and economic war fronts, British interests are better looked after than ours, don't blame the British! Blame us! Blame us for sending amateurs to do professionals' jobs. Blame us for having no signals or, when we have them, for getting them crossed. Blame us for trying to play bridge rules when the game is poker. Blame us for being global suckers.

The British do none of these things. Upward of a hundred years ago, they began making two matters their first and foremost business: To find out where, in any given place or situation, British interests lay; to train political, economic and diplomatic technicians to tend and develop those interests.

There is nothing venal or miraculous about that. That is the process by which, while the British developed their geographical empire, we in the United States developed our industrial empire. In the basic techniques of constructive self-interest, the British can teach us nothing.

In putting those techniques to work in the big world into which we have now been catapulted, they can teach us almost everything. We claim to be—and doubtless are—the world's best businessmen, but our horse sense stops at the water's edge. We have practiced hardheadedness at home. Our government has practiced softheadedness abroad.

Today, on a multibillion-dollar scale, and with the security and well-being of the nation at stake, that is still our practice. If the war creates issues between ourselves and the British, it will not be because the British look after their interests too well. It will be because we do not look after our interests well enough. It is no longer possible for us to be both softheaded and safe. Yet I have returned from 45,000 miles of travel and inquiry, convinced that that is what we are still trying to be.

Two of the problems that most critically concerned our Senate Committee were oil and aviation. They are of critical concern to the future of the United States. More than any other material things, oil and aviation are indispensable to our national defense, our international trade and our position as a world power. We were appalled to discover that our government has no policy adequate for the protection of those assets and that, as a result, both the assets and the security they insure are dangerously dwindling.

Exclusive of Russia, the United States has approximately 40 per cent of the oil reserve of the United Nations. We are supplying 80 per cent of the oil. At the present rate of use, the reserves of Great Britain will last 100 years. Those of the United States will be exhausted in about 15, at the present rate of withdrawal, Petroleum Administrator Ickes reported to the Truman Committee.

Draining American Wells

Next to our own reserves, the oil most accessible to the United States is that of Latin America. There we have consented to the same policy of depletion. The greatest amount of non-United States oil being furnished the war effort comes, not from the vast British deposits on the Persian Gulf, but from Venezuela—whose reserves are 80 per cent American owned.

We have been told, with considerable official impatience, that so long as the United Nations did not control the Mediterranean, this vast drain on Western Hemisphere reserves was necessary in order to get the oil to the war fronts by the shortest haul. But that fact—important as it was—by no means accounts for or explains away our prodigality.

After the senators who recently toured world battle fronts called the country's attention to the disparity between United States and British contributions to United Nations oil supplies, President Roosevelt asserted that steps were being taken to step up oil supplies from the Middle East. He failed to explain that that increase will come almost entirely, not from the British, but from our American-owned reserves in Saudi Arabia. Neither did he explain why, next year, production of American-controlled oil in the Caribbean is scheduled to increase by about 30 per cent, whereas practically no increase has been scheduled as yet in the British-owned fields in the Persian Gulf area.

Five senators, including myself, visited that area after the battles of North Africa and Sicily had been won. The question of transport had ceased to be a restraining reason. The reason given us was that the British lacked refining facilities. However, we visited the British refinery at Abadan on the Persian Gulf, said to be the largest refinery in the world. Reluctantly the British manager of that refinery admitted that its production could be increased by 40 per cent without any increase whatsoever in equipment.

Even before the Mediterranean was cleared, there was no military reason why (as Senator Lodge has observed) at least Western Australia could not have been supplied from this port "instead of depending upon the distant and unfortunately dwindling oil resources of California."

It is also difficult to understand why, with gasoline in Algeria and Morocco and lubricating oil in Egypt coming wholly from the United States, its civilian use in those countries was virtually unrationed. Civilians in the city of Algiers were joy-riding, to the complete disgust of our military personnel.

Unless quick, decisive action is taken, "the end of the war," Senator Russell points out, "will find our own reserves practically exhausted." Such action has not been taken. On oil we have no policy adequate for our security or in keeping with our responsibilities.

While British petroleum reserves approximately equal those of the United States, Britain is supplying 8 per cent of the oil used by the United Nations while the United States is supplying 80 per cent. Logistics is given as the reason for this

(Continued on page 68)

MIDNIGHT SAILING

BY WALTER HAVIGHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Possibly you will not think this is a story, since it has no hero or heroine. But if you have known the sea and understand a man's love for his ship and his country, then you will know that this is a love story

THEY say the war has finished off the great liners. This morning the orderly, standing beside my bed in his white coat, triumphantly read me a bit from the Times. It seems a West Coast aircraft company has blueprints for a 125-ton plane (your big American locomotives weigh 180 tons) and their designer says they will soon have transatlantic planes twice as big as that. Twelve hours from New York to London and Paris. Maybe. Maybe the big ships will go and people won't hear again the great voice roaring over New York at midnight, and the docks will be empty where the bands used to play while last-minute passengers hurried up the gangways and thousands lined the tiered decks. Maybe that won't be again. But there is one ship that will never be forgotten.

What was she like? France. She was like France before the anguish and she is like France now. She was a ship with destiny around her; we knew that when she first steamed out of Le Havre in '35, all her pennants stiff with the wind of her own speed. She was like France—the verve and the valor, and the chichi too. Her live butterflies out there in mid-Atlantic, her romantic couple hired to make shy love in public and to stroll the promenade deck under the stars, her "Mr. Dunn" hired for his dark, distinguished color, his tailoring, his accent, carefully traveling incognito, shuttling back and forth across the ocean as the mysterious Mr. Dunn. There was enough nonsense about her but she also had grandeur, and whether you traveled in the fabulous "Trouville" suite or only watched from a Hoboken ferry as she came up the river, you didn't forget her. She was like France, and she carried excitement wherever she went.

NOW, in the littered slip where the tides are murky with mud and oil, they are turning her over. Slowly. Slowly. I guess you couldn't see it, standing at the dockside or watching from the elevated highway. But you would feel it—the deep life stirring in her, the beginning of buoyancy again. They promised me, months ago, that I could be there when she began to move. But I haven't left the bed since then. I haven't been outside these four white walls. When the nurse grinds the bed up I can see the two bridge towers and beyond them the gleam of the water. Maybe when she is righted I'll be out again.

You wouldn't know what it means unless you were in another country, in time of war, and your own country possessed by the enemy, brooding and silent like a great stone prison, and down there in the river was a part of your nation. Not just a French ship, because she was always more than that. There was some living spirit in her, like the breath of France. Sometimes lying here with only those things to think about, I've felt that she had to burn and founder and lay her proud side down in mud and disaster. She is like France, and that is why I have to see her righted. Even scarred and mutilated, she will still have her great bow, her matchless proportions. Her engines are still powerful and precise in her fouled hull.

In time of war, in a country far from home, between the white walls of a hospital room, you think the past over and over. They took us off the ship that bright spring day when the Coast Guard boarded her, and I didn't see her again till the bleak winter day when she burned. I stood there with one of our men and the naval commandant, staring up at the rows of smoking portholes. The commandant explained that he had sent for me to open the safe in the chief purser's office.

"There's nothing in it," I said.

"You haven't forgotten the combination?" he said.

"No," I said. "But it's empty."

"Hurry!" he said, and he ran ahead up the gangway.

Rumors grow in a time like that. While the fires were eating through the companionways, someone got an idea there were valuables in the purser's safe. Thirty million francs in gold, one story ran, and another had to do with jewels that were to be smuggled into the States.

A swirl of smoke met us on the B deck landing. The passageways were choked and blinding, but I knew the way. Inside the office we caught our breath and rubbed our smarting eyes.

"Hurry," the commandant urged.

I spun the dials, felt their soft clicking beneath my fingers, made the familiar turns out of a habit deeper than memory. The steel doors swung open. I stepped back while they pulled the stuff out. I knew what it was—a pile of unclaimed mail, waiting all those months to go back to France.

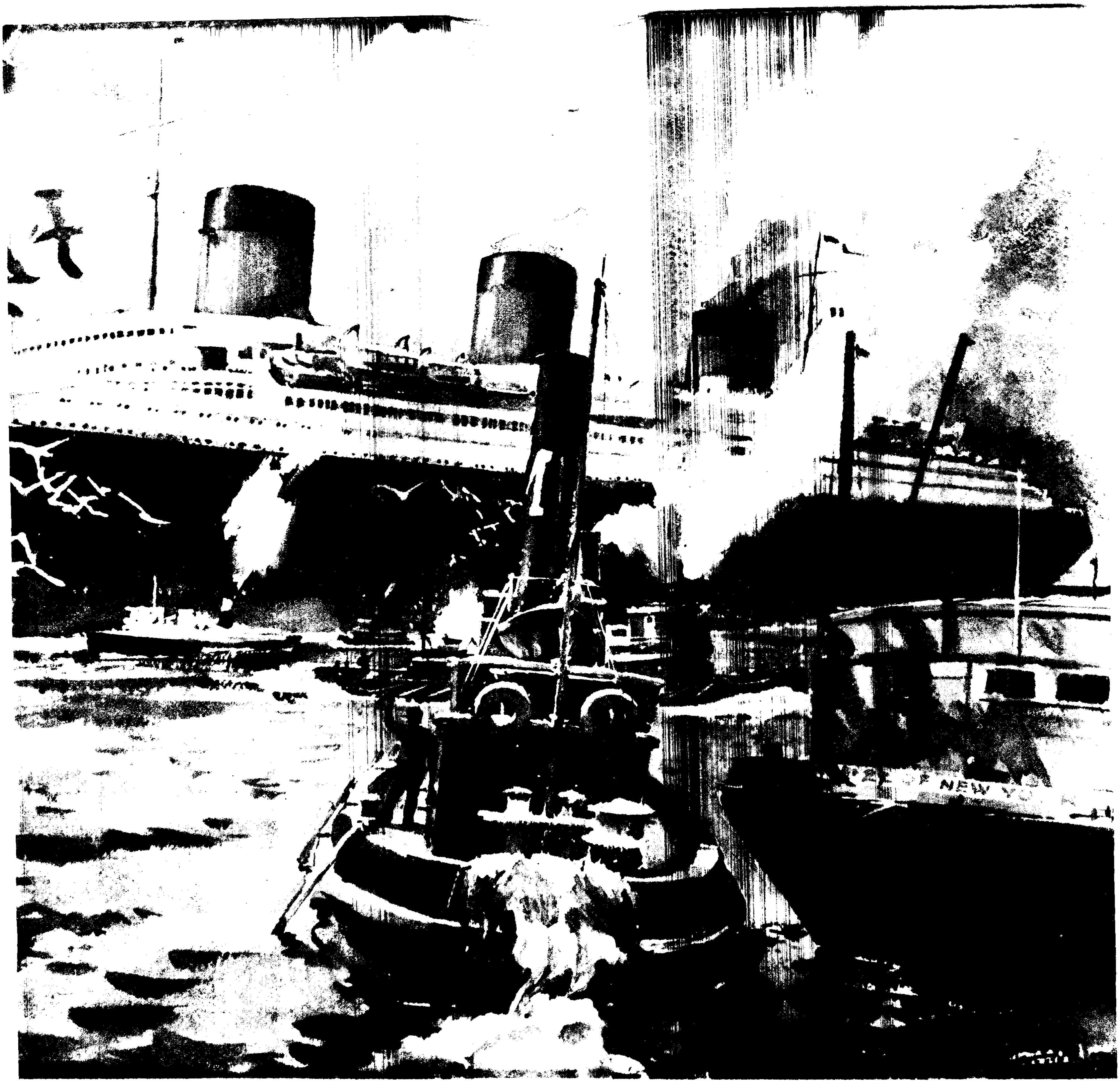
Voices grew in the smoke-filled passage and then we heard the roar of water. A squad of firemen, in gas masks and asbestos clothing, struggled past with a heavy hose line.

"Come on!" the commandant said. It was time to be ashore.

I stopped to close the safe. Habit again. Then I was stumbling over the hose in the shrouded passageway. I had made the lower rotunda and was groping for the stairs when a stream of water struck. It shattered the bulkhead mirror. I stepped back from the rain of glass. Then the hose stream found me.

THE next thing I remember was these white walls and the nurse coming in with a glass of orange juice.

After a day or two they let me see the papers and there she was, lying on her side in the slush ice, the gear trailing across her decks and her great funnels dripping water. That was months ago, and now, at last, she is lifting. I knew she would not stay there in the harbor mud. The day orderly argued that they could never float her; she was too big and too broken, and too far gone. He said she'd be lying there a hundred years from now, with the tides washing her like a great dead ledge of rock. But I never doubted. She was like France, and she would rise again. That's the way I still feel, and I ought to know something about her. I went to her a lonely man with little else than my job to live for. That's why I never took a vacation. I haven't missed a voyage since she began, back in '35.



She came home like a race horse, and we knew she had done what no ship had ever done before. As we swept up the Hudson, the tugboats came out to meet us, all their whistles blaring

That year, in the month of April, I finished another Buenos Aires run in the Picardy, and when we were tied up in Le Havre I went straight ashore. My wife was due to have a baby—our first one though we had been married for nine years. The Picardy had been five weeks away. For all I knew the baby was already there. So I hurried down the Rue St. Anne with the aquamarine pin and the kit of baby clothes I had picked up in Montevideo.

Madame Chevigny was in the doorway as I climbed the steps. "Has the little one come yet?" I asked.

Her face should have told me. But I didn't stop for an answer. I didn't really see her. In the hall I knocked on the door and there was only silence. I found my key and let myself in.

I called "Eve! Eve!" and then realized that the shades were drawn and the ashes had been swept out of the grate and the goldfish bowl was gone from the table.

Madame Chevigny came in while I was staring at the empty bedroom with the tufted coverlet pulled up tight over the pillows. She told me.

I couldn't do it then, but the next day I went to the cemetery where the damp sod was fitted unevenly over the faintly bulging ground. The child was a girl, Madame Chevigny had said. Neither of them lived an hour after.

There were matters of business to settle and then I went back to the Picardy. The port captain was waiting in my office. "How would you like to go on the new one?" he asked.

I hadn't really heard him. "The new one?" I repeated.

"Yes. She has a purser's berth still open."

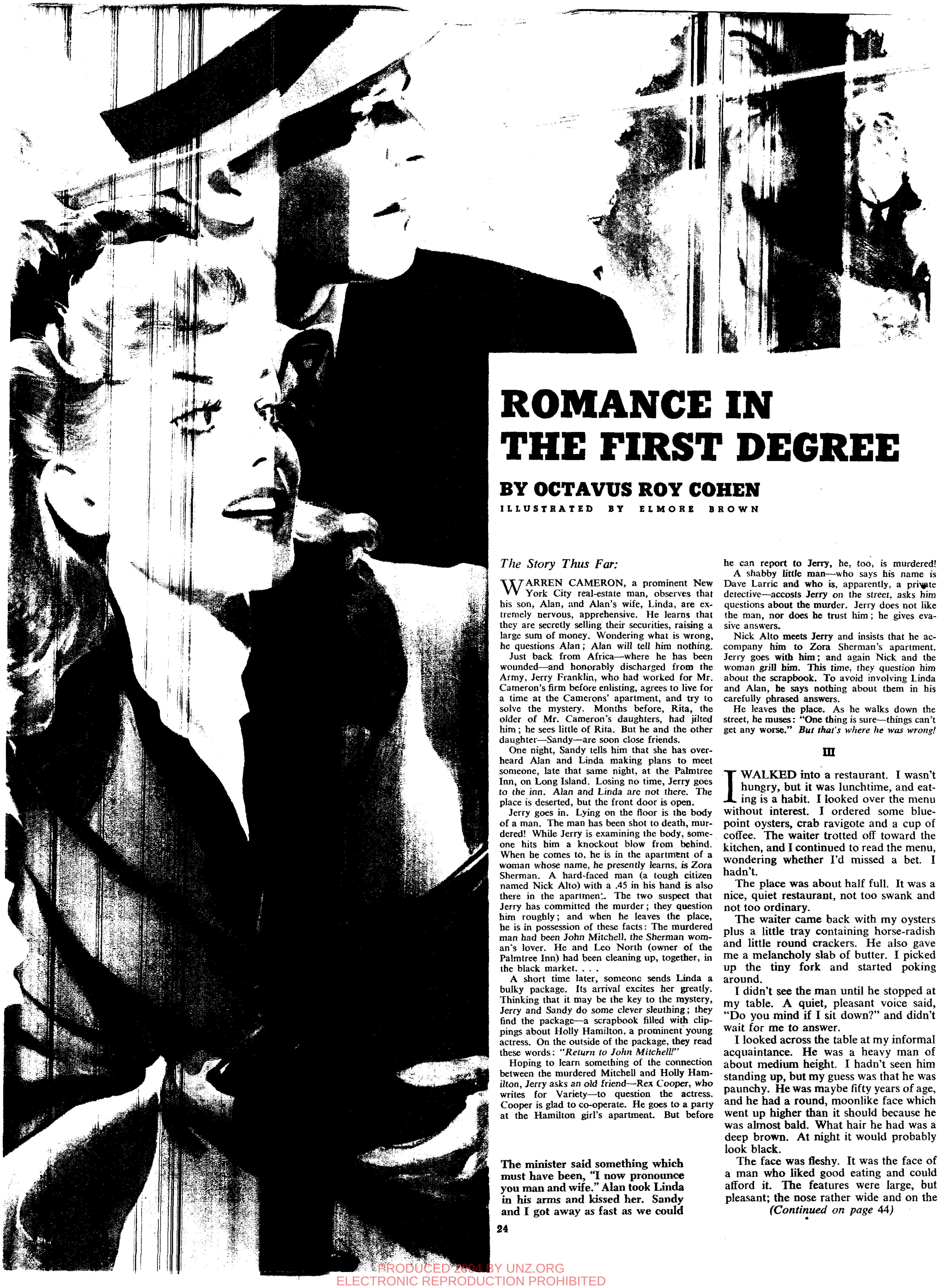
SHE had come in the day before, and though all France knew about it, I hadn't even seen her. Now I followed his eyes down the harbor and there she was, with her black hull, her white superstructure, her red stacks, trim as a toy and vast, almost, as a city. Of course I had known about her, from the time she was called the T-6 in the giant ways at St. Nazaire. But I had never pictured myself in her purser's office.

I went aboard a lonely man, and that ship was all I had for a future. A ship may seem a poor thing to take the place of a woman and a child, but we settle for what we can. Since then I've had joy and misgiving over her, and pride and anguish.

There have been other maiden runs, of course, in fine ships. I know that. But none like ours. We left music on the wind as the coasts of Europe faded and the great sea widened before us. She was built for the sea and she quickly proved it, despite her bronze-relief doors and her crystal chandeliers, her costly mural paintings and the Labouret paneling that lined her bulkheads. Far below the gilded ballroom she had four mighty propulsion engines. Her lines were clean and her bow was sharp as a racing sloop's cutwater.

It was a distinguished passenger list—princes and statesmen, a maharaja, a marquis and a list of counts and countesses. There were celebrated people from twenty different countries, all caught in the excitement of a voyage that would make history. Before the first day's run was posted, word

(Continued on page 34)



ROMANCE IN THE FIRST DEGREE

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

WARREN CAMERON, a prominent New York City real-estate man, observes that his son, Alan, and Alan's wife, Linda, are extremely nervous, apprehensive. He learns that they are secretly selling their securities, raising a large sum of money. Wondering what is wrong, he questions Alan; Alan will tell him nothing.

Just back from Africa—where he has been wounded—and honorably discharged from the Army, Jerry Franklin, who had worked for Mr. Cameron's firm before enlisting, agrees to live for a time at the Camerons' apartment, and try to solve the mystery. Months before, Rita, the older of Mr. Cameron's daughters, had jilted him; he sees little of Rita. But he and the other daughter—Sandy—are soon close friends.

One night, Sandy tells him that she has overheard Alan and Linda making plans to meet someone, late that same night, at the Palmtree Inn, on Long Island. Losing no time, Jerry goes to the inn. Alan and Linda are not there. The place is deserted, but the front door is open.

Jerry goes in. Lying on the floor is the body of a man. The man has been shot to death, murdered! While Jerry is examining the body, someone hits him a knockout blow from behind. When he comes to, he is in the apartment of a woman whose name, he presently learns, is Zora Sherman. A hard-faced man (a tough citizen named Nick Alto) with a .45 in his hand is also there in the apartment. The two suspect that Jerry has committed the murder; they question him roughly; and when he leaves the place, he is in possession of these facts: The murdered man had been John Mitchell, the Sherman woman's lover. He and Leo North (owner of the Palmtree Inn) had been cleaning up, together, in the black market. . . .

A short time later, someone sends Linda a bulky package. Its arrival excites her greatly. Thinking that it may be the key to the mystery, Jerry and Sandy do some clever sleuthing; they find the package—a scrapbook filled with clippings about Holly Hamilton, a prominent young actress. On the outside of the package, they read these words: *"Return to John Mitchell!"*

Hoping to learn something of the connection between the murdered Mitchell and Holly Hamilton, Jerry asks an old friend—Rex Cooper, who writes for Variety—to question the actress. Cooper is glad to co-operate. He goes to a party at the Hamilton girl's apartment. But before he can report to Jerry, he, too, is murdered!

A shabby little man—who says his name is Dave Larric and who is, apparently, a private detective—accosts Jerry on the street, asks him questions about the murder. Jerry does not like the man, nor does he trust him; he gives evasive answers.

Nick Alto meets Jerry and insists that he accompany him to Zora Sherman's apartment. Jerry goes with him; and again Nick and the woman grill him. This time, they question him about the scrapbook. To avoid involving Linda and Alan, he says nothing about them in his carefully phrased answers.

He leaves the place. As he walks down the street, he muses: "One thing is sure—things can't get any worse." *But that's where he was wrong!*

III

I WALKED into a restaurant. I wasn't hungry, but it was lunchtime, and eating is a habit. I looked over the menu without interest. I ordered some bluepoint oysters, crab ravigote and a cup of coffee. The waiter trotted off toward the kitchen, and I continued to read the menu, wondering whether I'd missed a bet. I hadn't.

The place was about half full. It was a nice, quiet restaurant, not too swank and not too ordinary.

The waiter came back with my oysters plus a little tray containing horse-radish and little round crackers. He also gave me a melancholy slab of butter. I picked up the tiny fork and started poking around.

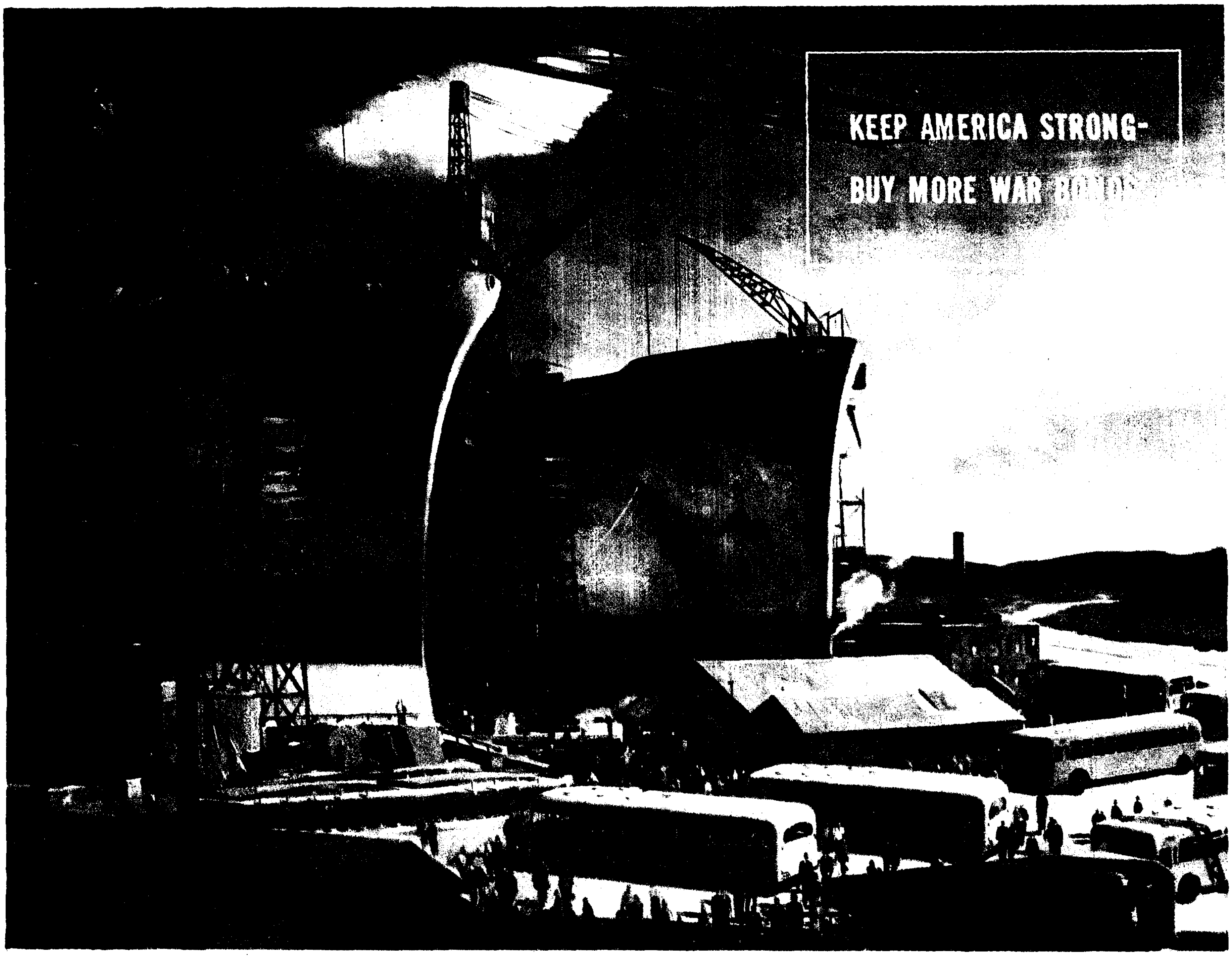
I didn't see the man until he stopped at my table. A quiet, pleasant voice said, "Do you mind if I sit down?" and didn't wait for me to answer.

I looked across the table at my informal acquaintance. He was a heavy man of about medium height. I hadn't seen him standing up, but my guess was that he was paunchy. He was maybe fifty years of age, and he had a round, moonlike face which went up higher than it should because he was almost bald. What hair he had was a deep brown. At night it would probably look black.

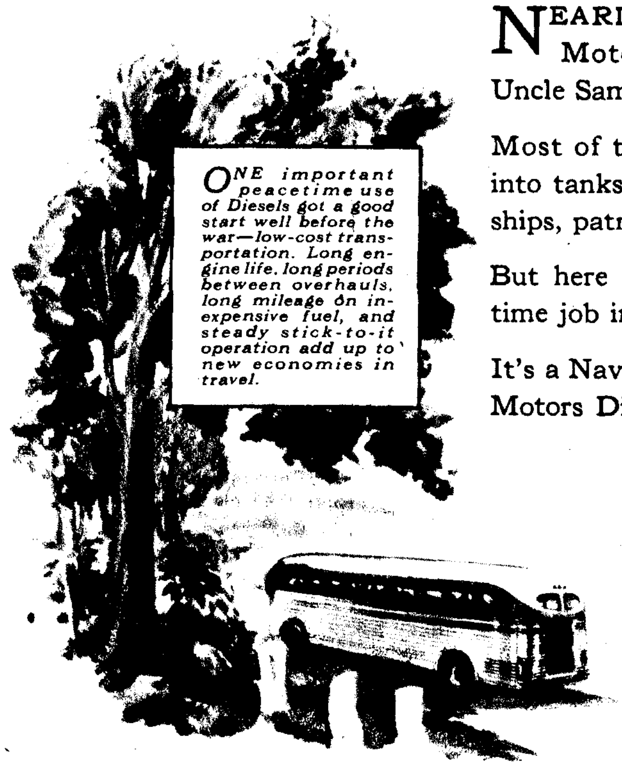
The face was fleshy. It was the face of a man who liked good eating and could afford it. The features were large, but pleasant; the nose rather wide and on the

(Continued on page 44)

The minister said something which must have been, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Alan took Linda in his arms and kissed her. Sandy and I got away as fast as we could



PEACETIME TRANSPORTATION ON A WAR JOB



ONE important peacetime use of Diesels got a good start well before the war—low-cost transportation. Long engine life, long periods between overhauls, long mileage on inexpensive fuel, and steady stick-to-it operation add up to new economies in travel.

NEARLY every Diesel engine General Motors makes now goes to work for Uncle Sam.

Most of them go right into the fighting—into tanks, trucks and tractors, into combat ships, patrol boats and landing barges.

But here are GM Diesels doing a big wartime job in a home front application.

It's a Navy "task force" of some 250 General Motors Diesel coaches that carry thousands of Mare Island Navy Yard workers in California to and from the job every day over a fifty-mile radius.

These are doing the same day-in-day-out dependable job which thousands of GM Diesel-powered coaches were doing before.

And they point to the days ahead when General Motors can devote its expanded plants to providing bus operators with engines and parts improved and refined through their work at war.

GM
GENERAL MOTORS
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ENGINES ..*15 to 250 H.P.*... **DETROIT DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION,** *Detroit, Mich.*

ENGINES .*150 to 2000 H.P.*..*CLEVELAND DIESEL ENGINE DIVISION, Cleveland, Ohio*

LOCOMOTIVES ....*ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION, La Grange, Ill.*

ALBERT FENN-PIX

In the 32d year of its existence the famed Collier Trophy (left) goes this year to Gen. Henry Harley Arnold (above)

THE COLLIER TROPHY

FOUR STARS AND A HEART

BY DEVON FRANCIS

The man who championed Billy Mitchell in 1925, and was shunted to a quiet Army post, now receives aviation's most cherished award for last year's "organization and leadership of the Army Air Forces throughout the world"

FOR as long as anyone can remember, Henry Harley Arnold has had a nickname. The nickname is "Hap," but the first four-star general in all Army aviation history, commanding the biggest air force in the world's greatest war, is a grim soldier these days. That faint smile of his is not to be smiled back at. Not now.

He works like a fool from 7:30 in the morning until the taxi drivers are asleep behind their wheels. He demands the same thing from his subordinates, and woe betide the officer who fails to deliver. At long last, the air defense establishment that Henry Arnold fought for has come into being. He is determined that the peace shall be hastened by the proper employment of it.

As this issue of Collier's comes off the presses, announcement is being made that Henry Arnold, Commanding General of the Army Air Forces, is the recipient of the most cherished award in aeronautics, the Collier Trophy. The National Aeronautic Association, repository of the trophy, will describe the year's choice of the award committee as having been based on the general's "organization and leadership of the Army Air Forces throughout the world" in 1942.

The trophy is given "for the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been thoroughly demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year."

Considerations of national security will withhold until after the war a full description of General Arnold's achievement last year. But some shrewd guesses can be made on the basis of what is going on in war theaters strung from the calf of the Italian boot to Bougainville in the Pacific.

In the "base year" of 1938, the Army had an Ai Force of 1,800 officers, 19,000 enlisted men and 3,90 airplanes. Few of those planes were fit for combat duty Today it is driving steadily toward a goal of 2,500,00 officers and men, and 100,000 planes.

Starting from Scratch with the Air Corps

No one quite like Arnold the soldier has worn a Army Air Forces uniform for the more than thre decades that have elapsed since he, personally, constituted one third of the Army's flying personnel. (Ther were two other pilot-officers.) He is tough. Soldier have to be. And yet there was the time the Old Ma called in a colonel on his staff and said, "Pack your kit We're going somewhere."

"May I," replied the colonel, "ask where, sir?"

"You may not."

Their destination was an Army Air Forces advance flying school. Graduation exercises were in progres One by one, the young fellows who had completed th world's hardest flying courses to win their wings, steppe forward to be commissioned. One youngster, flushe with excitement, kept stealing furtive glances at the visiting colonel. His time came.

"All right," barked General Arnold to the colone "step forward and pin the Air Force wings on your kid.

There was the incident down at Homestead Field near Miami, when a private on a G.I. motorcycle, accompanying the general's car, skidded and took a heade on the pavement. The general insisted on taking hi to a hospital.

Notwithstanding the fact that he is chief executiv of a fighting arm so big that an absence of system woul be chaotic, he abhors the Army's traditional way o sending things through channels.

"See here," he called to one of his officers whom h met in the hall one day, "I want you to go to Californi for me."

The officer, attached to a Tactical outfit on an Eastern-seaboard field, said fine, he would get his orde from his commanding officer.

"I want you to go to *California,* and *you'll* sta now," snapped the general.

He has the professional soldier's affection for th buck private. During a visit to one air base, he made beeline for the stewpot as the enlisted men were eating dinner.

"Let's taste that," he ordered. He sampled the ste "I wondered why in hell the men weren't eating it," h remarked pointedly to the base's commanding office

The menu was changed.

He is longheaded. In 1940, when everybody w talking about the need for an astronomical number planes to defend the United States—as many as 10,00 maybe—he made arrangements to have Army airpla mechanics trained at American aircraft factories so the would know the ships inside and out.

He did more. He romanced the operators of t leading civilian flying schools into expanding their facilities—when Congress had appropriated no mone for such activities. When training was accelerated, had the means ready.

(Continued on page 7

An "Apple" Shape Kaywoodie
with Inner Bowl of Meerschaum
$12.50
[*actual size*]

"I smoke a Kaywoodie"

I've learned about pipes. Learned from smoking them. Realized there's a difference—some pipes smoke better than others, and taste better. Kaywoodie is the pipe I've smoked for years. I could do without any of the others. The war hasn't stopped Kaywoodie from using the real Mediterranean briar-wood that's been the universal choice of pipe-makers for 100 years. Kaywoodies are cut from pre-war stocks, in the same old way . . . Try them all. You still won't find the good-tempered flavor that's characteristic of a Kaywoodie. Always pleases, never troubles. Kaywoodies yield a satisfaction all their own. Discriminating smokers know this and like it so well that Kaywoodie is the internationally recognized best. All over the world you hear "I Smoke a Kaywoodie."

Kaywoodie Company, New York and London
In New York, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

BUY
WAR
BONDS

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THE PREACHER

BY EUSTACE COCKRELL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES KELLY

Grammy sent the kid looking for a minister and she found one in the square. Well, maybe not a minister exactly, but you know how kids are. . . .

"Please tell my Grammy," the littl girl said. Eddie Again took a dee breath. He knew he could make sound good. "In my Father's hous are many mansions," he quote

DEATH perched on the foot of the brass bed and watched the old lady patiently. The old lady looked up and saw him sitting there with a kind look on his face and winked a sightless eye at him as if they knew a warming joke between them. A secret joke with no meaning to others, such as old couples who have been lovers share.

"Martha," the old lady said in a whisper.

The little girl sitting beside the bed stood up. She went over, not bending down, for she was a little girl and said, "Yes, Grammy?"

"Will you do another thing for me?"

The little girl put her hand on one of the old and wasted hands and patted it gently. The hand was like little sticks under a cloth.

"Go fetch me a preacher. I want to talk a little bit to a preacher."

"Where shall I look for one, Grammy?"

"They're all around. Ask someone on the street." Death shifted his position a little on the bedstead and his expression had changed a little, though it was still patient. "Hurry, dear."

The little girl left the room and made her way down the steps and onto the street. It was a mean street, narrow and cobbled.

She walked up the street a ways from the river, past the saloon on the corner and turned into another street and followed it for a while. Where it turned, there stood a church. The little girl went into the church and stood there a moment until her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, but there was no one there—the church was empty.

She went out on the street again and crossed to the cigar store on the other corner. There were some men lounging there against the counter, reading papers. The proprietor stood behind the counter, rolling a short stub of cigar back and forth across his mouth.

A phone behind him rang and he picked it up and, not saying anything at all, wrote something on a piece of paper with a pencil.

"Down Under, Two By Two, Poil Buttons. Six sixty, four even, two forty. Three twenty, two forty. Seven eighty," he said turning from the phone. He saw the little girl.

"Mister," Martha said. "I'm lookin' for a preacher."

"What?"

"A preacher. My Grammy sent me for a preacher."

"There ain't one here. Didja try the church acrost the street?"

"Yes, Mister."

"Whatcha want with a preacher?" one of the other men asked.

"I don't want one. My Grammy wants to talk to one."

"Priest? Rabbi?"

"She said just a preacher," Martha said.

"There's generally guys preachin' up to the square. Maybe one of them'd do," the first man said. "You know where the square is—coupla blocks cross town an' up a block."

"Thanks, Mister," Martha said. She walked out of the cigar store and started for the square.

SHE came out on the square, crossed the street to its expanse of bare trodden grass, where scattered here and there were various men exercising their right of free speech to small clumps of people who weren't exercising anything.

Martha listened briefly to an antivivisectionist, a razor-blade salesman and a man who had a secret weapon, who couldn't get a hearing in Washington.

The fourth man spoke of the divine key and sold pamphlets for a quarter that he took from a tattered coat pocket. He was a big man, dirty, and his voice was wheedling and threatening by turns. He needed a shave but he wore a collar and a loose, flowing tie.

Martha went up to him and pulled his trouser leg, interrupting some dire threats on the hereafter interspersed with the beauties of having plenty in this life—a for a quarter.

"The key . . ." the man bellowed.

"Are you a preacher, Mister?" Marth asked him.

The man looked down. "Out of th mouths of babes," he said. "I am, littl lady."

"Then come with me," she said. "M Grammy wants to see you."

"Your what?"

"My Grammy. She told me to fetch h a preacher."

"I'm sorry, little lady," the man sai "but I'm busy at the moment."

"She said to hurry," Martha said. " couldn't find one at the church."

"And what would your Grammy wa with me?"

"I don't know," the little girl said. "Sh just said to fetch her a preacher and t hurry."

"I have here," the man said, "a practic key with which any man can find his inn power through . . ." The little girl tugge

Enemy ears are listening —
be careful of what you say!

THE SEASON'S BEST PERFORMANCE

Two-on-the-aisle at a Broadway "hit"... and a really *fine* highball after the show... are a pair of pleasures harder to come by these days.

So devotees of the theater... and connoisseurs of whiskey... like to enjoy *each* one to the full.

Now we think your highball *deserves* to be a mellow masterpiece. And so we continue to blend Calvert Reserve from the very *choicest* of our rare reserve stocks.

That way, you can be sure that this matchless whiskey will *always* give a "star performance."

CLEAR HEADS CHOOSE

Calvert Reserve

"THE CHOICEST YOU CAN DRINK OR SERVE"

CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY: 86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

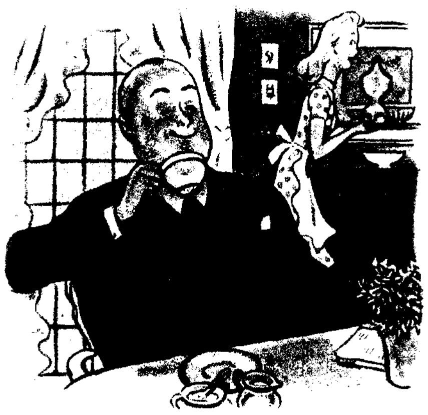
VICE PRES. SLUMBER DEPT.

1. Up on Mt. Olympus, Morpheus was V. P. in charge of Slumber. Presumably he saw to it that all good Greeks forgot their worries and had a good night's sleep.

2. Morpheus would have his hands full today. He didn't have to contend with the kind of war we have—or with people whose sleep is destroyed by caffein.

3. If you're one of those who toss and turn and long for sleep—just because you couldn't resist a cup of coffee—you won't get Morpheus' help: you'd better act, yourself!

4. You *could* give up coffee. But why should you, when it's only caffein that upsets you? You can enjoy one and avoid the other—just by switching to *Sanka* Coffee.



5. Sanka is real, delicious coffee *with 97% of the caffein removed.* It can't jangle nerves or interfere with sleep. *Only* the caffein is removed; the delightful flavor and aroma stay in.

6. Make caffein-free Sanka *strong.* Use a heaping tablespoon per cup. And "perk" Sanka a little longer if you use a percolator. Try vacuum-packed Sanka today—it's superb coffee that lets you relax.

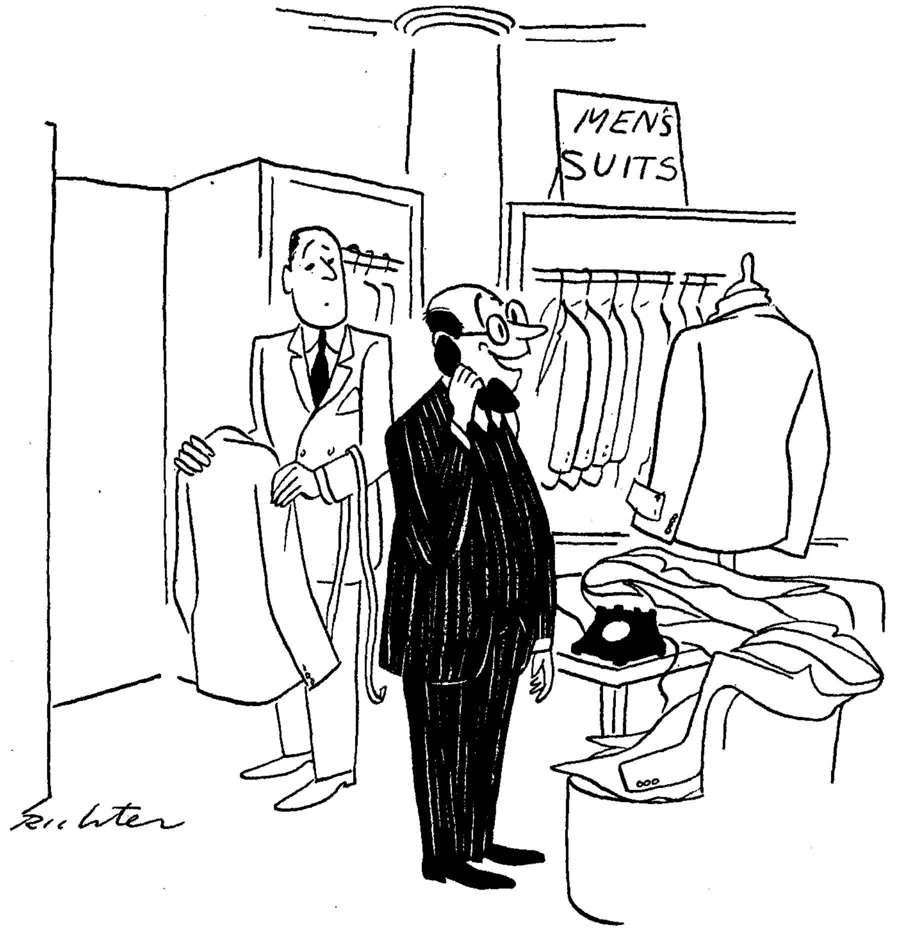
FOOD FIGHTS for freedom

SANKA COFFEE

ALL-PURPOSE GRIND SANKA COFFEE

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

Kate Smith's back on the air with a new, hour-long show! Listen to *The Kate Smith Hour* every Friday. Columbia network . . . 8 P.M., EWT; 7 P.M., CWT; 6 P.M., MWT; 9 P.M., PWT.



COLLIER'S "The one I'm trying on now is a dark blue with pin stripes, dearest. How do you like it?" MISCHA RICHTER

at his pants again. He stopped. "I'm not exactly a regular preacher," he said to her.

A large man with a thick neck and wide flat shoulders at the back of the crowd shoved forward. He wore a Marine's uniform.

"Please come," Martha said. "My Grammy said to hurry."

"I don't . . ."

The Marine snorted audibly through a nose that wasn't quite in the middle of his face. "Go with the kid," he said. "You been tellin' these jerks you was a preacher." He nodded toward the little group of people standing still now with new interest.

"I—all right," the man said. "Anyone else like to purchase this . . ."

"Get goin'," the Marine said. To the little girl he added, "I'll kinda drift along behind you. He'll go."

"Sure, I'll go," the man said.

"Sergeant," the Marine said.

"Yes, Sergeant," the man said.

"It's this way; it's just a little way," Martha said. She took the big man by the hand. "Come on."

The man looked at the Marine. He started off.

They walked across the square and down by the cigar store. The Marine walked idly some paces behind them. "She's not my Grammy," Martha said proudly. "She's really my Great-grammy."

"Ummm."

"She can't see," Martha said. "What's your name?"

"The Reverend Eddie Again," the man said.

"Again."

"No," the man said. They passed the saloon and he looked at it a moment longingly. "Not really. Edward Agannardrickson. But nobody can say that. They call me Eddie Again."

THEY went up the steps of the house, into the door. Eddie noticed the Marine lounging on the corner by the saloon, watching them. They went up the three big flights and then the little flight of steps and into the room with its sloping roof. It was a little room, and the big bed made it look smaller. It made the old lady lying in it tiny. But it was clean and neat.

The old lady was lying quite still. She didn't appear to be breathing, but as they stood there, very quietly, they heard her voice: "You got the preacher, Martha?"

Martha pushed Eddie Again toward the bed. "Right here, lady," Eddie said, knowing she was dying.

ALL the old lady's energy seemed to go into her voice for it was clear though very faint. "What brand do you practice, Mister?" the old lady asked.

"I'm not a priest," Eddie said. "I'm not really . . ." He stopped. "I ain't got a church now," he said. "Matter of fact, I kind of free-lance—up and down the highways and byways, doing my bit."

"That's fine," the old lady said. "I never rightly joined up with a church myself."

Eddie Again stood still, feeling the sweat pop out on his brow and he looked down at the little girl. She smiled timidly.

"I want to ask you a question," the old lady said finally.

"Yeah?"

"I'll have to tell you a little bit, go back a ways, go back some years." She chuckled faintly to herself. "Not all eighty-seven of 'em," she said.

It wasn't so bad. Eddie Again wiped his brow once more, but it wasn't so bad. "I'm listenin', Ma'am," he said. "I'll do my best. But what about the kid?"

"Ah, let her stay," the old lady said. "It's all right. Mister, he's sittin' on the foot of the bed, but his face is kind."

Eddie Again whirled around.

"Death," the old lady said. "Not no scythe, no white horse. . . . Handy thing for a preacher to know."

"Never mind about that," Eddie Again said shakily.

"Grammy sees things sometimes," Martha said, "though she's blind."

"Let her stay," the old lady said again. "Let her stay. It won't hurt her. I guess it's near perfect to just run down and die with all that's goin' on nowadays. Let her learn about death easy."

"The question, Ma'am, you wanted to ask me," Eddie Again said, jingling three quarters in his pocket and remembering the saloon on the corner.

"I have to go back some."

"Okay."

"I had a man; run off with him third day of June in the first year of the administration of Rutherford Birchard Hayes. 1877. Remember everything about it, even the President's middle name. We run off to get married, but the best we could do was a faro dealer said he used to be a justice of peace. He didn't give us a paper."

She paused.

"Yes, Ma'am," Eddie Again said watching the foot of the bed.

The old lady seemed to take a real breath but her voice still came out faint: "I know my man didn't go to heaven, if I get it right. I'll skip some now: He got killed at San Juan Hill. That wasn't much of a war, but he was just as dead."

"Don't get too tired, Grammy," Martha said.

"I'm due for a rest, honey. Don't worry."

"You wanted to ask me a question?" Eddie Again said. "A question about something?"

"Hold on," the old lady said. "He was awful ornery, but I guess we was married. I got a pension. He loved me," she said, "and I loved him. That's sayin' it bald, but that's all there is to say."

"Maybe he went to heaven," Eddie Again said.

"No," the old lady almost smiled. "Which is fine, 'cause I won't make it to heaven myself."

"The Lord's compassion is infinite," Eddie Again said, surprising himself.

"I know. But I want to go where he is." The old lady took a perceptible breath and held it. "Reckon I will, Parson?"

Maybe the old lady couldn't see him, but it was just as bad. Martha looked at him. He moved his hand a little bit through the silence.

And then Eddie Again remembered something that he didn't know he knew. He had gone into a mission for a flop years ago, and the guy had said it talking to another man.

"Please tell my Grammy," the little girl said.

Eddie Again took a deep breath, too. He let his voice roll out because he remembered it now and he knew he could make it sound good. *"In my Father's house are many mansions,"* Eddie Again quoted. "You know that?"

"Yes." The old lady's voice sounded young and breathless, but Eddie Again didn't notice that. He had it cold, what he was going to say.

"In the Greek what they got *mansions* from means like tourist camps, places along the way. Say you was plenty mean, you start at the bottom, you work up to heaven a mansion at a time."

"Yes."

"How good you been, lady?"

"Only fair."

"Well, your man, he got a forty-odd-year head start. He's probably up to about, say, Mansion Four, say about halfway. Well, you been pretty good, pretty bad, too. When you go you oughta land about in there with him. Ought to work out near perfect, figuring ten years to a stopover."

"Thanks," the old lady said. "God bless you, too." It was so faint that Eddie hardly heard it, but he knew her voice sounded like a young girl and that she would say no more.

HE SAT down in a chair and knew there was nothing sitting on the bedstead now, and he let his heart get evener and push the blood back to his head. "I hope I conned her in," he said aloud.

"Grammy," Martha said, her voice choking up.

"Shhhh. She's asleep."

He took the little girl by the hand and led her to the door and down the stairs with him.

"Asleep?" Martha said.

"Yeah."

"What does 'conned' mean?"

"Convoy," Eddie Again said. Then he added, "Where's your pa and ma?"

"I—I haven't any," Martha said.

"Whatcha gonna do?"

"Nothing. I don't know."

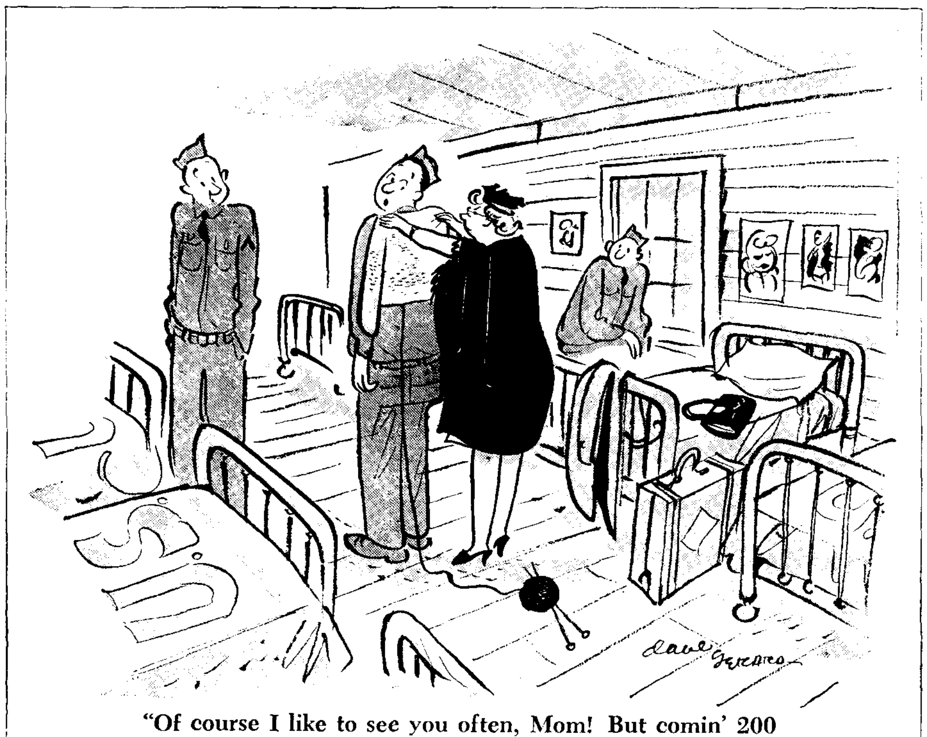
Eddie Again held her hand as they came out on the sidewalk. He saw the Marine was gone and he told Martha to wait and went into the saloon and had two quick drinks, lifting the little whisky glass with both hands and then he came out and took her hand and led her toward the square and the police station.

Inside the station he went over and told the officer what had happened and then he left her sitting there, crying because she overheard him. She ran and caught him at the door.

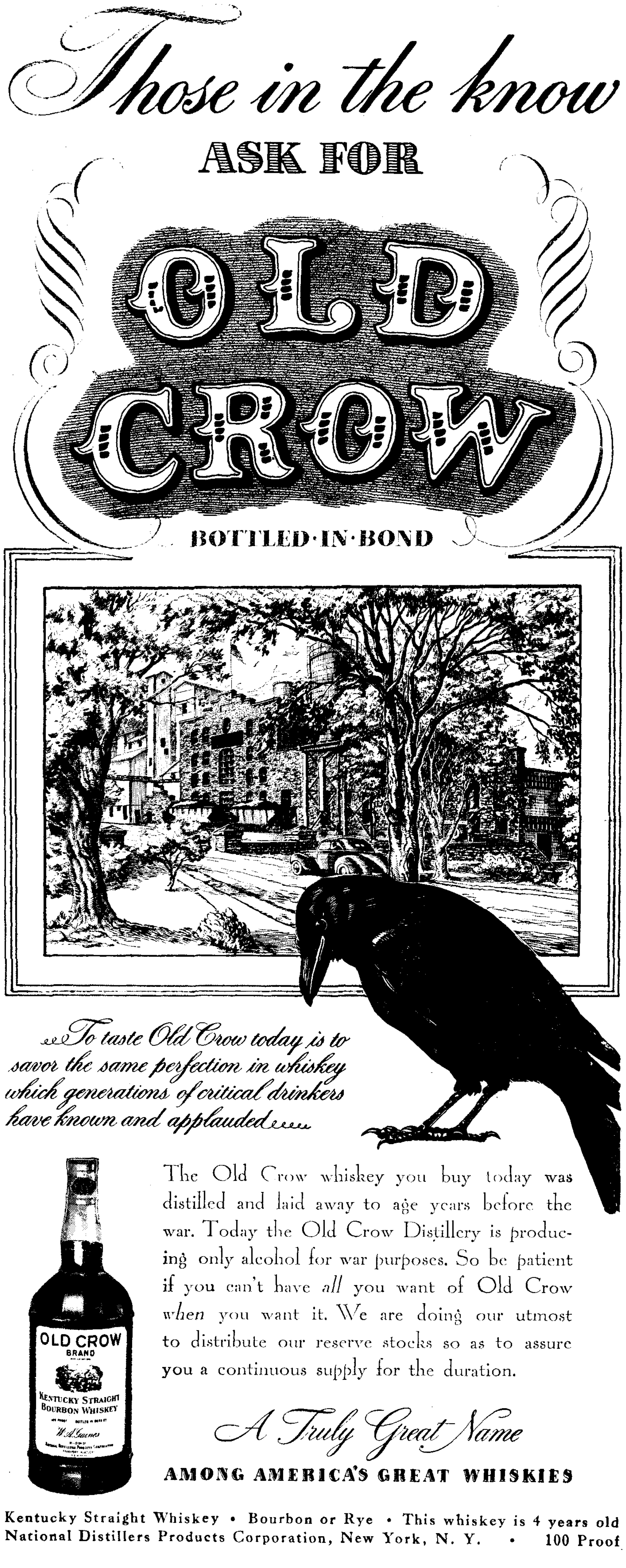
"You're an awful good man," she said, holding on to his trouser leg the way she had at the square.

Eddie cleared his throat. "Thanks, kid," he said. He went on up the street and saw the Marine again and was surprised, because the last time he'd seen him seemed a long time ago.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Of course I like to see you often, Mom! But comin' 200 miles every few days to try it on me is a nuisance, isn't it?" DAVE GERARD


Those in the know

ASK FOR

OLD CROW

BOTTLED·IN·BOND

To taste Old Crow today is to savor the same perfection in whiskey which generations of critical drinkers have known and applauded

The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have *all* you want of Old Crow *when* you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof

PETER MARTIN

Mrs. Julia Geohegan, though blind for many years, threads a sewing machine as easily, and operates it as efficiently, as you could, using both eyes

IRVING KAUFMAN

Ruth Williams, personnel director of the Brooklyn AICP, receives the "M" pennant presented to the Sheltered Workshops by Admiral Vickery

BLIND DEVOTION

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

Blind and crippled, yes—but handicapped? No! In them, Admiral Vickery saw "American spirit at its best and American workers at their finest"

THE Peeper let on that he was working on something big. If, said the Peeper to a bunch of young Navy squirts who were trying to grow convoy beards, if it wasn't for what he was doing, maybe they wouldn't be sleeping good.

Of course, these young Navy squirts, most of them being from somewhere west of the Bronx, could see that the Peeper was all but black blind. Actually, he is industrially blind, having ten per cent normal sight—and that much going fast.

When they asked the Peeper what he was working on, this something without which maybe they wouldn't sleep good, he merely gave them a high, fast bawl on the art of piping down about military secrets and bought them a beer to take the edge off his words. He grabbed the lapel of his coat, shoved it toward the sound of their young voices, bade them look and read. And the vague forms, blurred and shapeless in his all-but-dead eyes, closed in to look at the button on his coat—an eagle and a star and the words "Award of Merit . . . Maritime Commission."

Well, the Peeper said he had to be shoving off. One of the kid sailors said, "Okay, Shipmate," and off the Peeper ambled with that defiant, heavy-footed half-amble that blind men use. He was grinning, too. Something big. Sheets and pillowcases and deck swabs. Something big, so's they could sleep good. So the Peeper, feeling that he had put something over on the kids, grinned. They'd be thinking of submarine detectors, bomb sights, electric safety gadgets—things like that.

Charity Not Wanted

Hesitating now and then when his extra compensating senses rang their alarms, he threaded the crowds and the hooting traffic until he was at the door of an ugly, beetle-browed building on Adams Street, Brooklyn. Over the door was the melancholy name of the place: The Sheltered Workshops of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. It's an ancient, honorable and depressing name, with tears in every syllable, proclaiming the ugly word charity, which neither the Peeper nor any of the hundred and seventy-five blind men and women within want. Perhaps some day it will be changed to catch up with the times and facts. But never mind that.

Above the misnomer, a blue pennant flaps in the gusts that blurt down the street. It notifies the world that these fellow workers of the Peeper have earned it from the United States Maritime Commission for the quantity and excellence of the contribution they've made to winning the war. A gold star on the blue bunting notifies you that what these handicapped people have done is matched with what they have continued to do. And before this wholly inadequate tale is in your hands, the Maritime Commission will have added another gold star, which will mean that they're doing it even better.

On these four floors, a varying number of your fellow citizens have, since Pearl Harbor, turned out three million pillowcases and more than a million bed sheets for the Merchant Marine and the United States Navy, chiefly for the former. When we got there, in the wake of the Peeper, there were about 250 men and women at the looms, the benches, the machines. Three quarters of them are blind. The other quarter are what conventional industry calls unemployables—polios, hunchbacks, one-armed, one-legged, armless, legless, grotesquely twisted bodies, semi-paralytics, men and women with malformed hands, deaf-mutes; and there's one fellow who's deaf, dumb and blind.

They travel as much as ten miles to get to work. They'll buck the toughest subway lines to get there and home again. Absenteeism is almost unknown, not because they fear the wrath of their foremen but because they dread the scorn of their fellows. What do you think we are, hey? Regular people? Late reporting for work? Well, when the snow is too deep, the streets too icy, they can't travel as fast as you can. Crutches are treacherous on the ice. The gales and the flying snow deceive the blind. But their work cards show attendance records that give Phil Murray's John Lewis' and Bill Green's boys something to laugh off—if they can.

No Special Case Here

As workers, they are regarded by the government with neither more nor less favor than any other persons in war industry. Their work is subjected to the same inspection standards. The AICP is a non-profit organization. What is not paid out in wages goes back into new or additional or improved machinery. Workers are paid a basic hourly rate during their training period. That completed in, say, two weeks the worker goes on a piecework basis.

We talked to a blind woman at a sewing machine, who had just drawn down seventy-five dollars for the preceding week, and to a man whose legs were utterly dead (infantile paralysis), who had been paid seventy. However, the average weekly pay is about thirty-six dollars. A somewhat more lively statistic is that the Peeper and his fellow workers are buying more than five thousand dollars' worth of War Bonds every month.

This sort of thing has been going on in Adams Street since before Pearl Harbor In June, 1938, it became the law of the United States that certain things needed by the government, and which could be made by the blind and other industrially handicapped, should be bought from Sheltered Workshops; mops, for example, and sheets and pillowcases. That was the Wagner-O'Day Act. At the head of the shops for the handicapped of the Brooklyn AICP was Mr. Edward S. Molyneaux, himself almost blind. It was—and still is—Mr Molyneaux's conviction that if you wish to do the handicapped (and the blind in particular) a major disservice, you'll coddle them, wait on them, weepishly run their lives for them, until they have lost all initiative and all their will to help themselves

Mr. Molyneaux went to Washington took his even chance with hordes of physically normal industrialists who were fighting for government contracts, and he returned with work to do. But it was not until after we had got into the war that the first husky order arrived in Adams Street—2,300,000 pillowcases. The blind

(Continued on page 62)

FROM OUR GALLERY OF GOODYEAR VETERANS

HOW'S THIS FOR 57,747 MILES?

Note the distinct tread remaining on Mr. Martz' tires when recently photographed at 57,747 miles. He writes: "It didn't take wartime to teach me Goodyear quality. I've driven five sets of Goodyears a total of 230,000 miles—an average of 46,000 miles per set."

These past two years have proved there's a BIG DIFFERENCE in tires!

ONE thing two years of rubber rationing have done is to explode the old myth that all makes of tires are just about alike.

Goodyear dealers hear evidence of that every day. Hear it from customers who are still riding on Goodyear tires they bought before Pearl Harbor.

Many of these folks tell them they've driven their Goodyears much farther than any tires they ever owned before. It's made them realize how much better Goodyears are!

Typical is Mr. Edwin D. Martz of 233 South Locust Street, Hagerstown, Maryland. His Plymouth taxi is equipped with prewar Goodyear All-Weathers that have now passed the 57,747-mile mark, and they still have good non-skid — as their photograph above shows.

In our Gallery of Goodyear Veterans there are many tires like these with 40,000- to 60,000-mile records — *tires that are delivering more miles because more quality was built into them.*

Eligible for Synthetic Tires?

The new Goodyear Synthetic Rubber Tire — now available at Goodyear dealers' to eligible buyers — is a product of this same tire-building skill. Benefited further by Goodyear's twenty years' experience in synthetic development, it is the best synthetic tire that can be made today.

But if you can't get new tires, because rubber is still critical, you can get the extra miles remaining in your present Goodyears — by driving carefully and installing LifeGuards to prevent puncture damages. And as the miles pile up, you'll say like thousands, *"As soon as I can get new tires, you can bet they will be Goodyears!"*

The New **GOODYEAR SYNTHETIC RUBBER TIRE**

BUY WAR BONDS to Speed Victory

GOODYEAR
THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

A New Thrill in Radio

GOODYEAR "SALUTE TO YOUTH"
with RAYMOND PAIGE and his YOUNG AMERICANS
NADINE CONNER and **QUENTIN REYNOLDS**
NBC TUESDAY NIGHTS • See local paper for time

All-Weather, LifeGuard—T. M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

FLANK ATTACK

Clicquot Club
PALE DRY

If you want to see a military objective surrounded, just open up some big bubbling bottles of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale! All the services — and civilians — find delight in this dancing, golden drink.

It's grand for parties—full of fun and sparkle—free from all regrets. The finest of ingredients, *flavor-aged* for extra goodness. Thirsty throats have welcomed it for more than fifty years.

Best of all, it's as tempting to the purse as the palate. Only 3c a glassful—or less—in the *big* thrifty quart bottle. Or you can get smaller sizes. Fill up your refrigerator with delicious Clicquot Club.

Clicquot Club
Ginger Ale
OVER FIFTY YEARS A FAVORITE

Clicquot Club
PALE DRY

Have you tried Clicquot Club Sparkling Water? Bonded carbonation, the secret of sparkling quality, does the trick . . . imparting to Clicquot Club Sparkling Water that lasting tang of life that makes it the finest of mixers.

N. W. AYER & SON

Midnight Sailing

Continued from page 23

came down from the bridge that we were not going to make a record. We weren't after a record. We weren't interested in a record. But outside the gray sea raced past and inside all the ship was vibrant. In lounges, bars and drawing rooms the expectation grew.

Our first day's run averaged twenty-nine knots, close to a record. That night bets were being made all the way from the firemen's mess room, down near the hum of the flames, to the paneled bar where men in dinner jackets sat over their brandy and cigars. The second day's run broke all speed marks, and there were not takers enough for the money that said she would win the blue ribbon from the Rex. For twelve hours on the third day speed was cut to twenty-eight knots while the engineers toiled over a broken condenser tube. After that she came home like a race horse, and when we picked up the blue coast of America we knew that she had done what no ship had ever done before, in all the ages of man's contest with the sea. She was grace and splendor; she was also speed and power. As we came abreast of the Statue the tugboats were swarming out to meet us, all their whistles blaring, and the fireboats (the fireboats!) arched banners of water before our bow. So we swept up the Hudson, a proud ship on a proud June day, and the sun burnished the towers against the sky.

I don't know how much money changed hands on that crossing. But when we reached Ambrose Light and the record was established, I saw Herr Helmut Wunderlich collect fifty thousand francs from an Italian banker. A little later he led the chief engineer into the smoking room and tried to give him a present.

"What for?" the chief asked.

"A share of my winnings," the Berlin industrialist said, and as he smiled the dueling scar flickered in his cheek. "Though we will soon take the record from you with the Bremen and Europa."

The chief was a tall man, almost gaunt, with a lined face and quickly burning eyes. He bowed a little and walked away. The German stared at his thousand-franc notes and stuffed them into his pocket.

WHAT I liked better on that famous run was the simple gesture that sped across the Atlantic—French cities whose names had been carried across the sea many years before sending gifts to their sister cities in America. I was in charge of those gifts, and I took care of the stained glass that went to New Rochelle, New York, from the *hotel de ville* in the gray old town of Brittany. I looked after the little urn of Burgundy soil that went to Macon, Georgia, and the album of Bordeaux photographs for Cadillac, Michigan. Sometime, I thought, I would visit those towns, away in the woods and fields of America.

In a ship like that you see all kinds of people. Some made the voyage a drinking bout, all day in the bar rooms and nearly all night in the stern-deck supper club, and some made it a four-day rest, sleeping in their steamer chairs with a rug around them, waking up briefly for the steward's bouillon and sandwiches. But I have always remembered the statesman—you know his dark hat, his clipped mustache, his trouble-narrowed eyes—who crossed with us the week after the Nazi annexation of Austria. I don't believe he slept at all. Long after midnight he was pacing the decks, and all day he worked in his stateroom with his dispatch case emptied and the desk deep in manuscript—papers in five languages, the cabin steward said.

Halfway across we had a gale to fight. In raging seas even a big ship like that will reel and stagger. There was damage in some of the public rooms. A piano carried away and crashed through a wall mirror. An oak table got loose and made duck pins out of a bank of potted palms. But there was nothing serious. We reduced speed for twenty hours and so we rode it out. What I remember was that statesman's face at daybreak, when the wind was dying. He was still walking the deck and his eyes told what had kept him there; he saw Europe in a gale, and he was not sure it could outlast the storm's destruction. Two days later the press climbed up rope ladders from the tugboat to meet him. They snapped his picture twenty times and took down his statements. I read them in the papers, sober enough remarks, but I could not forget his face at daybreak while the sea was tossing, as though he had seen the ruins of Europe through the dark Atlantic night.

SHE carried the troubled statemen, and, before the last gates closed on them, she carried fugitives escaping from the imminent disaster. Once I took an envelope for safekeeping from a soft-spoken, gray-haired ex-citizen of Prague. It might have been bank notes, or a folder of bonds. But he seemed a poor man, traveling in the tourist quarters, and the precious thing that he had carried away was a list of names, Gestapo agents and S. S. men who had imprisoned his son and confiscated his possessions. I know that, because he never lived to see justice done. The last morning out the steward found his stateroom empty, and a little later the bos'n's men, on their morning rounds, discovered an overcoat, neatly folded, on the rail of a lifeboat above the hurrying water. Not having any address to send them to, we opened his valuables—and found the neatly listed names.

You think some, going back and forth like that, between worlds. Europe gray and troubled so that you never saw the shores of France without feeling there was a shadow over them, and above the green hills of England were the undefended skies. In those years America was strong but unsure of itself, like a boy with muscles that had not yet found their job in the world. In America the air was unclouded and you felt the simple good will of warmhearted people. Sometimes we had a visit from school children. A New Jersey teacher would bring her French class aboard, the awkward boys and the wide-eyed girls looking into the great salon, stretching their legs on the long decks, standing at the rail with pounding hearts and distance-seeing eyes. Then they sat in the lounge, saying their halting High School French over a cup of tea and a plate of pastry.

Once I saw a dark-eyed girl, with a listening, lifted look, like Eve when we were still in the Lycee at Lyon, and I said:

"Perhaps you will voyage with us sometime, Ma'mselle."

Her eyes widened. "To France?"

"Yes."

"Oh! I'd love it!"

There was a vision of France in her eyes, the vineyards terraced on a hillside, the stone tower rising above cobbled streets, the friendly voices over the sidewalk tables where the chestnut leaves came drifting down. For a moment I forgot the buried galleries of the Maginot Line and the massed thousands at Nürnberg raising their arms to the swastika banner.

There were those other things about the ship, to go with the overcoat folded on the lifeboat railing.

You know we had trouble with vibration. They said it was her great speed, her power too vast even for eighty-three thousand tons to carry without trembling.

Sometimes, sitting in that office with the pen in the desk stand jiggling away and my watch cap trembling on the bulkhead and the water wrinkled in the water bottle, I've wondered if the world was powered too high. People came to our suites and cabins, people from Hollywood and Deauville, from Mayfair and Park Avenue, who had a taut, tight look, a trembling in them. They never lost it. The tension held on, even out there in mid-ocean. Every day the stocks of Threadneedle and Wall Streets went up on the board in the smoke-filled exchange room. And when we got in, there were the tugboats, the miles of waiting taxis, the long boat trains in the stations. She carried a vibrant life across the empty latitudes.

Yet she could be serene and beautiful as Paris. People sitting at the deck tables on her long verandas. Music soft on her terraces. People strolling her promenade in the late afternoon as though they were walking in the Bois or crossing the leafy esplanades beside the Seine. And she was just as lordly in port, quiet, with her massive engines stilled, and the men spidery against her huge stacks, brightening her paintwork. She had the mood of the sea about her, and even there she seemed to belong to great spaces.

I keep seeing her that way, though I've stared and stared at the pictures. A ship lying over in the water makes a kind of revulsion in your throat and in your heart. It's mute and violent. It's against all nature. But there she is; sometimes I can't believe it.

They are bombing Paris now. Our own friends, the American boys in their big Fortresses and the young Britons in their Lancasters. Every day now they are bombing France to save her. And I know how they mutilated the ship to save her for the future. They cut away her great funnels, her storied superstructure. But now she is lifting. Her engines are down there in the murk, the thick and sullen water. But some day they will turn again, driving her through the seas.

I know she will not be the same. What was is gone and can't come back again. But change is not death.

This morning the orderly pointed to the paper. "They say she is coming up. But they won't let anyone near enough to see her. They've built a tall, blind fence along the highway and you can't get even a glimpse where she is lying." He tapped the paper with his fingers. "Eyewash, that's all it is."

I have been in this country as much as France for a good many years now, and still I'm not sure when Americans are serious. Maybe he's only chaffing me, trying to get a rise, as they say; it must be dull enough making an orderly's rounds in a place like this. Or maybe he really means it. If he does, he is mistaken. I tell him when she's on her keel again I'll take him down there. I'll get him aboard and let him see for himself.

I WON'T be going soon. I know now there was more than they told me at first. That hose stream flung me against a stanchion and there's a place in my spine where feeling stops. You see I haven't felt my legs since that day.

A man goes through the corridor here in a wheel chair. Back and forth, all day long. He doesn't even need a helper. He has two little handles that he grinds around and around. It's easy. I could learn that while waiting for my legs to come back.

The doctor doesn't stop very often now; this has got to be such a busy place. And the nurse doesn't tell me very much, though she gives me more attention than anyone could expect. This noon she listened while I talked about getting out, then she read me a letter from her brother in Italy. She thinks maybe he will be in France the next move and she wonders if he will see the town I came from.

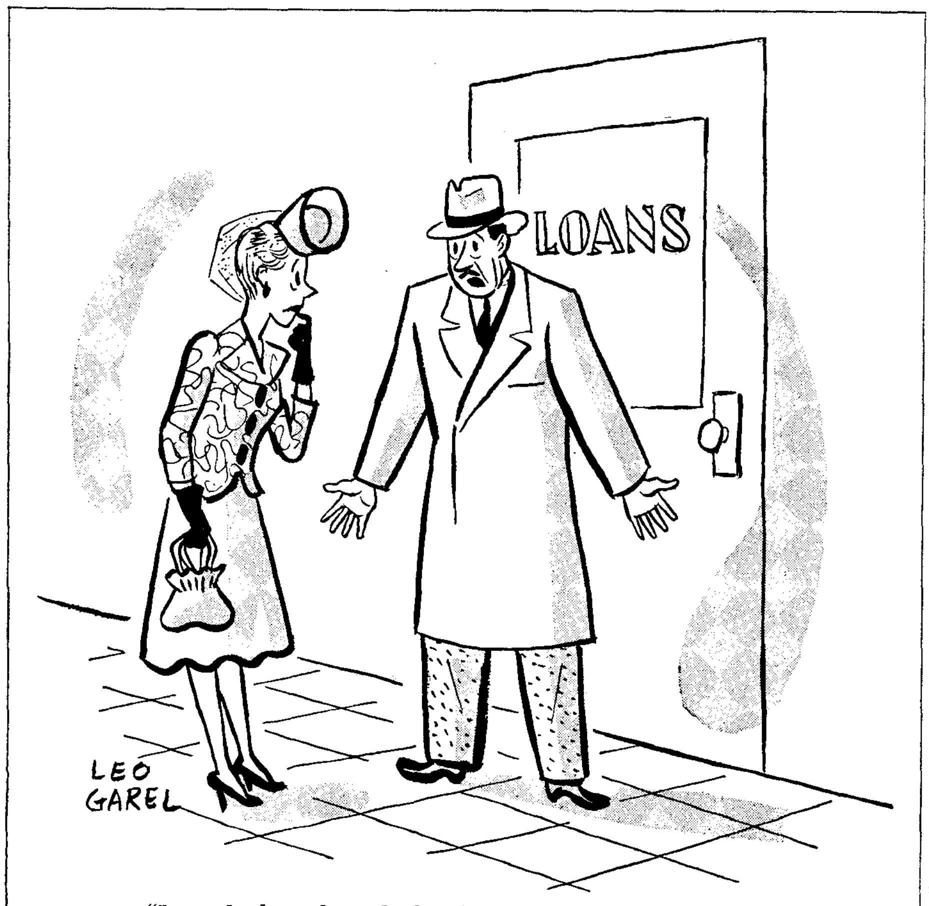
"Le Havre," I said, "and Bordeaux and Marseille. A sailor comes from many places. But all of them are captive cities now."

"But not forever," she said. "I hear they are all stirring with revolt and uprising. They are ready."

"Of course," I said, and oddly I went to sleep, though I had a thousand things to say.

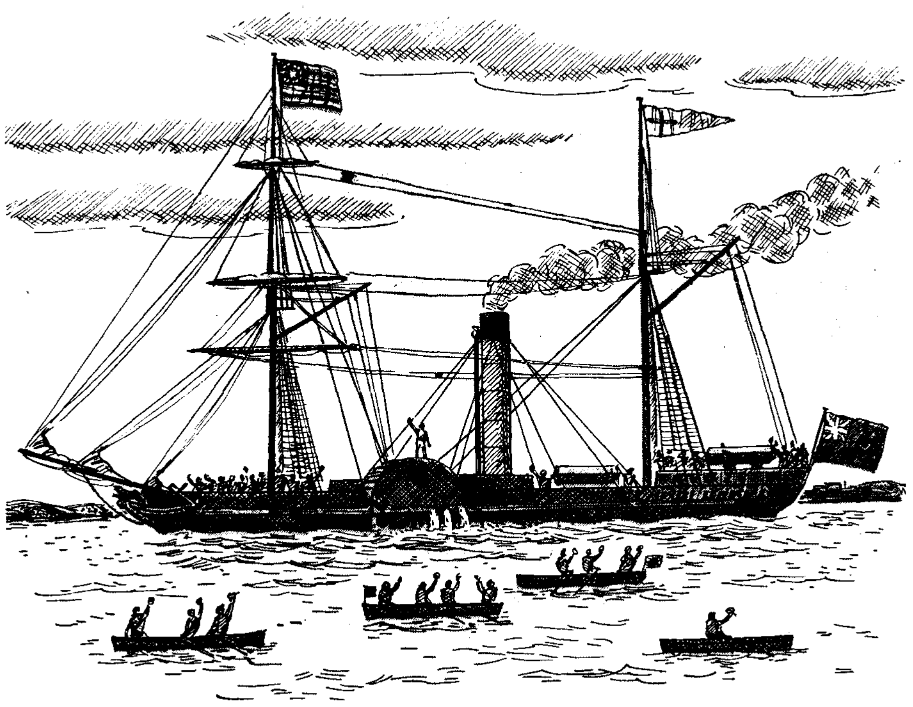
Now the sun is falling through the window. Soon they will come with my supper tray. They will grind the bed up and then I can see the towers of the suspension bridge and the radiance of the river. Somewhere in that bright haze the ship is lifting. Even if I never see it I know she will have life again. I've always known.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I got the loan, but I had to leave it all as a first payment" LEO GAREL

The Ship is different today

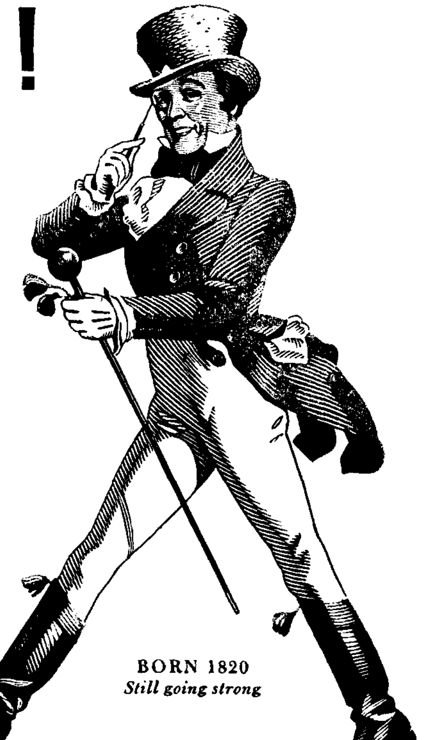


English Steam Packet of the early 19th century

BUT this Passenger is still the same!

Still as distinctively mellow and smooth as the day it first came over from Scotland . . . that's Johnnie Walker.

Due to British War Restrictions, gold foil has been eliminated and other slight changes have been made on the *outside* of the familiar Johnnie Walker bottle—but *inside* good old Johnnie Walker whisky remains unchanged.



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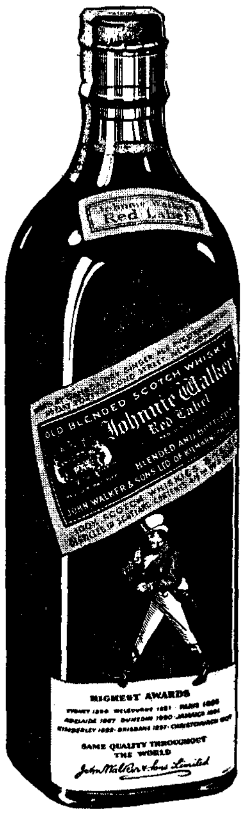
Still going strong



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"The more time I spend serving the Lord . . .

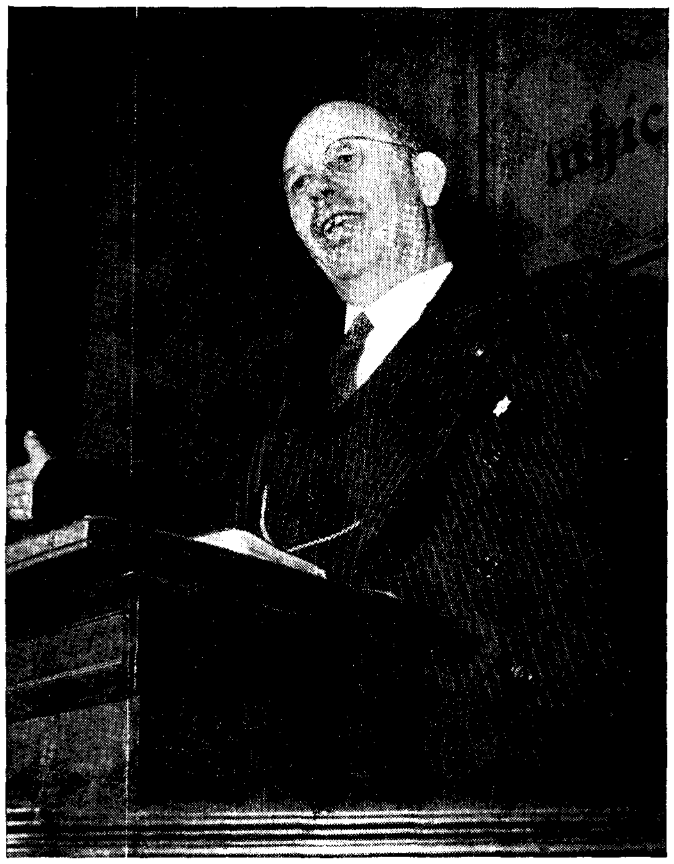
"My sins are gone, gone, gone. I never worry."

"We are unhitched from God and don't know

The more my business grows. Amen."

"I say it pays to put God on your pay roll."

"I will go with Jesus, anywhere . . ."



GOD'S PARTNER

BY AMY PORTER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY KARGER-PIX

While the fabulous Robert LeTourneau pursues his principal planks in life—speed, the welding torch and the Bible—ninety per cent of the millions his scrapers and bulldozers earn for him go to the Lord, who runs his business

ROBERT GILMOUR LETOURNEAU makes more than two million dollars every year, but he shines his own shoes with the old-fashioned, long-handled shoe-shining brush he always carries in his brief case. He has five airplanes, but his wife, who loves to cook, makes out with a coal-burning stove and a black sheet-metal sink in the kitchen of their four-room workman's house.

Mrs. LeTourneau never has owned a fur coat and never expects to. Their five children never go to the movies, and the smaller ones last year trudged barefooted and overalled along dusty roads to a little mountain school in northern Georgia.

LeTourneau makes millions, but he gives 90 per cent of his profits to God. God, he says, is Senior Partner and Chief Stockholder in all his business projects. He could live well on the ten per cent that is left to him, but, as he sees it, fancy living is no part of God's scheme for him.

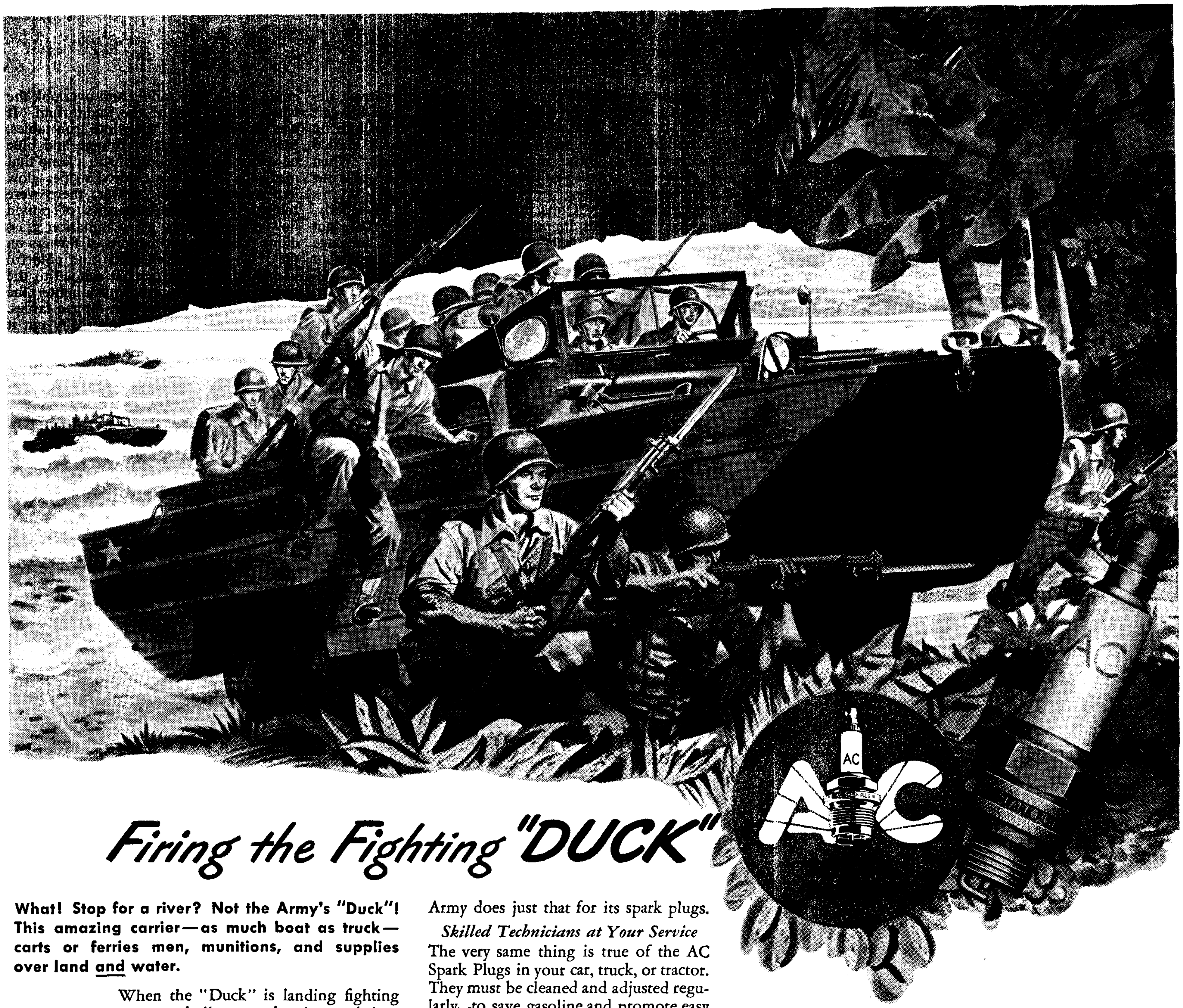
This man who claims the Almighty as his partner is one of the giants of war production. He is the biggest manufacturer of tractor-operated earth-moving machinery in the world. His scrapers and bulldozers, his tournapulls and angle-dozers, his rooters smash through a right of way for advancing United Nations troops in every theater of war. He has invented and patented more new machinery for chewing up rocks, uprooting trees and slicing off mountaintops than any other man anywhere.

His gargantuan enterprise pays—to th juicy totals of $30,060,000 in sales las year, an estimated $40,000,000 this yea with the sky and his production capacit the only limits for next year. And afte the war . . . "My machines will have t clear up a lot of debris in Russia and Ital and all the other places, before they ca get down to the honest work of improvin farms and building highways and airport all around the world."

Because his machines serve for peace a well as for war, there'll be no painful pos war conversion, only happy expansion, fo LeTourneau.

God, as represented by the LeTournea Foundation, already has pocketed mor

(Continued on page 75)



Firing the Fighting "DUCK"

What! Stop for a river? Not the Army's "Duck"! This amazing carrier—as much boat as truck—carts or ferries men, munitions, and supplies over land and water.

When the "Duck" is landing fighting men on a bullet-swept beach . . . or bringing ammunition ashore under fire . . . there must be no engine failure. And that calls for reliable spark plugs as well as for men who know their driving. *So, the thirty-five years of precision manufacturing behind the AC Spark Plugs which fire the "Duck" are proving of great value in the furnace of war.*

Yet, fine products, finely built, are not enough. The Army knows that good "tools" must be kept in shape. And the Army does just that for its spark plugs.

Skilled Technicians at Your Service

The very same thing is true of the AC Spark Plugs in your car, truck, or tractor. They must be cleaned and adjusted regularly—to save gasoline and promote easy starting. Thanks to your automotive repair man, this kind of service is readily available, and you can get it, not only on spark plugs, but on all AC products.

Below is the brief story of the service your AC products need. Please read it. Please follow its suggestions faithfully. You will conserve gasoline, oil, and tires. And—when replacement becomes necessary, select AC. That assures complete satisfaction.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY!

If we give our fighting men all the bullets, guns, food, planes, ships they need, this war will be over sooner—and many precious lives saved. So, buy *more* War Bonds . . . every pay day.

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS—Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

Make Up Your Mind

Continued from page 17

"Excuse the informality," she said to Richard. "But if you live in a box like this—"

"It's a nice box, though. Now this time," he said firmly, "I want to help."

He had been there for dinner three times, and each time things had gone in much the same way—Ginny had entertained him while Hannah got the dinner. But that was natural—Hannah was a better cook, and Ginny was the one who was after Richard. And I wouldn't be so spiteful, Hannah thought, if I didn't have to see him so much, knowing that Ginny has first rights. . . .

He was looking at her now. "I want an apron, too," he said with his attractive smile. "I want to peel potatoes."

"They won't need peeling, they're going to be baked."

"Then what can I do?"

"Entertain Ginny," she suggested brightly, and carried the sack of groceries into the kitchenette. He followed her. And it was much too small, they were much too close; every time she turned around she brushed against him, and he didn't try awfully hard to keep out of her way. And he kept looking at her, and smiling that tentative smile at her, inquiring and informing and hesitant too, as if he wasn't sure but wanted to be sure. It would be so easy. All she had to do was smile back, smile yes. . . . But Ginny was in the next room, brushing her lovely hair without an audience and no doubt getting furious. And there was such a thing as a code of honor. "Please," she said, rather sharply, but meaning the sharpness for herself, "you're just getting in the way!"

"May I set the table, then?"

"Yes, help Ginny set the table."

BUT she had to be careful there, too, because if she seemed to be shoving Ginny down his throat, he might rebel, and then things would be cooked for fair. It was best just to be disagreeable in a self-sufficient way. "I'd rather do things by myself—it's much easier." Then he looked so put-down, so abashed, that she wanted to smile at him and soften it, but she didn't, and she gave herself three stars for that. It deserved about a hundred, she thought, finally alone in the kitchen, because he was talking to Ginny, now, and she could hear their voices, their amused intimate laughter. Oh to be Ginny, with a green light all the way. . . . Or if only Ginny would find another man. . . . But Ginny had said, "He's the one, baby; he's the real, the true. Wish me luck." So no sabotage. . . .

Watching Ginny during dinner, she wondered exactly how far gone she really was about him. You couldn't always tell about her. She had always seemed to fall in and out of love with the ease and irresponsibility of a character in a movie; but once, in college, just after what's-his-name, the boy with the curly red hair and the little freckled nose, Tommy something, had eloped with that girl, Ginny had been the one who had dictated the cheerful telegram of congratulations that the girls in the dorm had sent him, but afterward, Hannah had found her crying in their room, crying and crying until she couldn't speak for hiccups, her pretty face all swollen and red. . . . You couldn't tell.

Ginny was making jokes now, laughing and teasing, her smooth dark hair falling silky over her cheeks, her long blue eyes very gay when she smiled at Richard. But Richard was looking at Hannah in just the same wondering way that she had stared at Ginny—thinking the same thoughts? It was a queer sort of tangle. "Well, will you, Hannah?" Ginny said.

"Wh-what?"

Richard took it over. "I've got tickets for the summer symphony tonight, and Ginny can't go because she's got a date, she says—"

"I *say*—I *have!* And I'd a thousand times rather go with you, but I've made it an unbreakable rule *never* to break a date." But she grinned at Hannah as she said it, because Hannah would know the truth about that, and she added, "So I suggested he take you, since you aren't doing anything—for a wonder, Richard. She's usually busy every weekday and twice on Sunday. . . ."

"Would you?" he asked diffidently. "It's a good program. I'd love to have you come." She glanced at him. There was that funny, doubtful, inquiring smile on his face again. And if Ginny didn't care—

"I'd love to," she said.

IN THE bathroom, where Hannah was washing her face and fixing her hair, she said to Ginny, "What date have you tonight?"

"Oh, I thought I'd drop over to Jane and Harry's—I said I would," Ginny said.

TOYS
FOOD FIGHTS FOR FREEDOM
MERRY XMAS
Garrett Price

COLLIER'S "Santa Claus? Oh, he's just a big gremlin, kinda" GARRETT PRICE

"But you could break that kind of date. . . ."

"Oh, sure. But I don't like to have him think he can have a date any time at a second's notice . . . and anyway," she added, half apologetically, half crossly, "I *hate* that kind of music. And I can trust him with you. If it had been a question of sending him away to find someone else— But I can trust him with you, you see. . . . And you're getting yourself up too beautiful, child," she scolded. "Listen, I'll loan you my doeskin gloves if you'll leave off lipstick entirely—maybe you ought to put on your blue dress; you look dullish in blue. . . ."

She dashed out and returned with her best white necklace, thickly clustered leaves and flowers—she could never resist the idea of improving anyone's appearance. "This'll look nifty on that black dress. And listen, proxy, do nothing—*nothing*—but talk about me. Understand?"

Hannah smiled at her with a degree of affection that she really meant. Yes, all considerations of honor aside, who would want to hurt Ginny? . . .

And anyway, she couldn't be sure. Maybe he was just interested in people, all people; maybe when he was alone with Ginny, he was the proper lover, devoted, attentive, serious. . . . In his car, decorously six inches away from him on the worn leather seat, Hannah started gravely in to make conversation: "When will you be getting your degree—how far along with it are you, anyway?"

"Quite far," he replied just as soberly, his attention all on his driving. "I've got all the course work done, and the language requirements over with, so all I've got to do is work on my thesis this year, in between teaching. . . ." He was a good driver, quick and sure about discovering openings in traffic and seizing them, watchful of cars on the side and behind, unyielding with taxicabs. Nothing timid about him.

But she had better stop watching his long clever hands with that obsessed gaze—if he should catch her doing that. . . . "I suppose it must feel pretty good to be back in the grind again."

"Pretty good," he agreed. And then she couldn't think of anything else to say. Her mind was empty; her body was immeasurably disturbed. But he went on casually, as if continuing on the subject, "So I finally get you out on a date."

"Wh-what?"

"I don't know if it's a conspiracy of Ginny's or a conspiracy of yours, but you've managed to avoid me with more efficiency than I'd have believed you capable of," he said calmly, intent on a turn into a crowded parking space behind the auditorium, and coming to a neat stop bumper-to-bumper with the shining black car ahead of them. The black car moved on; he swerved into a narrow space between two parked cars that didn't seem quite big enough to her but turned out to be just right. "And I believe you're capable of many things. But now I think maybe you don't despise me after all; maybe you are just indifferent, which is amazing, of course, amazing—" He leaned across her to open the door; he was laughing.

SHE slid out and straightened her dress with nervous self-conscious fingers while he locked the car.

"H-mmm?" he said finally, turning to her, still laughing.

"Oh, leave it at indifference," she said.

"I don't know, I'm not so sure. . . ."

They had seats in the balcony; they could lean on the railing and overlook the whole main floor of the auditorium. It was crowded with little white iron tables, each with an umbrella, orange and blue or yellow and green, each with a lamp that made the umbrella's colored stripes glow like a large fantastic flower; there were tubbed green trees and rows of potted flowers on the very green imitation grass along the walls, and baskets of flowers on the stage—everything green and colorful like an artificial garden. It echoed to the ceiling with talk, murmurous laughter, the clink of glasses on the iron-topped tables. "I don't see why they didn't really put it outside, if they wanted a garden," Richard said. "It looks pretty tawdry this way, doesn't it?"

"If you want to be cynical about it."

He laughed. And then the house lights went out, the colored umbrellas glowed in the half-darkness, the garden became real. Real flowers, real grass, and somewhere above, a real sky with dim stars behind the haze of clouds. . . . Hearing music in such a place—good music, associated with solemn winter concerts—was a strange experience; the music sounded different, and it was hard to attend to it. But when the Strauss waltzes came, it was natural and right and poignant, it belonged to just this kind of enchanted garden—the violins, the military horns, the lovely swoop and dip, the quickening and slowing of the beat; with her arms on the railing, overlooking the garden, she felt like a ghost in a lost world, a world faraway in time and space, forever gone. No more military gentlemen and lovely swooning ladies to waltz in ballrooms to this magic music; no more Vienna. "It's sad," Richard said at her elbow. "I feel like a ghost."

"OH, YES," she murmured, "it's all faraway." Voices of Spring, Wine, Women and Song, The Blue Danube—they were moving together, two ghosts on the lost gay streets, very close, feeling the same emotions, thinking the same thoughts. . . . They belonged together, they did. Why didn't she reach out and take what she wanted, then, since all gaiety and all joy would end in dust at last? He put his hand over hers on the railing; she turned her hand over and laced her fingers in his, and they sat quietly until the lights went up and Vienna vanished, driven away by a wave of applause. . . .

The parking place was jammed with cars parked every which way. His car was thoroughly blockaded; there was nothing to do but get in and wait till a path was cleared. Taillights were glowing all around in the darkness, motors were starting, doors were banging shut. "You'd like a cigarette?" he said to her. She nodded and took one, and he held a light for her, but she couldn't seem to get the tip of the cigarette into it. He started to laugh softly. "Here, steady it down or you'll go smokeless." She steadied it down. "Much better. Tell me," he said, lighting one for himself, "what were you thinking about in there?"

It was safe enough to tell him now; it was so far away. "About Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. . . . Youth's a stuff will not endure. . . . Just what you'd expect. . . ." She smiled; it helped a lot to gather the emotion into a neat formula.

"Yes," he said, surprised. "Yes. And Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty . . . That too," he said soberly, and put his arm around her and kissed her. And it was right with the mood, it was right and natural, not to be resisted, and Ginny was the distant speechless ghost now, very far away. . . . But then she dropped her cigarette; there was a scramble to rescue it from the folds of his coat before it burned

Kodak optical systems for fire control destroy the legend of "German supremacy" in lens making

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GERMANY has enjoyed a reputation for world leadership in lens making. But—as so often happens—reputation outlived performance.

Well before Pearl Harbor, Kodak optical research was developing lenses superior to any ever made by anybody, anywhere. An outstanding development has been the perfecting for new, finer cameras of a revolutionary new optical glass which gave lenses greater speed—definition . . . or could more than double the "field of view" of a fire control periscope.

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The effectiveness of American fire power is making history . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

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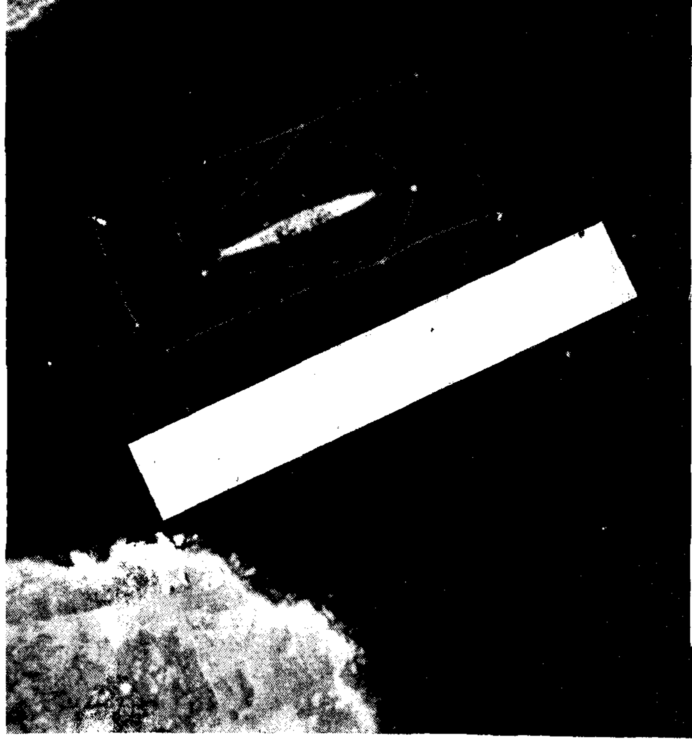
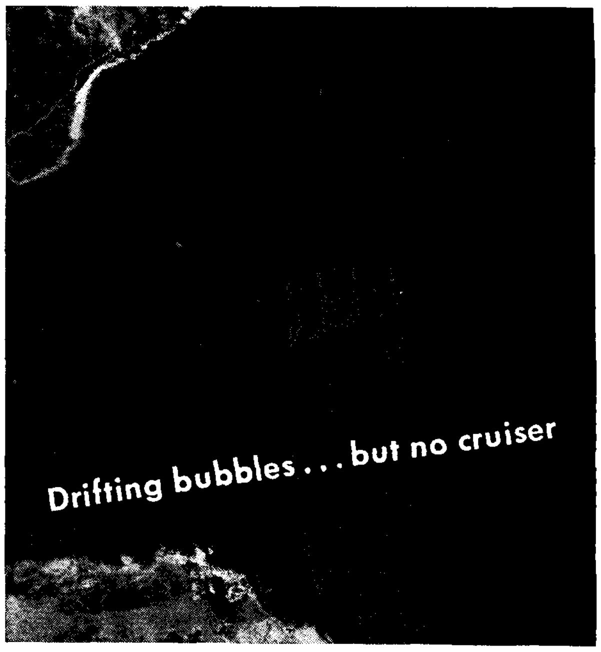
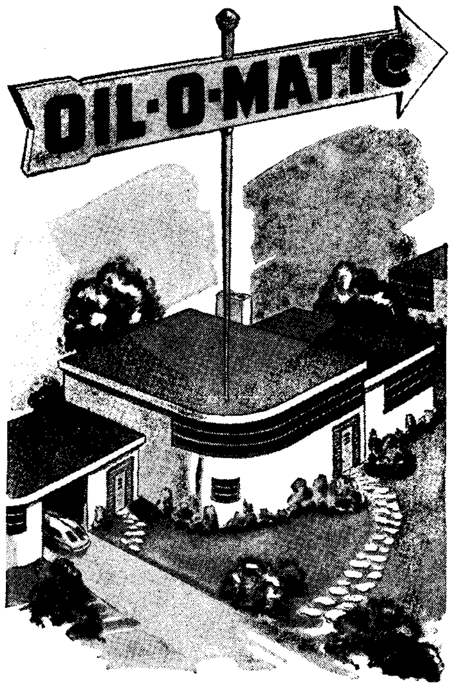


"On Target" . . .



Drifting bubbles . . . but no cruiser

Official Photographs, U. S. Army Air Forces



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a hole, and he started to swear crossly, and then he began to laugh, but his face stayed dark with irritation. "I don't know why, but I always expect my love-making to go smoothly according to schedule—I suppose everyone does. Which it can't, of course, for everyone. Darn you for dropping that and spoiling it!" But he was smiling, and he brushed his hair impatiently back from his forehead, grinning at her, and she said to herself, "Small-boy stuff," to drown out the definite feeling of a community of excitement that she had felt when their eyes met. And that wasn't small-boy stuff.

"It's just as well spoiled," she told him soberly.

"And now you're all aloof again—" he said, puzzled and rather cross once more. "I don't get it. Do you dislike me very, very much, Hannah?"

The thing was not to lie but not to tell the truth. "Of course I don't dislike you. I dropped that cigarette by accident—I had no plans of setting you on fire."

"Oh, but you did," he said, and his gray eyes were bright and amused. "Long before tonight!"

WELL, she had blazed the trail for that. Clever of her. But the worst of it was that it felt so good to know, to be *sure*. And at the same time, what good did it do? She looked back through the rear window—cars, cars at all angles. They were still working at the edges of the tangle.

He stopped, waiting for an answer. "Listen," he said imperatively, "tell me just one thing. You know, you're never sure if other people see things as you do, or if you're just imagining them, which would be so easy to do— You see, from the first time I met you, I thought—if it doesn't sound too self-conceited—"

He was getting himself all tangled up, too. He stopped, laughed, and looked down at his hands. "Damn," he said softly. "What I thought was that you liked me, or could like me quite a lot, as much as I liked you. I thought with a little more time, a few more meetings, we'd be in love. I hoped we would. I've never met a girl in my life like you—anyone who was so immediately dear, if you'll forgive the phrase. . . . What I'm getting at is that I love you. Very much. And even though you've avoided me, even if you've blown cold at me every time I even contemplated a private date for us—I suppose you've realized that I've hung around Ginny all these weeks just to be near you."

"A funny thing to do. Very fair to Ginny."

"Oh, I haven't fooled Ginny along. We're just friends. And since you would not go out with me— Maybe you really don't see me for dust. Which is the way you've acted. Except that it isn't the way I've felt you felt— I suppose I was wrong?"

"I'm afraid you were."

"There's someone else?"

"Someone else?" She glanced at him. He meant some other man. No, there was no other man, but there was another girl. "Yes, there is." Push him back, push him back hard toward Ginny. I'm afraid.

"Who is he?"

"That is none of your business." She wanted to go home. There was still a confusion behind them; someone had locked bumpers with someone else. She wanted to go home and be alone; she wanted to think, or not to think; she wanted to talk to Ginny—she should have talked to Ginny about this before. Only there was really nothing to talk about. He liked Ginny well enough, and Hannah had attracted his attention by running away. . . . He would return to Ginny. . . .

"Thanks very much for the concert," she said, unlatching the door on her side. "I don't really think all this cross-examination was in the bargain, really— I'll take the street-car home. It's out of your way anyway. Thanks very much for everything. . . ."

"Hey, wait," he cried, but she was hurrying through the cars, dirtying her dress on a muddy fender, catching the hem on a bumper and pulling it free again; and finally reaching the sidewalk, she started to run for the streetcar that was grinding to a stop on the corner. She tripped on the step and the conductor plunged forward to rescue her; she found a seat halfway up the car and discovered that she had been crying for quite a little time. "Are you hurt?" the conductor asked.

"Oh, no. I'm all right. It's something else. . . ." And then Richard sat down beside her, handed the conductor two dimes, and the conductor returned to his box. She found her handkerchief then, which was a relief, and said through the folds of it, "What about your car?"

"It'll wait for me. I've got it trained."

"More than you could say of me."

"Much more."

"I suppose it's no use asking you to get off and leave me alone? I can find my way home."

"No use," he said amiably.

They got off at her street, walked side by side up the block to the dark apartment doorway, and stopped. She couldn't get the key in the lock. He took it out of her fingers and fitted it neatly in.

"Look," he said, before he turned the key, "I'm very sorry I made you cry. But you see, I don't know why you cried—unless you find me so completely repulsive—which you probably do . . ."

"I suppose I was upset because Ginny likes you a lot, you know, and you seemed to have been just playing around with her. Using her."

"No," he said, startled. "I like her too—we always have a good time together—But she isn't in love with me."

"Are you so sure?"

"Oh, gosh, quite sure. . . . Look—" He put his hand on her arm, merely to hold her attention; his gray eyes were bright with questions. "Look, does no flame burn between us at all? Not even a spark?"

"I told you, there was someone else."

"There isn't a prayer for me?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, thanks," he said, turning the key in the lock and holding the door open for her, "for putting it so concisely. For letting me down so gently. I always appreciate it when a girl acts like a gentleman about these things. So long, hardhearted—" Then he laughed, because the name fitted. "—Hannah! . . . I mean, goodby. I won't bother you again."

GINNY came back hours later and came in quietly for a change, saying nothing and creeping very cautiously to bed as if she wanted immediate sleep. There was silence and darkness in the room for some time; and then the scratch and flare of a match, and a smell of smoke, as Ginny, still awake and evidently thoughtful, lit a cigarette. I could ask her now, Hannah thought, I could find out for sure. . . . But she felt too miserable to talk now, she merely wanted to hug her troubles to herself and be quietly unhappy. She turned over to settle herself for sleep, and Ginny said, "You'll never guess who I met tonight— Are you awake?"

"Yes. Who did you meet?"

"Tommy Burton, of all people. You remember him? He ran off with Lily Anne Perbix. And now she's divorced him, and I can't say I blame her much—he's just the same, irresponsible and idiotic. . . . It was funny, seeing him again. Thank goodness I felt stone-cold. Out of danger. I don't care if I never see him again."

"Out of danger?"

"Oh, yes, he's no man for a girl to pin her faith to, that's for sure. . . . Not like Richard." Then she went on, her voice half-amused, half-anxious, "Did you have a good time tonight but not too good a time?"

"Good enough, not too good."

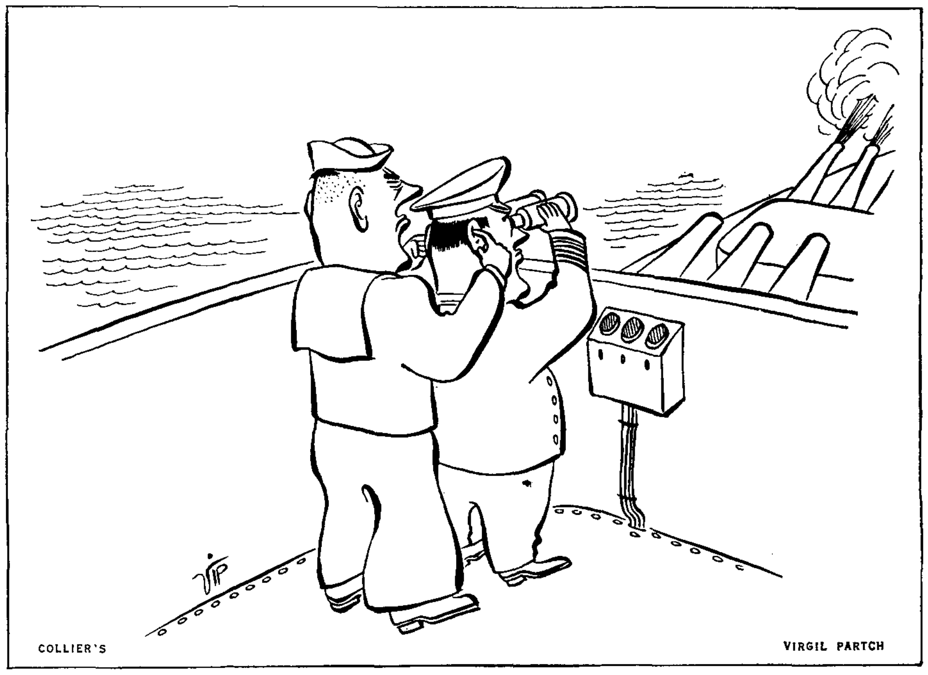
"You're a friend in a million, you are. . . . And the more I see of him, the more I like that boy. . . ." She laughed. "So he'd better make up his mind to like me back." With that she put out her cigarette and rolled over on her stomach to sleep.

And that was certainly that. It was a mess, that was all. . . .

THE morning sky was sallow and hot; the air was breathless. "Let's eat out tonight, shall we?" Ginny said at breakfast. "I'll meet you at Lee's tonight at a quarter of six and we'll have chicken livers and French fried onions and Southern pecan pie; that is, unless something better comes up?"

"It suits me," Hannah said, putting a clean handkerchief in her bag and straightening the belt of her brown shantung dress. It was going to be a hot, heavy day and Lee's would be air-conditioned. "Unless I call or you call, we'll make it a quarter of six, in the middle of the mob," she added, because Lee's was always crowded; and all that day at the office she kept having the feeling of one starting a new life, with new orientations to make and new goals to head for. . . . It was bewildering and rather dreary. Ginny would get him because Ginny was persistent and ingenious, and even if she didn't, Hannah would never see him again, not after last night, and so—

Brace up, she told herself as she typed a letter over for the third time, and don't be such a fool! Then she hit a semicolon so hard that it went right through the



COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

If you like ice cream—please read this!

You all know that there hasn't been as much ice cream around this last year. Your dealer hasn't always been able to supply you with all you wanted. He hasn't always had your favorite flavor...

Naturally, you've been disappointed. But you've taken it pretty much in your patriotic stride!

You know, of course, that some of the wonderful things that go into ice cream are needed for other vital foods . . . foods like butter, cheese, evaporated milk, powdered milk!

By diverting some milk and cream from ice cream, America is able to produce more of these other foods *for the home folks*, as well as for our armed forces. (For example—restrictions on ice cream sales have released enough cream to make almost 100,000,000 additional pounds of butter!)

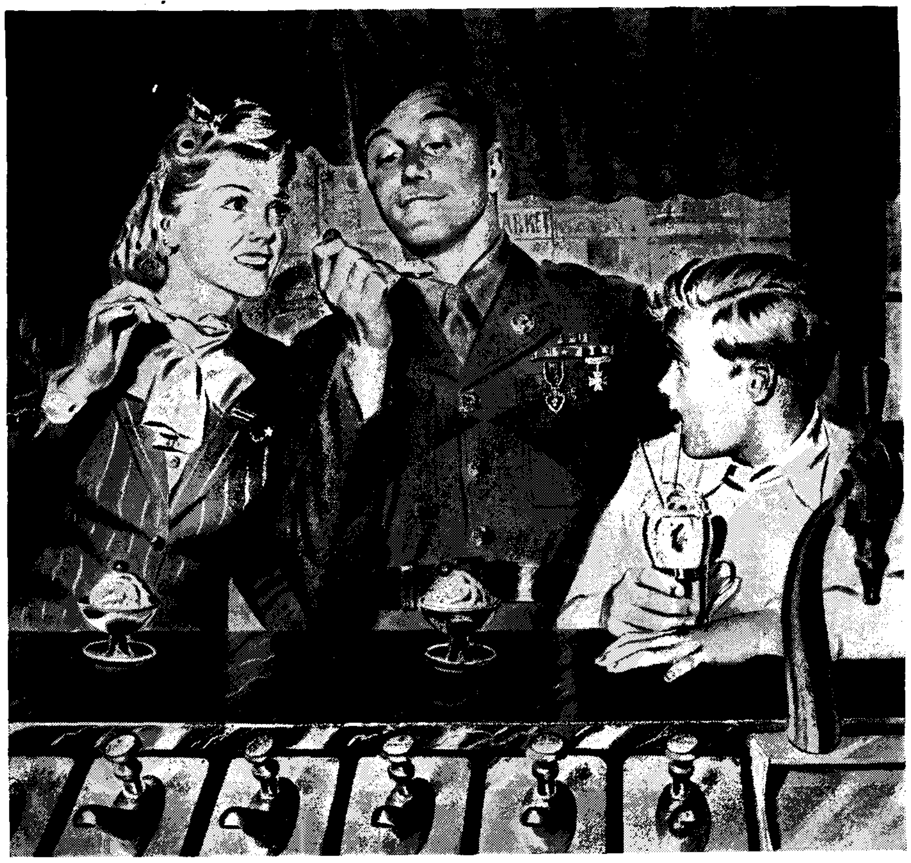
But that's just part of the story . . .

A lot of the ice cream you haven't been getting is going to our armed forces. Our boys in the camps get more ice cream, and get it oftener than civilians. Both because it's *good* for them—and because they love it!

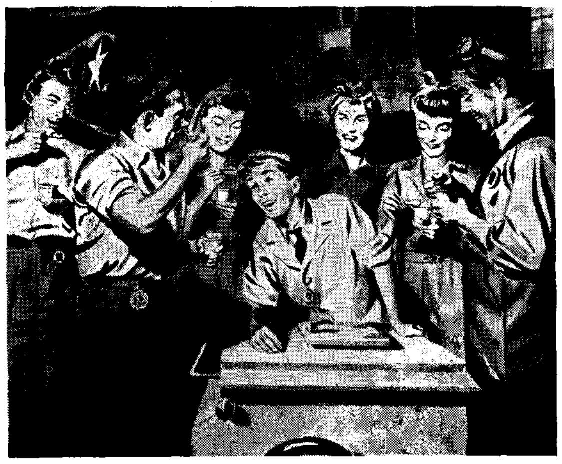
Army and Navy dietitians are well aware that ice cream is nourishing food. It's rich in body-building proteins; a source of Vitamin A; supplies B_1 and B_2, and food minerals; teems with calcium needed for teeth and bones!

Because ice cream *is* a "Basic 7" Food (so listed by our government), you'll want to have as much as you can for your enjoyment and health!

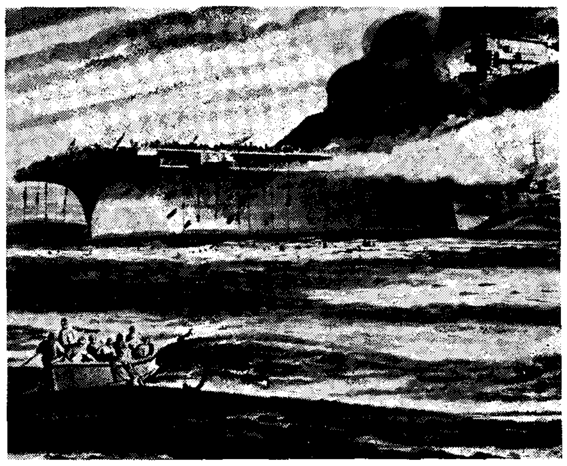
Because we appreciate your patronage, we make this promise: We'll produce all we can within patriotic limits; and distribute it fairly. But we will, of course, maintain quality, and adhere to all of Uncle Sam's regulations.



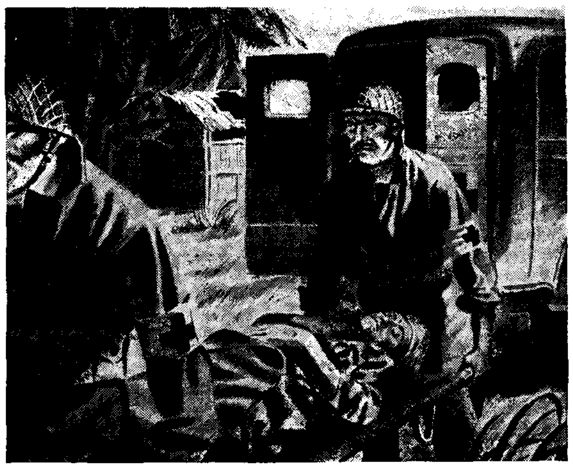
1. Ice cream store new style . . . You may not be able to get ice cream in *all* the pre-war flavors. You can't get that big gob of whipped cream on your dream sundae. But there's still ice cream! And the ice cream fountain is still America's favorite spot for boy to treat girl, for shoppers to relax, for working folks, for school kids—*everybody!*



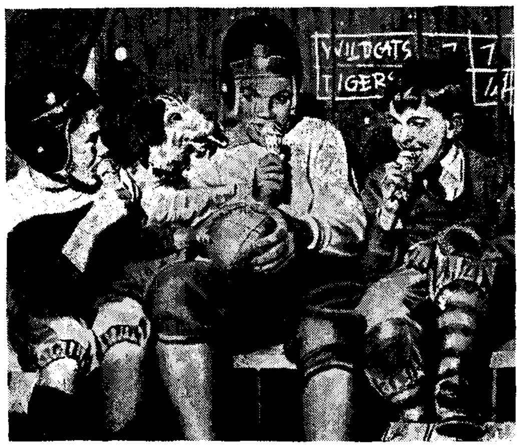
2. "Pick up" on wheels . . . War-working America finds that a scoop of ice cream eaten during rest periods refreshes them, picks up energy, gives them new "go" . . . Yes! More people are eating ice cream today than ever before—and that reduces the amount available to each individual!



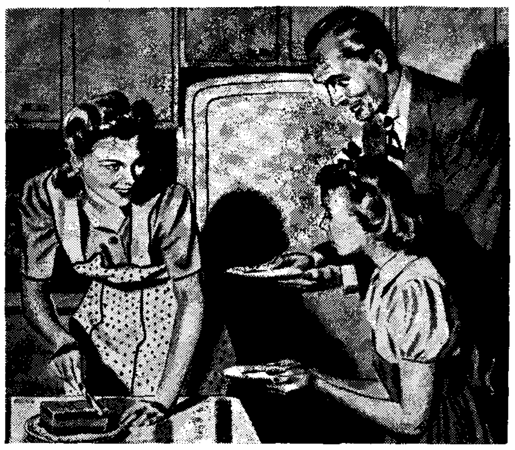
3. Ice cream at sea! . . . Ice cream goes to sea with the fleet—because the boys love it, and because it's good, nourishing food! . . . Remember how the boys on the sinking carrier U.S.S. Lexington stopped at the galley for a scoop of ice cream before they went over the side into the sea?



4. Ice cream—on the double-quick! . . . When a wounded U.S. soldier reaches the hospital, he gets first, a hot bath; then any food (within reason) that he wants. And *thousands* ask for their favorite—ice cream! It means "home" to them! It's the one food that's both a treat and a bracer.



5. Sherbets and fruit ices . . . Real treats on home front . . . Enjoy the smooth new sherbets and ices! *They* are available in quantity. They require fewer dairy ingredients than ice cream, but are *packed* with vitamin-rich fresh fruits and fruit juices. Fine *energy* food!



6. Let the whole family enjoy them! . . . Ask for sherbets and fruit ices at your dealer's. In cones or cups, they're favorites with the youngsters. For eating-at-home treats, buy sherbets in pint packages. Or in combination packages of ice cream and sherbet.

Borden's

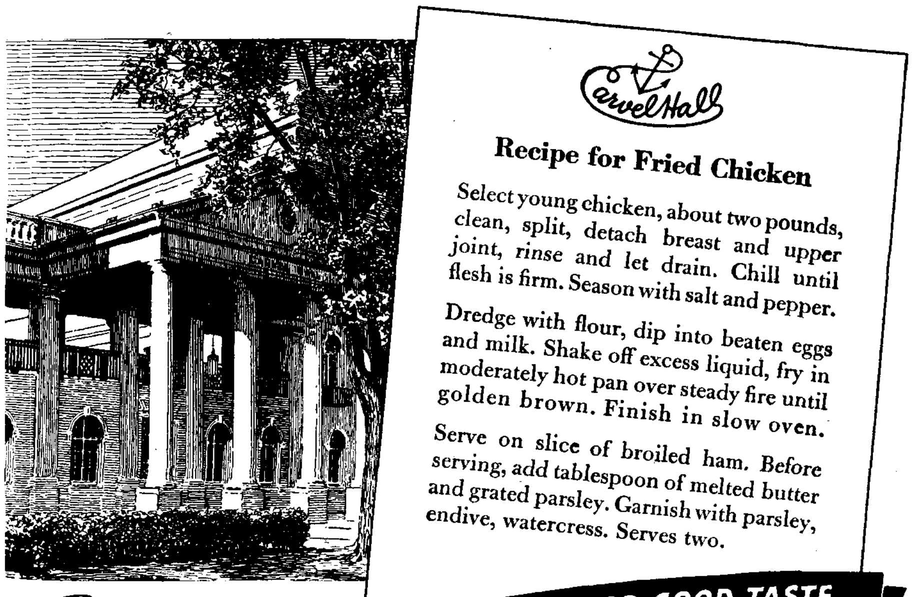
ICE CREAM

MILK SHERBETS and FRUIT ICES

***Enjoy them when you can—
they're all fine, nourishing food!***

Annapolis of Gay Memories

gives you fried chicken a la Carvel Hall



Recipe for Fried Chicken

Select young chicken, about two pounds, clean, split, detach breast and upper joint, rinse and let drain. Chill until flesh is firm. Season with salt and pepper.

Dredge with flour, dip into beaten eggs and milk. Shake off excess liquid, fry in moderately hot pan over steady fire until golden brown. Finish in slow oven.

Serve on slice of broiled ham. Before serving, add tablespoon of melted butter and grated parsley. Garnish with parsley, endive, watercress. Serves two.

NATIONALLY FAMOUS FOR GOOD TASTE

GOEBEL
BEER

GOEBEL BREWING CO., DETROIT 7, MICH.

Fried Chicken at Carvel Hall in historic Annapolis . . . what memories for those who have stopped here! The traditional Southern hospitality of Carvel Hall is something to remember for years. In the meantime, there's another pleasure you can enjoy 'most anywhere . . . the good taste of Goebel Beer, famous from Canada to the Gulf. Wouldn't you like to enjoy that nationally famous good taste? Say "Goebel" next time you order beer.

GOEBEL BEER

RIGHT FROM THE CYPRESS CASKS OF GOEBEL

Richard Decker

"That must be him now. I smell the grand aroma of his Sir Walter Raleigh!"

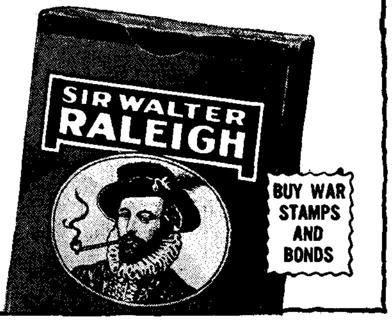
DOUBLE ENJOYMENT is in store for you when you try this 2-point plan for better smoking. First, clean your pipe regularly. Second, switch to fragrant Sir Walter Raleigh, that mellow blend of choice Kentucky burleys. Sir Walter burns cool and smells sweet right down to the last puff. Today, try *"the quality pipe tobacco of America."*

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

PIPE TOBACCO

Smokes as sweet as it smells

UNION MADE


SIR WALTER RALEIGH
BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

paper, and then she pulled herself together.

But when she came out of the building that evening into the crowded noisy hot street, all the pulling together fell apart again because she saw Richard, very handsome in a new gray gabardine suit, leaning against the brass name plate of the building beside the door. It was like a dream or a nightmare; she couldn't quite believe it was true. But he straightened up and fell into step beside her and began casually. "Last night I dreamed of a spider named Robert Bruce and it kept saying 'Try, try again,' which I thought was pretty shrewd of it," and she felt a dazzling upsurge of pure happiness, and then she thought: But nothing's changed, the code is still there, friendship matters and how could you ever face Ginny again, or yourself, for that matter—you can't build good things on a rotten foundation. And since you didn't have the nerve to tell her last night . . .

She said with a cool kind of anger, meaning all the anger for herself, "No, it's still no good. I told you last night there was someone else."

"Introduce me, then, so I'll know he's real," he said, smiling and unconvinced.

"I can't. I don't know where he is just now."

"He sounds devoted."

"He is."

"I'll bet he hasn't even got a name."

"He has!" she cried, and she went on desperately, "His name is Tommy Burton and he's got red hair and freckles, and *now* will you stop this persecution?"

He stopped walking for a moment. Then he said, "Sure. Sorry." And he swerved away from her and left her walking by herself down the block toward Lee's, feeling more than ever like one in a bad dream, lost and forlorn. And now she couldn't face Lee's and Ginny and Ginny's confident chatter about Richard—she was sick of loyalty and unselfishness and self-sacrifice. What good had they done her, what good?

She went into a drugstore and had a glass of milk and a sandwich—limp lettuce and pink paper ham—and then she went down the street again and into the first movie she came to; and in the cold rustling darkness she shivered and felt miserable and afraid of the future.

The flat darks and lights moved meaninglessly on the screen; she stared at them till her neck ached but couldn't make any sense out of them. . . . What she should have done, she realized slowly, if she'd had any common sense at all, was to tell Ginny candidly what was up, whether it hurt her or not. It was too late now, but that was what she should have done; and the darks and lights on the screen blurred before her; and when people around her started getting up and sidling out, she got up too and came out into the warm hot night and began to walk home.

THE radio in the ground-floor apartment was playing Strauss waltzes poignantly; she ran up the carpeted steps to escape them, and then stopped outside her own door because she heard voices within. *He's* there, she thought foolishly, and knew she couldn't go in, and then she was sure it couldn't be him, and she unlocked the door and pushed it open, and saw Ginny being very thoroughly kissed by a young man with red hair and freckles. It was unbelievable. Then Ginny saw her.

"It's all right," she said, laughing and confused. "Come in, don't stand there like a ghost. We're engaged. It's all right. You remember Tommy, don't you?"

"Hiya, Hannah," Tommy said, smoothing back his red curly locks, blue-eyed and egotistical and very confident.

"But you said—" Hannah began incredulously.

"I know," Ginny said with haste, "but a girl can fool herself, can't she? I was just fooling myself. It's always been Tommy, and I ran into him at Lee's when you didn't show up and things sort of passed between us and pretty soon— Well, anyway you ought to congratulate us or something, shouldn't you?"

"But what about Richard?"

"Oh, Richard," said Ginny, waving her hand vaguely. "He doesn't give a hoot for me, I think. I've often felt that he had it in him to fall for you. . . ."

The room tilted and straightened. Hannah had suddenly the most strenuous urge to beat up Ginny. But she merely said in a soft quiet voice, "So that's how it is. You warn me off Richard so I so dutifully stay warned off, and you ruin my life and break my heart and then get engaged to Tommy, so everything's wonderful! All right, I congratulate you, and I'm through with you forever, do you hear that? I'm finally and positively through with you!" And she turned round and went out, pulling the door shut behind her as hard as she could, and ran down the stairs, trembling with the most complete anger she had ever felt in her life, because she had made herself unhappy and Richard unhappy for no reason at all, and because she was still unhappy while Ginny had her heart's desire. . . . She didn't know what she was going to do, but she had fantastic visions of taking a train somewhere, leaving town right away, and she only hoped her anger would hold out till she did it.

BUT she stopped on the front step because she had a hallucination of Richard sitting there, and that was crazy.

He looked up. "Hello," he said calmly. "Don't bother about me. I was just on my way home and I stopped here to meditate."

All her anger drained away and left a doubtful happiness and a queer sudden kind of shyness. She sat down unsteadily on the step beside him. "Did you?"

"I did. I couldn't keep from coming, but I was damned if I was going to go up."

"I wouldn't. Ginny's there with Tommy Burton. They've just got engaged."

He looked at her, astonished. "Oh, lord, have they? Oh, lord, that's tough on you— Believe me, I know how it feels. . . ."

"It feels wonderful." He stared at her. "I mean, I ought to explain— You were right about her, and right about me, too— I mean, it was just that Ginny had first rights and I couldn't poach, don't you see? It was a matter of honor, that's all." But his eyes were so hard and his face so blank that she knew it wasn't going over, and her heart went down. It was a lovely night, with leaf shadows moving over the sidewalk and the radio still going on timelessly with Tales from the Vienna Woods— There was even a moon, though the street lamp was a lot brighter, but it wasn't going to do any good. "I mean," she went painfully on, "I'm just mentioning it now to get the record straight. . . . I just wanted to say that I loved the concert and I didn't mind your kissing me at all. I just cried because I was sure it would never happen again. . . ."

There was silence for a moment. Then he drew a long breath. "Just tell me this," he said. *"Whom* do you love?"

"I told you. You."

"Then why waste this lovely minute on explanations we've got the rest of our life for when now's the time to kiss you again without tears?" And he moved over on the step and kissed her, and it was definitely the moment for it. And then he laughed, in a way that showed he understood after all, but found it simply comical. Not near-tragical, not serious, just comical. He said, grinning, "Persistence always wins. But isn't it going to be hell if Ginny changes her mind again?"

And now it seemed funny to her, too, merely funny. "I don't think so," she said, holding him hard.

THE END

Lost—and Found

Continued from page 19

and Author Gatty states (this will be a shock to old subscribers, but he conferred with John T. Nichols, the elongated ichthyologist of the American Museum of Natural History, before he set it forth in print) that the blue shark, found in tropical waters, is the only shark usually found far from land. He further states that "the blue shark is excellent eating and not difficult to catch, provided you have heavy enough tackle." Perhaps that should be revised to read: "The blue shark is excellent to catch and not difficult eating, provided you have heavy enough hunger."

Look here: Brother Gatty admits the confounded things average about twelve feet in length at mature age and may run bigger. That's a large order of fish to take aboard a rubber raft, even if the shark is willing.

Anyway, it appears that sharks aren't altogether bad because the one found far at sea—the blue boy—may furnish food if diplomatically handled, and other sharks, less tasty, are a sign that land isn't so very far away.

There is a hint of how to remove the ammonia flavor from the flesh of some sharks (cut it into small pieces, tow the pieces astern for a few hours, then dry them out) and how to catch flying fish and other species that may help to fill the larder of hungry voyagers on a wide ocean.

But the fishing instructions are only incidental. The main task of men on a raft or in a lifeboat is to reach land. A party with a chronometer (keeping Greenwich time) and a compass, would have no trouble discovering where the raft was at any given time and which way it was going. Lacking such instruments, an ordinary watch and an improvised gadget for measuring angles (a stick and a piece of string; Author Gatty calls it a "harp" and gives precise directions for its manufacture and use) would help the voyagers along.

A World Navigation Map with the stars overprinted in red goes with The Raft Book, and there is a condensed table of sun observations for each day of the year in all latitudes between 76 degrees north and 50 degrees south, which is about as far north or south as any well-conducted raft party or lifeboat should go.

But the Polynesians and other early sailors had none of these things and yet they managed to navigate unerringly over wide stretches of water. They knew the stars, to be sure, but they were further aided by everything that they could see, hear, smell or feel on their voyages. They could dip their hands in the sea and feel whether the water was cooler or warmer than it had been earlier on their trip. That meant something to them.

They could hear the sound of surf from a shore that was not in sight. They could see clouds that they knew must be gathered over land beyond the horizon. They might even see the color of the lagoon of an invisible atoll reflected in a cloud formation in the distance. And they could catch—with a favoring wind—the scent of land far at sea.

Author Gatty tells how all these simple things may be of vital importance to a party on a raft and how to make the most of them. He draws on his own experiences as a sailor—he once smelled new-mown hay when he was eighty miles from land—and from the reports of the voyages of Captain Cook, La Pérouse, Abel Janszoon Tasman, the Dutch navigator after whom Tasmania was named, Admiral Louis Antoine de Bougainville, who probably turned over in his grave when the Japs took the island that keeps his memory green, Sir Francis Drake, Sir John Franklin and many other rovers of the sea.

Shakespeare et al. also Get Mention

Along with all this, the charts, the maps, the navigational tables, the sections on sea birds, fish, water temperatures, ocean currents and meteorology, The Raft Book contains, scattered among scientific and historical references, quotations from Shakespeare, Dante, Dean Swift and William Cullen Bryant, and one excerpt from a Maori song. The author leads off with Shakespeare, placing on the title page the words of Hamlet:

There are more things in heaven and earth,
Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

To which any honest Horatio who reads The Raft Book will respond humbly, "Yes, sir, I found that out." But that's not important if the reading is done in a safe place. The important thing about the book is that the maps and the matter printed therein may bring hope to men on rafts at sea, may sustain them through desperate days and ultimately bring to their ears the triumphant cry of the lookout: "Land ho!"

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

But more decisive, perhaps, were English nightmares about hostile foreign armies issuing from it onto their fair land like hordes of moles.

The fearful demolition practices of modern warfare would offset any military risks of a tunnel, but it was probably the growth of air travel that has ended a Channel tunnel project forever. If it had been constructed it would have been the longest tunnel and the greatest engineering marvel on earth.

Lesson in Geography

The Channel doesn't lie north and south —another surprise that may be in store for you when you glance at your map— but almost east and west, being mildly oblique on the 50th parallel of latitude. It is widest at its west gate, roughly between Brest, France, and Lands End in Cornwall, England. The west entrance to the Strait of Dover forms its eastern gate.

Dover has the dubious fortune of being the bit of England closest to Europe lying something less than 20 miles from Cape Gris-Nez (Gray Nose) near Calais. The train-ferry trip for the London-Paris express, if memory serves, took about an hour and a half, although it often seemed years. The Reverend Sidney Swann rowed across in three hours and fifty minutes. Georges Michel of France swam over in eleven hours and five minutes; Gertrude Ederle in fourteen hours and thirty-four minutes. A Spit or a Thunderbolt with throttle full out, driving away a "bandit," will cross in about three minutes.

After they return home, many a Yank flier will be able to boast to you of how, when ditched, they rowed the channel in their dinghies or swam it in their Mae Wests; but the wonderful Sea-Air Rescue Service of the British—of which more later—is ever vigilant to save them the necessity of shattering Ederle's or Swann's records.

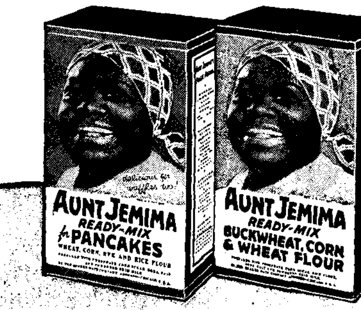
W. B. COURTNEY

JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS
OR THE ROAD TO A MAN'S HEART
PRETTY SMART OF MOTHER TO MAKE US THESE AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES WHEN SHE KNOWS WE'RE GOING OUT TO BUY HER CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!
YOU'RE STUCK FOR A NEW FUR COAT, POP!
I THOUGHT I WAS LIGHT AND FLUFFY BUT LOOK AT THOSE AUNT JEMIMAS!
I'LL BE WITH YOU IN JUST A MINUTE, ETHEL! THESE AUNT JEMIMA BREAKFASTS ONLY TAKE A FEW MINUTES TO FIX!
THAT GIVES ME A THOUGHT. AFTER WE'VE BEEN CHRISTMAS SHOPPING ALL DAY I'LL GIVE MY FAMILY AN AUNT JEMIMA DINNER!
I'M GOING TO ASK SANTA CLAUS TO STOP HERE FOR AUNT JEMIMAS ON CHRISTMAS EVE!
I'LL CHIP IN WITH YOU, POP. I'VE GOT TWO DOLLARS!
I'VE GOT MY PRESENT FOR MOM ALL WRAPPED UP! DO YOU THINK SHE'D KNOW IT'S A NEW PANCAKE TURNER?
LET ME FIX THE REST OF THESE, MOM. POP MIGHT BUY ME A NEW WRIST WATCH!
SHE MIGHT! SHE'S PRETTY SMART!

"LAWSY how my temptilatin' AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKES will happify yo' folks!"

When meat's scarce, or you're running short of brown ration coupons, serve delicious Aunt Jemima pancakes. The whole family will love 'em for lunch and supper, too!

Vary the menu with crispy, light waffles from the same red box of Aunt Jemima Ready-Mix. Try that wintertime favorite, too--tangy, old-south Aunt Jemima buckwheats!


AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX for PANCAKES
AUNT JEMIMA READY-MIX BUCKWHEAT, CORN & WHEAT FLOUR

GET BOTH KINDS
Red box for pancakes
Yellow box for buckwheats

NOT RATIONED

Romance in the First Degree

Continued from page 24

flat side. He was clean-shaven, and there was a pinkness to the skin which indicated that he had shaved very recently.

He was garbed unobtrusively in a neatly cut business suit of Oxford gray. He wore a plain white shirt and a dark green necktie. His hands rested on the edge of the table. On the fourth finger of the left hand was the biggest emerald I had ever seen. It didn't check with the conservatism of his outfit. It was the single false note, and it held my attention.

His voice was soft and musical, his smile apologetic. "Go right ahead with your lunch," he invited, and I speared another oyster. "I'll only take a few minutes of your time."

I looked up and met his eyes. They were nice, friendly eyes, but they were more than that, too. They had a surprising keenness, as though they saw more than was ordinarily visible. I suspected a hardness, too. I wasn't sure, but I got that idea. I was getting lots of ideas these days.

I still hadn't spoken. I hadn't said he was welcome, and I hadn't said he wasn't. As a matter of fact, I didn't give a hoot one way or the other.

The waiter came back and shoved a menu at him. He waved it away and ordered a cup of coffee and two chocolate éclairs. He was very casual about it, and I was beginning to get uncomfortable. I knew he was studying me. I didn't like it, but I couldn't figure the right thing to say.

WE SAT there like that until I finished my oysters, and the waiter had swapped the empty shells for crab ravigote. It was a fancy-pants dish, all prettied up with mayonnaise and lettuce and water cress.

The man across the table looked at it and said, "Cute."

I still didn't say anything. I waited until his twin éclairs were served, and watched him poke the first one with his fork. He held the fork with exaggerated daintiness, little finger sticking out. I said, "You and me and Emily Post."

That seemed to amuse him. He said, "I ain't been in the Army."

I found a piece of crab in my crab ravigote and made the most of it.

He said, "You ain't very talkative, Jerry. Maybe I better introduce myself."

I waited.

He said, "I'm Leo North."

If the man had wanted to startle me, he had succeeded. I was up in the air a mile. It began to look as though no matter what I did or where I went, I'd keep running into something.

A red light flashed in what little brain was still functioning. Leo North was big time. I was supposed to curl up and die when he spoke to me, and for three cents I'd have done it. Except that I knew it would be the wrong move. It was what he expected, and I didn't intend to let him have things the way he wanted them. I picked my words carefully. "Sorry," I said, "the name doesn't register."

My deliberately rude gesture didn't get me anywhere. He only smiled more broadly and said, "Think again, Jerry. Maybe you read about me in the papers. Maybe Zora Sherman mentioned my name."

He knew how to score his points. I came down to earth and quit play-acting.

"You win," I said. "So you're Leo North. I've heard about you. You don't look anything like I imagined."

That seemed to please him. "They give me a bad name. They make you think I'm a tough guy. Well, I ain't. I ain't nothing but a businessman."

"So I've heard. Business must be pretty good these days."

He didn't pretend to misunderstand. "It's so-so, Jerry. People want things; they get 'em. If not one way, then it's another. How long have you known Zora?"

I said, "What's your interest in her?"

"She was the friend of a friend of mine . . . a feller that had a sort of unfortunate demise. He was named John Mitchell. Maybe you knew him, too, huh?"

"I didn't know him."

"But you knew Zora?"

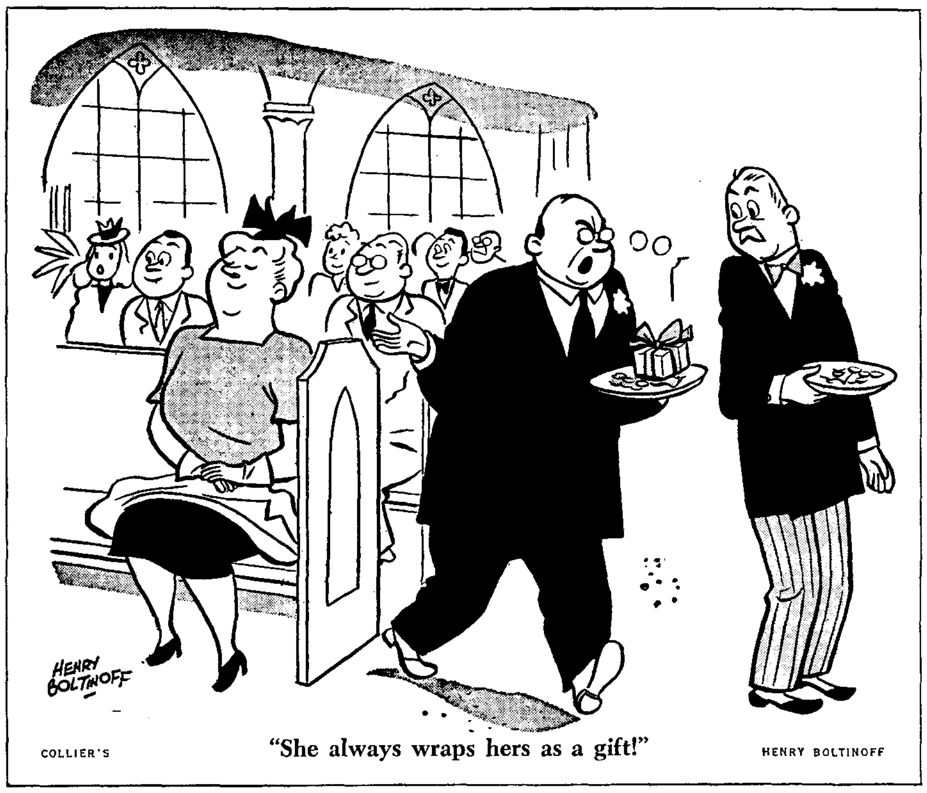
"What gives you that idea?"

"A nice young feller like you goes to see a girl, he must know her. You left her apartment just a little while ago."

"The great Leo North," I said. "Sees all, knows all."

"Not exactly. But I know a lot. I know so much, I want to know more—like it would interest me to know why you been seeing Zora."

I put down my fork and looked straight at him. I said, "Let's quit playing, Mr. North. What I do is my business. It's going to stay that way."



COLLIER'S "She always wraps hers as a gift!" HENRY BOLTINOFF

"That's nice. That's how it should be. Maybe I should just think that Zora is your girl friend, too, huh?"

"I don't care what you think. I'm telling nothing."

He said. "You wouldn't think I wasn't polite if I said that ain't very safe, Jerry. I'm older than you, so maybe I can give you good advice. What happens between you and Zora I'm interested in. What concerns John Mitchell I'm interested in also. If you talk to me nice, everything will be fine."

"And if I don't?"

He didn't raise his voice. He didn't even stop smiling, but he frightened me more than I was willing to admit.

"Sometimes, Jerry," he said mildly, "I ain't always so polite. Maybe some day you find yourself in trouble."

HE WAS too calm, too sure of himself. He had me scared plenty. I got up from the table.

"Sorry I couldn't help you," I said, "but that's the way it is. Goodby."

He didn't move or say a word. I walked toward the door after dropping a couple of bills on the table. I knew he was watching me and I felt uncomfortable.

Near the door I passed a small table. A man was sitting at that table, eating lunch. He was facing Leo North. He glanced at me but gave no sign of recognition. I fancied that he was amused. I seemed to amuse a lot of people.

I took another look to be sure I was right. I was—and I didn't like it.

The lone eater, the man who had been a witness to my talk with Leo North, was my private detective nuisance, Dave Larric.

FRIDAY night, Mr. Cameron announced that he was going to teach me the new chess game he'd been telling me about. Alan and Linda had run up to Albany—"partly for business, partly for fun," as Alan explained the trip. I fixed the table and two chairs and Mr. Cameron fetched the chessmen and the board.

I used to play a fair game of chess, but I wasn't in the old man's class. This new game, he explained, had been invented by Capablanca. He set up the pieces and, in spite of myself, I got interested.

It was regular chess, only different. The board was ten squares across and ten squares deep: one hundred squares, instead of the usual sixty-four. The regular pieces made their regular moves, but there were two extra pawns and two extra major pieces. One was the chancellor, a rook with a knight's head attached, and it combined the moves of those two pieces. The other—with a bishop's cap on a knight—was called the archbishop and combined the bishop and knight moves. Either piece was almost as strong as a queen.

I caught on fairly quickly. I won the second game we played and that delighted both of us. Mr. Cameron won the third game, and we grinned at each other.

"Something!" I said. "We'll do it again."

He was pleased. He walked to the door of my room with me and said good night. I got undressed and stretched out on the bed. I was feeling fine.

I heard a light knock, and immediately the door opened. When it closed, Rita was on my side of it. I grabbed for my robe and sat up straight.

Whatever Rita had on her mind, she was dressed for it. She had on a filmy pale green thing, and it was full of woman. I dropped my feet over the side of the bed and into a pair of slippers.

Rita moved across the room and sat down beside me. She said, in that low, exciting, husky voice of hers, "I don't intend to have my entire evening ruined."

I felt uncomfortable. I felt good, too. Ever since I moved in on the Camerons, I'd been avoiding Rita. Just the inescapable, casual contacts. I was the burnt dog and was strictly allergic to fire.

I wanted to say something but couldn't think of any words. I couldn't even guess what this was all about. It hadn't ever happened to me before—certainly not with Rita—and I was spinning. After all, this was the girl I'd been in love with, this was the girl I had been going to marry, this was a gorgeous blond creature. I said to myself, "Steady, Jerry—steady!"

She said, "Aren't you glad to see me?" and I said "Yes," which seemed to brush that off as a topic of conversation.

After a while she tried again. She said, "You don't act like it."

I tried looking at her. No soap. I saw too much and too little. It was embarrassing, and at the same time it gave me the shivers. She said, "You hate me, don't you, Jerry?"

I shook my head. "Don't be silly."

"You've been avoiding me."

"Why not? You're engaged to someone else."

"I acted rottenly, didn't I?"

I looked at her steadily, and said, "Yes. Why?"

She thought that one over. Then she said, "Because I couldn't bear the thought of being alone. Anyway, I was wrong. I admit it, and I'm sorry."

I said, "What am I supposed to do?"

"What do you think?"

SUDDENLY the door opened. Maybe there had been a knock, maybe not. It closed again, and I looked around and saw Sandy. She looked very young and slim and lovely in a robe of light gray flannel. I was never so glad to see anybody in my life. I still felt like a sap, but at least the play had been taken out of my hands.

She moved to the dresser and helped herself to a cigarette. I met her there and held a match. Across the top of the flame, our eyes met. I don't know what mine showed, but hers were full of amusement.

By me, it wasn't amusing. Something was happening here that I couldn't quite put my finger on—something that disturbed me. Oddly enough, I wasn't half as embarrassed by Sandy's intrusion as I had been before she barged in, and I was grateful for her superb self-assurance. Her eyes were twinkling. I wished she'd let me in on the joke.

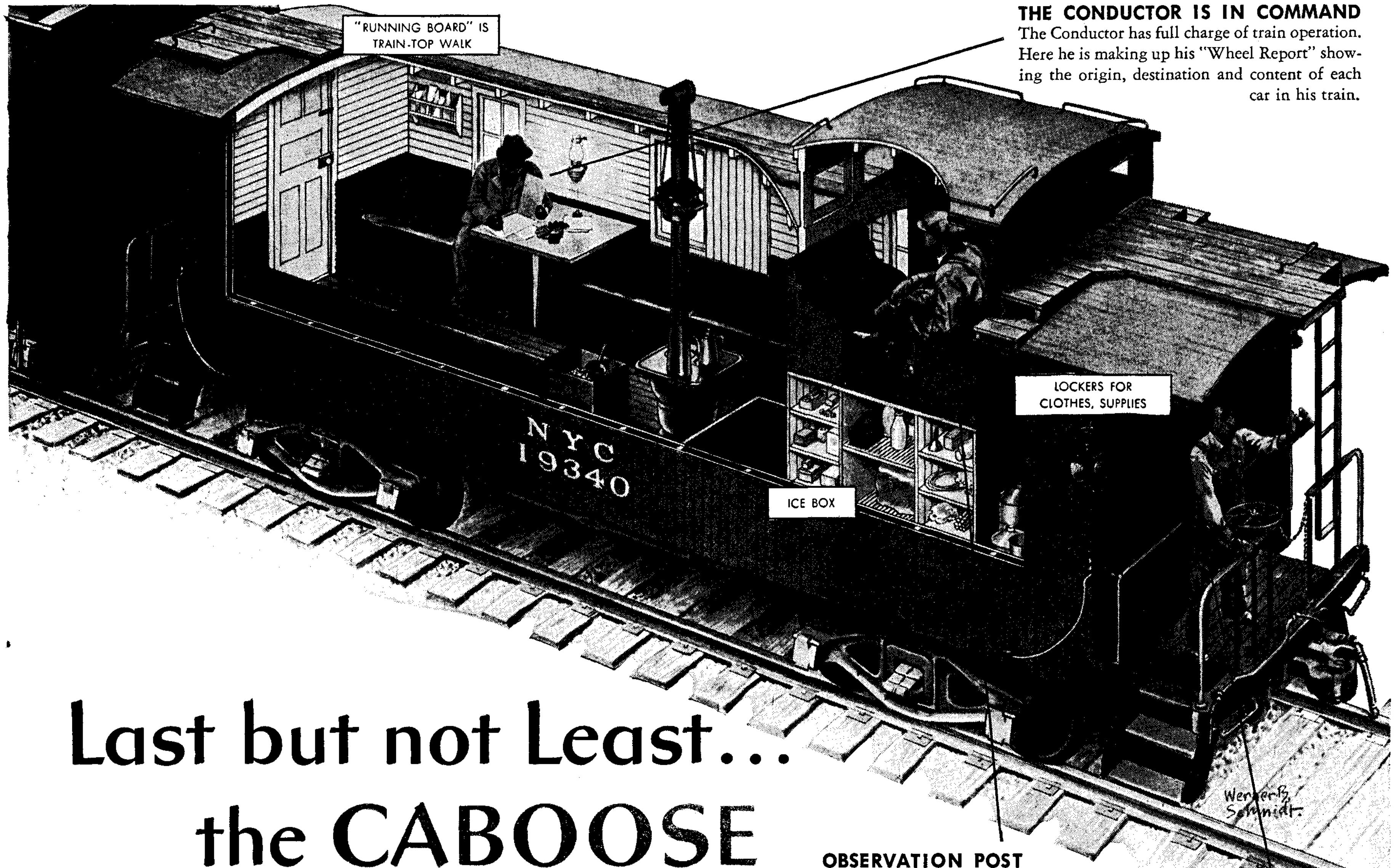
She picked out a chair and dropped into it. She started a casual conversation. It could have happened in the living room. It could have happened when we all had plenty of clothes on.

Rita was uncomfortable. The more uncomfortable she got, the better I felt. Sandy kept the conversation grooved. The situation was absurd and magnificent. Finally Rita got up and said she was tired. She was turning in. We both said we hoped she'd sleep well. She looked at us with smoldering eyes. She walked out of my room, and a few minutes later we heard her door. It slammed.

I looked at Sandy. She looked at me. We both started to laugh. We laughed silently, but we laughed so hard that we ached. Finally she sat down on the edge of the bed, and I sat alongside. This time there didn't seem anything wrong about it. We were having a grand time. I looked at her and started thinking what a wonderful girl she was, really.

After a while I stopped laughing. I just sat there doing nothing, which seemed to have become a specialty of mine.

Sandy looked good. Doggone good. Different from Rita, but better. I had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OBSERVATION POST
From this seat in the caboose cupola, a brakeman keeps watch over the train ahead.

RAILROAD WIGWAG
At stations and towers, and on passing trains, the men on duty watch each train, and signal to the train crew if anything needs attention. The rear brakeman receives and acknowledges these signals. A raised arm, like this, means, "All okay."

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THIS is a New York Central caboose. Just a workaday little car. Yet it's a *field headquarters* in one of today's most critical battles... the battle of transportation.

Every wartime hour, a thousand freight trains start out over the rails of America. And in charge of each is a train crew in just such a caboose as this.

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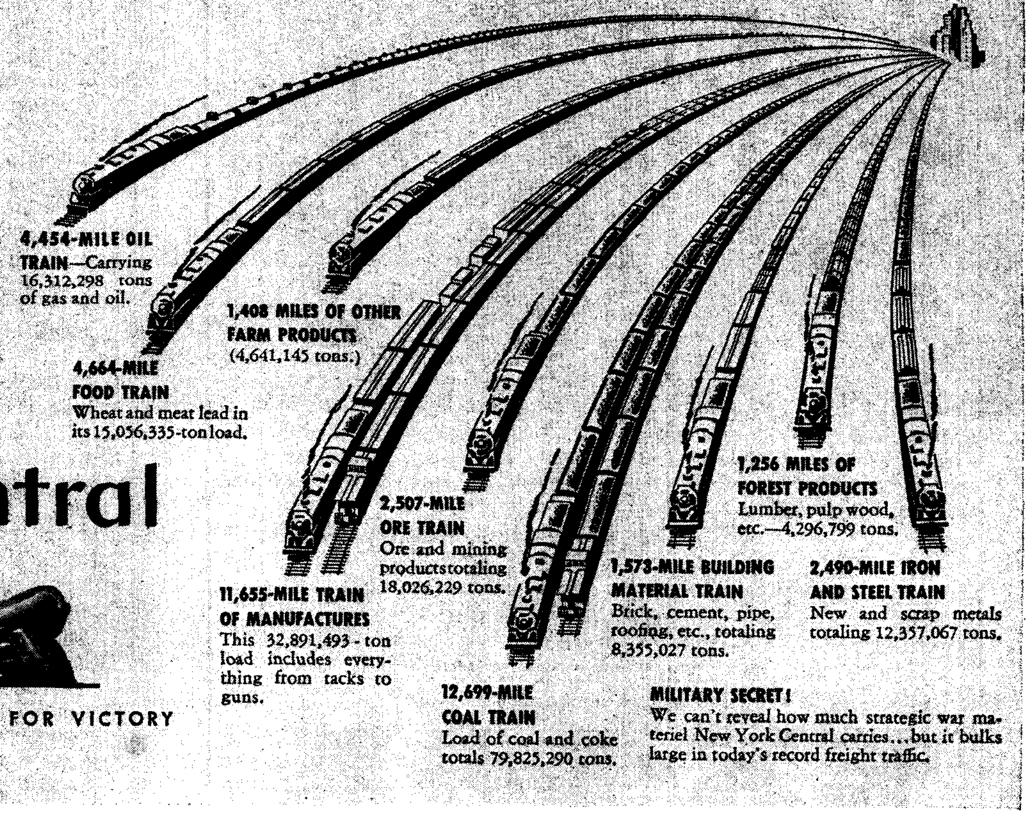

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THEY TAUGHT ME *all the social graces — but what I didn't learn is that a* strong, harsh-acting cathartic can often be very punishing! So, for years, I kept dosing myself needlessly with a nasty-tasting medicine that always left me feeling weak and upset. **Some laxatives are too strong!**

THEN I "GRADUATED" *to another laxative which I thought would be easier on* me. That was my second mistake! This new medicine tasted almost as bad as the first. On top of that, it failed to give me proper relief — so that I actually felt *worse* than before. **Some laxatives are too mild!**

A FRIEND OF MINE finally tipped me off to Ex-Lax. What a difference! Ex-Lax is so pleasant to take — tastes just like fine chocolate. And it was such a relief to find a laxative that works *easily* and *effectively* at the same time! Ex-Lax is not too strong — not too mild . . .

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As a precaution use only as directed

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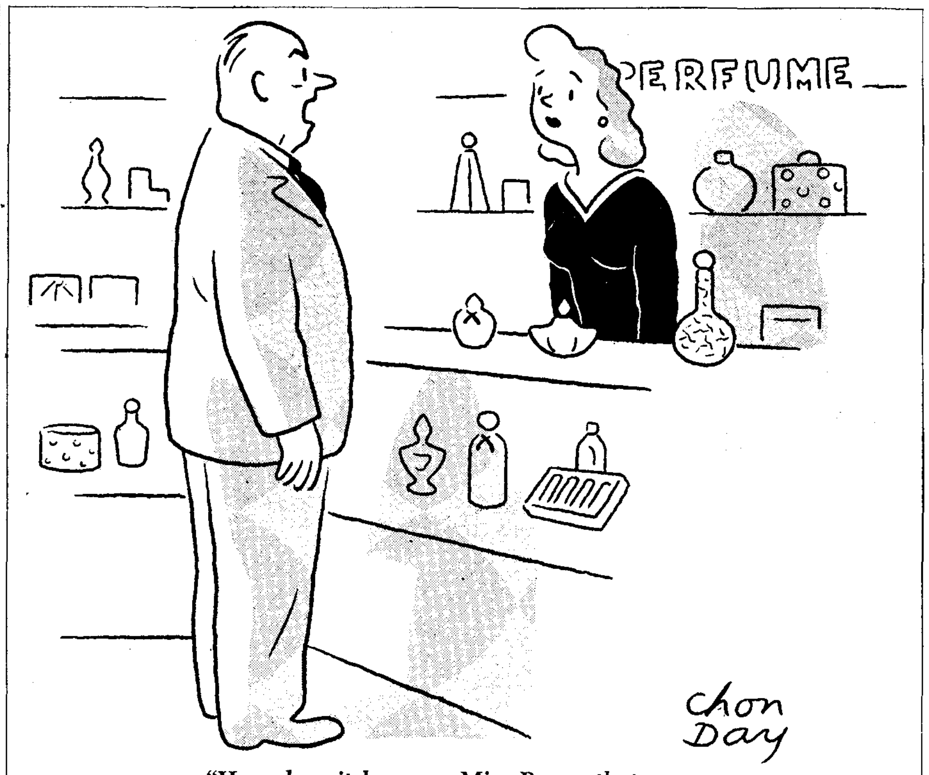


"How does it happen, Miss Perry, that every time you spill some it lands behind each ear?"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

never noticed that before. I began thinking odd thoughts. Rita was the type to knock your eye out. She was the sort of girl you liked to walk into a night club with. But Sandy . . . well, this was where Sandy seemed to belong. In a home. Sharing things. Laughing together. I blinked and wondered what made me think that way.

That started me off, and once started, I couldn't stop. I was born with an overplus of logic in my make-up. I began adding two and two, and the answer always came out the same way. It was a new thought. It was disturbing and exciting. I had never thought of Rita that way. I'd always been emotional about Rita. But with Sandy . . . Then a new thought slapped me silly: I was emotional about Sandy, too.

Things like that don't happen suddenly. As a matter of fact, you never know when they happen. You only know that all of a sudden you wake up. That's why you think it has been sudden when really it's been a slow process.

It wasn't merely that I'd been sharing things with this girl. It was rather that sharing things had given me a chance to know her better. I felt myself getting embarrassed and uncomfortable all over again. We had both stopped laughing. We had stopped doing anything. Just sitting on the bed, looking at each other.

Something was happening to me—or maybe it had happened days ago, and I was just finding out about it. I began to get uncomfortably aware of Sandy as a woman. I wanted to reach out my hand and touch her. I wanted to wrap her up.

HER eyes were those of a little girl who is afraid she might be punished. She said, in a tiny voice, "I'm sorry, Jerry. Truly. It seemed like a good idea, but maybe I was wrong."

I said, "You'd better be running along."

She didn't say anything.

I said, "I'm getting hep to myself. You want to know?"

She nodded.

"Rita was safe in here," I said roughly. "You're not. So run along, please!"

We both got up. She looked at me. She didn't appear to be angry.

I said, "I mean it. You better get out of here, but fast."

She still didn't speak. She didn't put out her hand. She didn't seem amused any more, and she certainly didn't seem like a kid.

She turned and went out of the door. After she had gone, I took a good long look at myself in the mirror. I felt funny all over. Funny peculiar; not funny ha-ha.

"You poor dumb cluck!" I told myself. "How come you never even suspected it?"

I WAS at the office, the next morning, when Dave Larric called me. He said he wanted to see me. He said it was important. How about lunch? I said all right. He gave me the name and address of a bar and grill that I'd never heard of. He said it was near his office. It was okay by me.

It was a dingy sort of place. Larric met me just inside the front door. He said, "You look sweet and you smell sweet. Let's take a booth."

I was conscious of my lilac cologne all the way back through the joint. I wondered why I had come. I hadn't liked this mug when I first met him and I didn't like him now. He could make me mad by just looking at me.

We sat opposite each other. Those sharp eyes of his weren't missing a trick. He said, "What'll it be: a nice chicken salad with lots of mayonnaise or some lobster Newburg?"

Maybe Dave Larric was good for me. I was beginning to remember who I was. He ordered some chopped chicken liver, a corned beef sandwich and a cup of coffee. I compromised on a sandwich and coffee. I fidgeted under his stare. He seemed to be having himself a very good time.

After a while he said, "How's the boy friend?"

"Meaning?"

"Leo North."

"Oh—him?" I shrugged. "Okay, I guess."

"Known him long?"

I said, "You guess."

He was smiling. It was a superior, annoying kind of smile. I figured he was working for North. It checked up any way you looked at it. He said, "Bad medicine, North. He knows a lot of things."

"For instance?"

"He knows about the scrapbook."

That was a shock, but I tried to look impassive—like an Indian. I said, "What does he know about a scrapbook?"

Larric shrugged. "He doesn't tell me everything. But he knows enough to be interested."

I said, "So what?"

"Smart little boys wouldn't make him mad."

"Who said I was smart?"

"Not me, brother; not me."

We chewed our sandwiches, and after a while he said, "I ain't getting nowhere, Franklin."

"I'm practically weeping."

"I'm awful interested in that Holly Hamilton scrapbook."

I stared at my sandwich. I picked my words carefully: "That's the second time you've mentioned a scrapbook. I wouldn't be knowing what you're talking about."

"Don't give me that," he said. I wasn't fooling the guy. I only amused him. "You'd have a much better time playing on my team."

"Who's captain of it?"

"Me."

"Then I'll stay where I am."

"Have it your own way." He lifted up a slice of bread and dabbed some mustard on the corned beef. "But if I was you, I'd tell your gal friend to watch her step."

"My what?"

"Your gal friend. Andrea Cameron."

That was right on the button. I wasn't happy about having Sandy dragged in. I said, "What's it all about?"

He said, "Miss Cameron. She's sticking her chin out."

I was sore. I felt myself flushing all over. But Larric knew something that I didn't. I probed for it.

"I don't get it," I said.

"No?" I could see he thought I was stalling. "I suppose it's news to you that she's sliding down cellar doors with Holly Hamilton."

I didn't even attempt to conceal my surprise. I said weakly, "Are you sure you've got that straight?"

"Sure I'm sure. They're as close together as *that.* It's got something to do with the USO, which makes it look natural. But it started the day after somebody rubbed your friend Rex Cooper off the honor roll."

I HAD a hunch Larric was telling the truth, and I knew I was frightened.

"Maybe I'm wrong," he was saying smoothly. "But the pieces fit. Cooper had been to a party at Hamilton's apartment the night he was killed. Maybe he was stooging for you and maybe he wasn't. Anyway, he didn't come out of it very well. Now, all of a sudden, Miss Cameron is playing the Hamilton game. Suppose it turns out to be not so healthy?"

I was thinking the same thing, only more so. And I was scared.

Knowing that Alan and his wife were up against something had disturbed me. But to think of Sandy . . . and of Rex Cooper . . . to think of all the things that might happen to her, things that I couldn't combat because I didn't understand them—that wasn't so good.

Most of all Dave Larric made me jittery. He showed up in too many places. He knew too much. Right now he was trying to get a rise out of me. I knew things he wanted to know, and he didn't care how he found out.

"Miss Cameron is making a dumb play," he said. "You can take that for what it's worth."

"How do you know it's a dumb play?"

"Rex Cooper. I'm laying it on the line that he wouldn't have been killed if he hadn't gone to the Holly Hamilton party."

I said, "How long have you been following Miss Cameron?"

"That's my business."

I LOOKED at him. As usual, he was dressed sloppily. I pegged him as working for the man who I was told stood for everything that was illegal and unpatriotic. I loathed the idea that he was watching every move Sandy might make.

One fact stood out: I didn't want Larric mixing in, but, if he had to mix in, I didn't want it to be on the Sandy angle. I was beginning to regard Sandy as my own personal responsibility.

I said, "I don't know where you fit, Larric, but I'm warning you to let Miss Cameron alone."

"You've said that twice," he countered. "I didn't hear you either time."

I was beginning to boil over. "You mean you're going to keep on?"

"Uh-huh. And don't try to scare me, because I don't scare."

I got up. I intended to leave. He said, "Both the Cameron dames can stand watching. How do I know Andrea ain't the same kind of a café society tramp her sister is?"

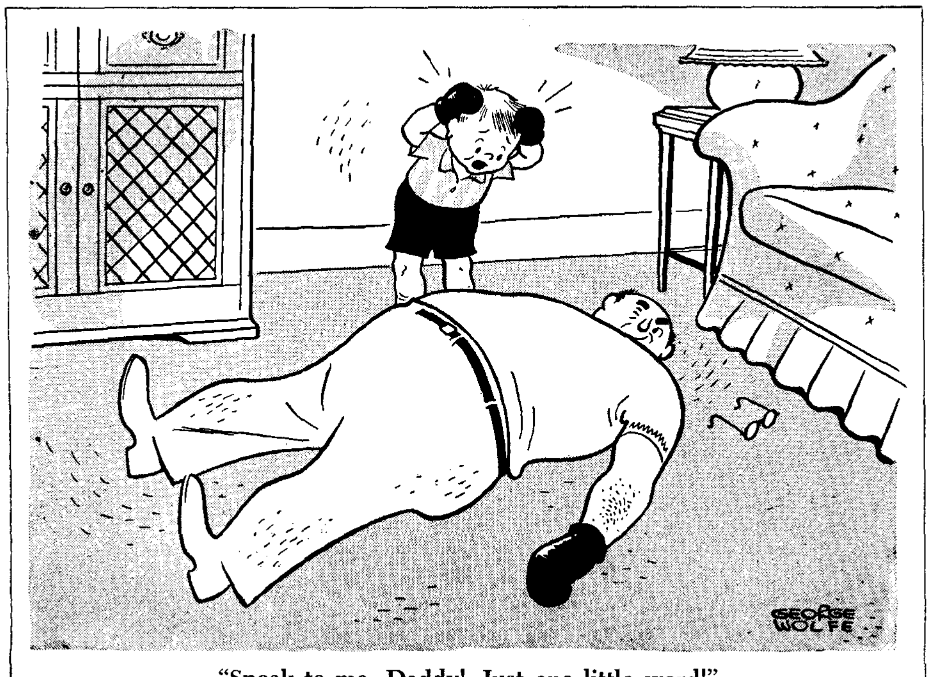
That did it. If I'd had a moment to get ready for what he said, maybe I wouldn't have popped off. But I didn't have that moment. I acted on instinct. I grabbed him by the collar and jerked him to his feet. I let him have a short right to the side of the jaw. He sat down, but he got right up again. I'd given him all the invitation he needed.

He was good, I'll hand him that. His fists were like iron and they came from all angles. We clinched and rolled over on the top of the table. A couple of women in the place started screaming. A little while later some men jerked us apart.

We had both been bruised, but not hurt; and, after a while, he apologized.

We left the place and walked to the corner together. He said, "Drink?" and I said, "Yes." We took double Scotches.

He slapped a dollar bill on the counter. He walked out of the front door. He left



COLLIER'S "Speak to me, Daddy! Just one little word!" GEORGE WOLFE

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Neither love nor money can buy better ingredients nor make a better cocktail!

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Mm-m-m Milshire!
. . . Milshire — the Pot Still Gin — is used exclusively in these cocktails.

Mm-m-m Marvelous!
. . . The Vermouth in 'em is really *dry.*

Mm-m-m Magnificent!
. . . No messing. No guessing. *What a blessing!*

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HEUBLEIN'S *Club* COCKTAILS

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me standing there at the bar alone. I said to myself, "Jerry, that lad is something else you'd better be mighty careful about." . . .

Sunday morning I settled myself comfortably in the living room and waded through the newspapers. I read the war news, the sports and even the comics. I wasn't really interested, but it killed time.

There wasn't any regular breakfast at the Cameron apartment on Sunday. Just catch-as-catch-can style. I loafed around until about ten when Sandy showed up. She looked so good that I forgot I was angry. I kept on forgetting while I sat with her in the breakfast nook and talked very fatuously about nothing in particular. After that, we went back into the other room and I pulled her down on the couch alongside of me. I said, "You *are* a screwball."

She started to smile, then caught the look on my face. She asked, "Something wrong?"

"Plenty—I think." I went through the two-cigarette routine, and when we both had started puffing, I said, "Why have you been holding out on me?"

"About what?"

"Don't play innocent. Holly Hamilton."

She looked embarrassed. "It's all part of my USO work, Jerry. She's been giving special shows for the boys."

"You didn't tell me because you knew I wouldn't like it," I accused. "Right?"

Sandy didn't evade. "Perhaps. But it seemed important that one of us should meet her personally. I wangled the assignment, and we clicked."

"Who clicked?"

"Holly and I."

I said, "I don't want to scare you . . ."

"You needn't go on, Jerry. I can guess what you're going to say. I said it to myself. You think that Rex Cooper's death had something to do with his visit to Holly Hamilton's party. You're afraid that whoever was responsible for that might resent my new friendship with her. Isn't that about it?"

"Yes."

"I figured that out and I still took the chance. I've been with her every day. I'll be with her all this afternoon, and I think your theories are crazy."

"You still shouldn't have done it without talking it over with me."

"You'd have said no, wouldn't you?"

"Of course."

"That's why I didn't tell you. Don't forget, Alan is my brother. You and I are supposed to be poking around together. Anyway, it's done, and I'm glad."

I DID some quick thinking. She was right. What was done was done. No sense nagging. No sense at present telling her about my scrap with Dave Larric. My eye—that he had blacked—looked pretty good. If Sandy had noticed it, she hadn't said anything. Maybe she had her reasons, too. Anyway, I said, "What about Holly?"

Sandy started getting enthusiastic. "The sweetest, most unspoiled kid you ever saw. When you're with her, you simply can't believe that she is *the* Holly Hamilton. She could be any other kid just out of high school. I feel old and sophisticated by comparison."

"You and your twenty years!"

"I'm telling you the truth. I've been around with her and I've eaten at her apartment. She seems to like me."

"Remarkable!"

"And I definitely like her. I imagine Mr. Stirling should get the credit for the way she's been raised . . ."

"Mr. Stirling?"

"Rufus L. Stirling. You'd like him, Jerry. He's her guardian."

"Tell me more."

She went at it slowly. "Somewhere in the early forties. Tall, dignified, and one hundred per cent gentleman. He became her guardian, and trustee of her estate, when her mother died. That was nine years ago."

"Does he live at her apartment?"

"No. She lives alone. She has a personal maid and a cook. Mr. Stirling is with her frequently. She seems to like him immensely, though you'd never get the idea that there was any father-and-daughter relationship. It's much less personal than that. But I'm sure she wouldn't do anything that he disapproved."

"So much for Mr. Stirling," I said. "Now about other things."

Sandy stretched out a nice leg and studied the toe of her shoe. "I don't know very much more, Jerry. Of course, I haven't mentioned John Mitchell or Rex Cooper, and neither has she. But I'm sure of this: Whatever is going on, Holly hasn't the faintest idea about it. It's awfully difficult to explain. If you had met the girl, you'd know that there wasn't anything serious on her mind beyond her work; that she simply isn't the type who could be mixed up in what's been happening."

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE **by ALAN FOSTER**

APPOINTMENTS
8:00 BREAKFAST
12:00 LUNCH
14
ALAN FOSTER

COLLIER'S "I always underscore important appointments"

I said, "You've really bought that bill of goods, haven't you?"

"Yes. So would you, if you'd been with her."

"Just the same, she's in the middle of it. For some reason it isn't healthy for strangers to fool around with her."

Sandy shook her head. "I'm convinced that theory is all wrong, Jerry. You can take my word for it that Holly's as nice a girl as ever walked."

"Just the same, I know—" I changed my mind and let it hang there.

Sandy said, "You know what?"

"Skip it." I had started to tell her about Dave Larric. He, too, was in the middle of this thing and he was plenty interested in the fact that Sandy had started running around with Holly Hamilton. Also, he wasn't fooled about the primary reason being war work.

She must have caught the trend of my thoughts because she asked suddenly, "Who told you I was seeing Holly?"

"Little bird," I said. "About as big and as pretty as a vulture."

She said, "You shouldn't worry so much."

"Of course not. I should encourage you to lead with your chin. I shouldn't give a durn what happens to you. It just happens I can't help it."

I liked what I saw in her eyes. I went on: "You've got what you went after, Sandy. You're convinced that Holly Hamilton hasn't any idea about what's been going on or why. So why not call it a day?"

"You really want me to?"

"Positively."

"All right. Starting Thursday."

"But this is Sunday."

"She's doing a special job for me this afternoon. Singing for some wounded boys who just got back from Sicily. The where and how is a military secret, although everybody knows. I am also working with her Wednesday and Thursday. After that, we haven't any more dates, and I won't make any—although I'll feel silly."

"I'd still like it that way," I said. "At least until I know a few things that I don't know now."

Sandy left before lunch. She was eating with Holly Hamilton. She had talked about the girl all morning. Everything she said was nice. I put her in a taxi and went for a walk. I wanted to think, although I knew that thinking wasn't going to get me anywhere.

There were too many things to think about; too many circumstances that didn't dovetail and didn't make sense. The visit of Alan and Linda to the Long Island roadhouse, their relief at the death of John Mitchell, the scrapbook which must have cost a young fortune to build and which was devoted exclusively to clippings about Holly Hamilton, the fact that Zora Sherman couldn't spot any connection between Mitchell and the juvenile star and didn't believe there had been any, the interest Leo North was taking in my contact with Zora, the unexplained murder of Rex Cooper who certainly could have done nothing more violent than ask a few questions and who—according to his friends—hadn't an enemy in the world. And now the ubiquitous Dave Larric who knew too much for comfort and too little to satisfy himself.

Somewhere in that maze there was a straight line connecting cause and effect, but I was as far from seeing it as I had been when Mr. Cameron first told me about the trouble in his family.

I was a long way from being satisfied about the Alan setup. It wasn't natural that the death of an apparent stranger, who certainly wasn't a stranger, should snap them out of the depths; but that was just what it had done. I also hadn't come within a mile of getting a slant on the securities which Alan and Linda had converted into cash and which had suggested blackmail. The more I considered that angle the less I liked it.

THERE was one inescapable conclusion: That Alan and Linda stood to benefit by John Mitchell's death. And yet Mitchell had written to Linda at the time he sent her a scrapbook: "You are the one person in the world I can trust implicitly."

I grabbed a light lunch at a cafeteria. A theater in the neighborhood was showing a Holly Hamilton picture. I went to it. It was early and the house wasn't too crowded.

I didn't care for the picture. It was adolescent and saccharine, but that didn't bother me. I wanted to study the girl, to see whether—even on the screen—I might see something that Sandy had missed.

I didn't. I saw a sweet youngster with a radiant personality and a golden voice; the sort of a girl you couldn't help liking. I left the theater feeling more befuddled than ever.

I went back to the apartment. I got there about five o'clock. I went into my room, shut the door, undressed and stretched out on the bed. I turned on the radio and picked up some good music—real stuff, no jive. It came to me softly and soothingly. It made me think how happy I could be if I weren't so worried.

I let myself drift. I thought a lo about Sandy. Nice thoughts. Sentimenta thoughts. The good music ended at a quarter before six. A news broadcast came on to take its place. I got ready to listen.

But the commentator surprised me. He didn't start off with the war. His rathe unctuous voice stabbed at me and snapped me wide awake.

"I am in receipt of an important bulletin," he said. "Announcement has jus been made that less than a half hour ago the famous stage and screen star, Holly Hamilton, was murdered in her apartmen here in New York. The police are investigating. So far as is known, the only witness was Miss Andrea Cameron of this city. . . ."

I WAS in a taxi. I don't remember getting dressed or going downstairs or anything. I don't remember telling the drive to ignore the traffic laws, but I must have done it because he was zipping through red lights like nobody's business.

I sat up straight and looked at the almost empty streets. By all the rules, I should be thinking, but nothing like tha happened. I was feeling things but I wasn't thinking about them. I was feeling terrible. I was feeling scared enough to be sick.

I knew when I got to Holly Hamilton's apartment house because there was a big crowd in front of it, and a lot of cops. There were prowl cars with white tops and an ambulance and several other cars, al of which looked official. There was a lo of conversation and a lot of shoving. I joined in the shoving, after tossing a bil at the taxi driver. Two big guys wanted to know who I was pushing, but I was deeper in the crowd before they could think of what to do next.

A husky cop grabbed me and asked me who I thought I was. In a moment like this, it seemed that everybody asked silly questions. I told him I knew exactly who I was. I said I was a friend of Miss Andrea Cameron and that she was up in

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You circle around. And all at once you wish Mom and Dad were there in the stagehouse watching. Somehow it's like the time you made your first touchdown—and they were in the stands. And you felt great because you knew you had to make good—and you did.

Now, bring her down. Your instructor's watching . . . It's got to be good. Easy now. Mustn't bounce 'er around. Okay—here you go. The earth slides up smooth and easy . . . the wheels touch . . . and she's down . . . she stops rolling! Perfect! You taxi back to the stagehouse and step out of the cockpit.

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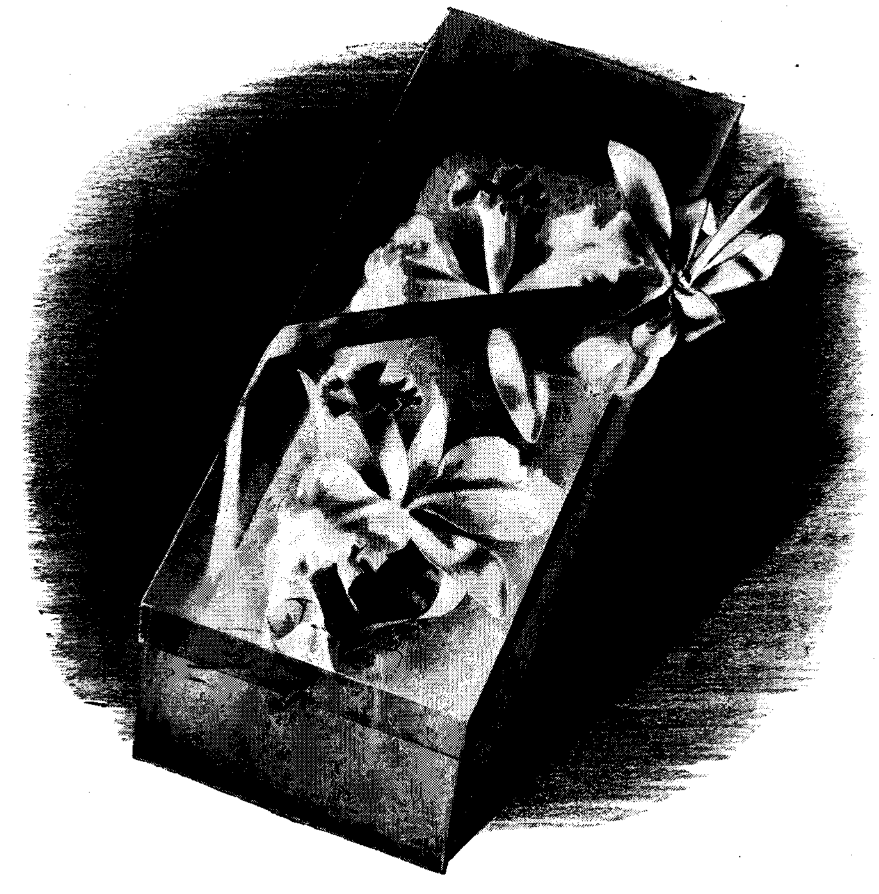

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Holly Hamilton's apartment. He said, "You tryin' to kid me?" and I said, "Would I?" I had joined in the quiz party, too. It worked. He let me through.

It wasn't a very big apartment house. Eight stories, and very new. Yellow brick with white trimmings. The lobby was full of plate glass, onyx, modernistic furniture and cops. It looked like the annual something of the New York police department. A hefty lad in uniform with three blue chevrons on his sleeve wanted to know what I was doing there. I hadn't been so long out of the Army that I'd get fresh with a sergeant. I told him enough, and he said he'd take me upstairs.

There were two elevators—nice, roomy cages, cream-colored. They were automatic, but there was a skinny old man in a house uniform running the one we were in. He looked as though he were having a good time but wished it was all over so he could talk to his friends about it.

We got off at the fourth floor. We ran smack into the rest of the police department and a covey of reporters and photographers. They swooped down on us and wanted to know who I was. I felt very important but I didn't give out any information. Maybe they'd think I was a celebrity. The sergeant who was convoying me said, "Gangway, fellers," and shoved on through. He opened another door and I was inside Holly Hamilton's apartment. I was standing in a neat little foyer and looking into the living room.

IT WAS a beautiful room, plainly and simply furnished. The stuff was expensive but didn't look that way. It was right as rain, but homey, too. Maybe a decorator had done the job, but the old feminine touch couldn't be missed. There were three big windows and just enough of everything—except that there were still too many cops.

I couldn't see much from where I was standing. Off one end of the living room was a solarium. There was a hallway. There was a dining room, the door of which was partly open. I could only guess at what the rest of the place looked like. I saw a lot of people, but I didn't see Sandy. I wondered whether the radio announcer had given out with the wrong dope.

My sergeant spoke to somebody, and that lad spoke to somebody else. A few minutes later I saw a familiar face. It belonged to a big, genial-looking gent in plain clothes. It was Detective Sergeant Fanning of the homicide squad, and I had last seen him at Rex Cooper's apartment. Two murders. Two meetings. Seemed like a habit.

He looked me over and said, "You." I admitted it.

"What you doing here?" he inquired.

I told him about listening to the radio. I told him I was a friend of Miss Cameron's. He said, "Particular friend?" and I said, "Not too particular." He said, "You trying to be funny or are you just naturally off the beam?" I said I never felt less funny in my life. I said I was scared and worried. He said, "Maybe you got a right to be." That didn't make me feel any more cheerful.

He walked into a hallway and through a door. That left me alone except for a dozen guys, all of whom were busy. There were fingerprint men and police photographers and a guy taking measurements. It reminded me of the night at Rex Cooper's little apartment—the night Rex was murdered. It made me feel very unnecessary.

A few minutes later, Fanning showed up. With him was a tight, compact little man in plain clothes. He was introduced as Detective Lieutenant Max Gold of the homicide squad. He had black hair and black eyes. He looked smaller than he was. He looked like the kind of a lad who could get as tough as a tough guy likes to think he is. He gave me a double take, and then jerked his head at Sergeant Fanning.

Fanning picked up where he had left off. He said to me, "You just heard it on the radio?"

"Yes. They said Miss Cameron was here. I'd like to see her."

"You'll see her. She's in yonder." He made a vague motion toward the other end of the apartment. He said, "You were a friend of Rex Cooper, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"You were sittin' on the stoop waitin' for him the night he was smoothed out."

"Yes."

"He'd been here, hadn't he?"

"He said he was coming here."

Fanning looked at Max Gold, and Gold looked at me. Fanning went on talking. "Now another murder happens here, and you show up. Coincidence, eh?"

I said, "I came over because Miss Cameron is here."

Fanning went on. "You know Holly Hamilton?"

"No."

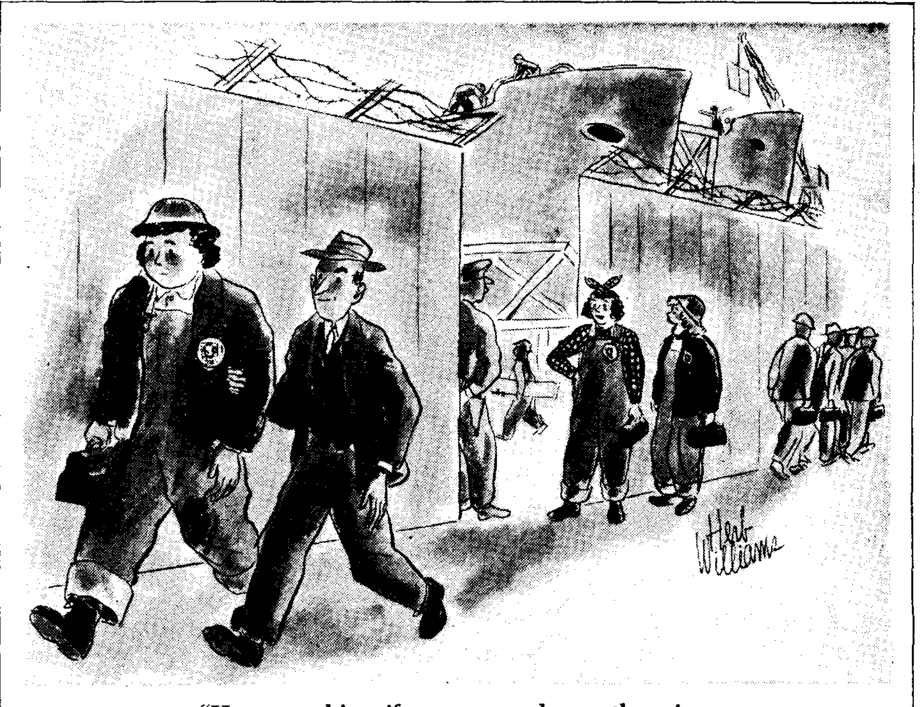
"You maybe got her autograph or something?"

"I don't go in for that sort of thing."

"By you, she ain't even a pin-up girl?"

"No."

"But you got friends that know her:



COLLIER'S

"He meets his wife every payday—otherwise she runs right down to the beauty parlor"

HERB WILLIAMS

Rex Cooper and Miss Cameron, huh?"

"Yes."

"What you know about Miss Cameron and her?"

"Nothing much. Miss Cameron works for the USO. She has been working recently with Miss Hamilton."

"Nothing more?"

"That's all I know."

Fanning turned to Max Gold. "That's all he knows, Lieutenant."

The way Max looked at me, I could see he doubted it. But he didn't say so.

I said, "May I see Miss Cameron?"

Gold nodded and turned his back. Fanning and I followed. We went down the hall and through a door. We were in a bedroom.

It was a nice bedroom. Nice and feminine. It was full of delicate ivory-colored furniture. There were dainty curtains at the windows and a lot of nifty bottles on the dressing table. It was just the kind of a room that an unspoiled, wealthy young girl would have. Except that on a light gray Chinese rug there was a dark stain.

SANDY was sitting straight up in a high-backed satin chair. She looked as though she had just shaken hands with a ghost. Her eyes were wide and bright, her body was tense, her mouth tight, and her hands clasped in her lap. I could see that she'd taken it on the chin and that with one wrong push she'd have herself a first-class case of hysterics. I handed her plenty for having missed it before this.

I grinned at her and gestured with my right hand. She gave me just the faintest suggestion of a smile. I could see her getting a fresh grip on herself. Fanning had a hand on my arm, which was a hint to stay where I was. I said, "You all right, Sandy?"

She nodded. Max Gold said, "Sandy?"

"That's her nickname, Lieutenant."

He said, "She's all right. Upset, but okay." He turned to her. "This guy living in your house, Miss Cameron?"

"Yes."

"How come?"

She told him.

"He go around with you much?"

"Yes . . ." She was twisting a filmy little handkerchief between her fingers.

"You ever introduce him to Holly Hamilton?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"My contact with her was through my USO work. It wasn't social."

"But you liked her, didn't you?"

"Certainly. I had grown very fond of her. I think she liked me."

Max said, "Tell us again what happened when you and she came in."

She started talking, but the detectives weren't looking at her. They were watching me. I didn't like that. I was afraid that they were smart, and the way things stood, I was afraid of smart cops. I concentrated on what Sandy was saying, and made like nothing else interested me.

"We came in together," she said slowly, as though she'd been over it a half-dozen times and was getting tired. "I went into the music nook. I was turning over the pages of some music which was lying on the piano. This being Sunday, the servants were off. I was alone. I heard a scream and then a shot. One shot. It sounded very loud. Then I heard a door slam. For a few seconds, I didn't do anything. Then I ran toward this room. The door was open. Holly was lying on the floor. I went over to where she was . . ."

Sandy stopped talking. Her lips started trembling and she caught the lower one between her teeth and bit down hard. I knew she was on the verge of cracking. I said, "Hasn't she been over this before? What's the idea of hammering?"

Fanning said quietly, "We thought maybe she'd remember something else—talking in front of you."

"Why should she?"

He shrugged. "Sometimes it happens that way."

Lieutenant Gold picked up his questioning. He wasn't brusque and he wasn't gentle. Just routine. He said, "You didn't see anybody, Miss Cameron?"

"No."

"Or hear a voice?"

"No. I told you . . ."

"Be patient, please. These things are important. You had been with Miss Hamilton all afternoon?"

"Yes. At Halloran Hospital on Staten Island. She had been singing for some of the wounded men in the wards. Soldiers who were too sick to leave their beds. We work with the Red Cross on that."

"Had Miss Hamilton seemed upset or nervous or apprehensive?"

"No. She was . . . oh, you know how she was. Just like she always is. Like her pictures. . . ."

"And you didn't go back to her room with her?"

"I stayed in the front room."

"You couldn't see down the hall?"

"No. You couldn't from where I was standing."

"After you found her body, why didn't you call the police instantly?"

"I didn't know she was dead. I knew something dreadful had happened, but it didn't seem possible that she had been—had been . . . Anyway, I tried to do things for her. Then when I finally realized that she wasn't breathing . . . that's when I phoned the police."

The door opened, and a man came in. He was a tall, pleasant, dignified-looking man in his middle forties. He was immaculately tailored and carried himself well. He had iron-gray hair and finely chiseled features. He addressed himself to Lieutenant Gold. He said, "Have you found anything?"

Gold shook his head. "Nothing." He turned to me. "This is Mr. Franklin, a friend of Miss Cameron's. Franklin—Mr. Stirling."

I pegged him right away. This was Holly Hamilton's guardian. I liked him. I liked the way he shook hands. I said, "I heard it on the radio and I came right over."

He said, "So did I." He looked me over. "You know Holly?"

"No, sir."

"She was . . ." He bit it off. "I'm sorry Miss Cameron has had this terrible experience."

NICE angle he was taking. He'd been handed one right on the button and he was considerate enough to be sorry for Sandy.

I said, "You haven't any hunch?"

"None. Who would want to kill a sweet young girl like that? She was like my daughter . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir. I am, really."

"I know." He gave me a brief, friendly smile. He said to the lieutenant, "There must have been some clue. This couldn't happen in broad daylight, in the middle of New York City—"

"Those are the hardest kind of cases," said Gold shortly. "They happen, and the guy gets away. If he leaves fingerprints or something, then we got a starting point. Otherwise, it's tough."

"Did you find the gun?"

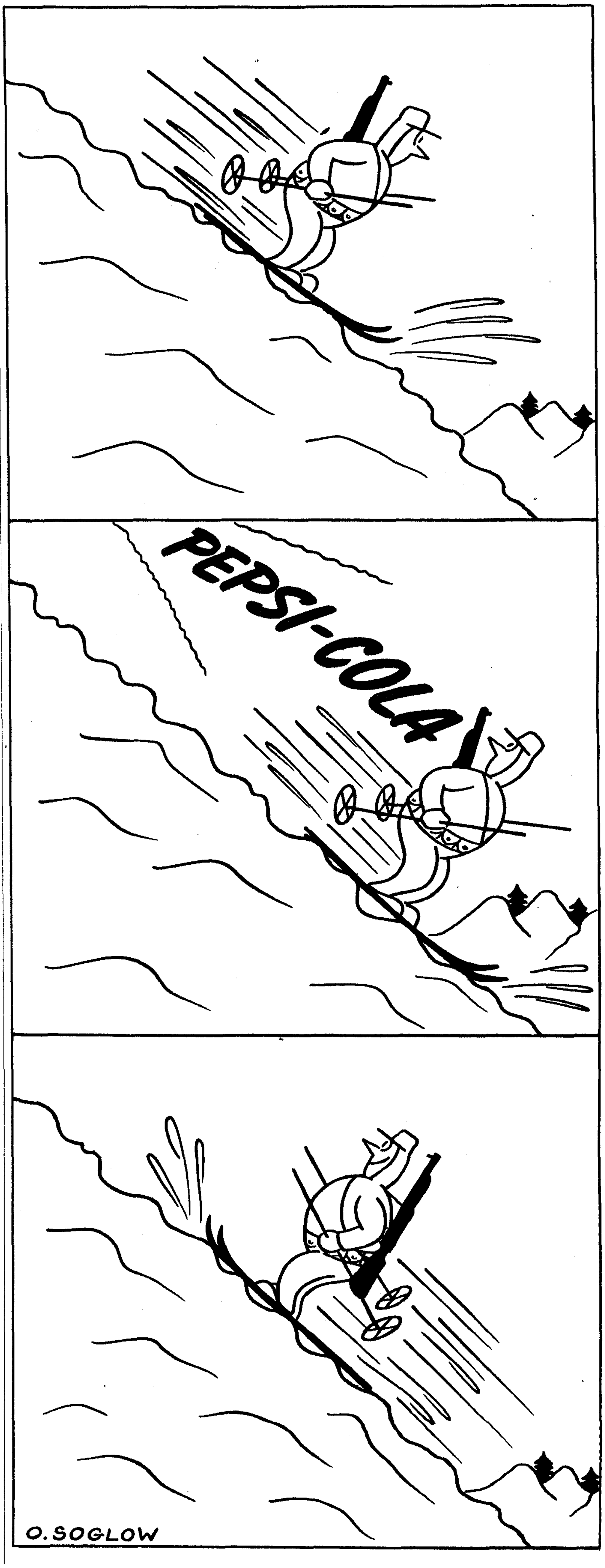
"We haven't found anything." Gold put the tips of his fingers together. "You looked around, Mr. Stirling?"

"Yes. So far as I can see, there's nothing missing. That would seem to preclude the idea of burglary."

"Uh-huh. Unless maybe he was just starting when she barged in on him."

Rufus Stirling asked, "How do you figure he got away?"

"That's a cinch. Fire stairs. Three flights. Exit into the lobby and another that they use for service and deliveries." Gold looked straight at Stirling. "If I ask



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personal questions, Mr. Stirling, you won't take it wrong?"

"Certainly not."

"Okay, then. I know Miss Hamilton was just a kid but she'd been around, too. Did she have any boy friends?"

The face of the older man tightened. "What do you mean by that?"

"Keep your shirt on. I got to ask. By boy friends, I could mean nice romance—or I could mean something else."

I could see Stirling's face turn white, but I handed him plenty on the way he answered. "You've got a right to an answer," he said in clipped words. "She was not, as far as I know, involved in any romance. She certainly had no sex involvement."

"You couldn't know for sure."

"I suppose not, but I have raised Holly since she was ten years old. If things had been going on, I might not have known what or who . . . but I *would* have known there was something. In this case, there wasn't."

Max Gold nodded. "Sorry I had to ask. But it might have been important if there had been a different answer."

The detective framed his next question carefully. "Checking out romance," he said, "there's another angle. Being on the top of the heap like she was, she must have been pestered by a lot of nuts. I don't mean autograph hounds. I mean guys writing her they was in love with her and wanting to marry her . . . that goofy stuff."

Stirling nodded. "Of course. There isn't a picture star who doesn't have the same experience."

"Could one of them . . ."

"That's possible, of course. But I don't believe it. Those people make scenes and act foolishly. But they don't do this sort of thing. And don't forget that apparently Holly was not attacked. According to Miss Cameron's story, she must have been shot almost the instant she entered her bedroom."

"Yeah. . . . So maybe it wasn't a nut."

"I'm sure it wasn't. I believe it was a planned murder."

Gold and Fanning walked into a corner together. They stood whispering for a while. Then Gold looked around. "That's all for now," he said. "You three can go. You'll probably hear from us again."

Stirling said, "May I stay?"

"Sure. . . . But you two . . ." He looked at Sandy and me.

I said, "Thanks," and walked over to Sandy's chair. I took her hand. It was cold as ice. I said, "Let's go, honey."

Fanning walked out with us. He took us down in the elevator and helped us get through the crowd which was blocking the street outside. He got a taxi for us and helped Sandy in. He was a nice guy, this Fanning.

I gave the address and we moved off. The taxi driver was talkative. He said, "I hear somebody bumped off Holly Hamilton. Imagine! A dame like that!"

I didn't encourage him. I held Sandy's hand. I looked at her. There was something going on behind her eyes that I couldn't fathom. I leaned close and whispered, "What is it?"

Her nerves were raw. She didn't even make a pretense of holding out on me. She said, "I'm frightened, Jerry."

"Of course . . ."

"Not about what I've just been through. It's something else."

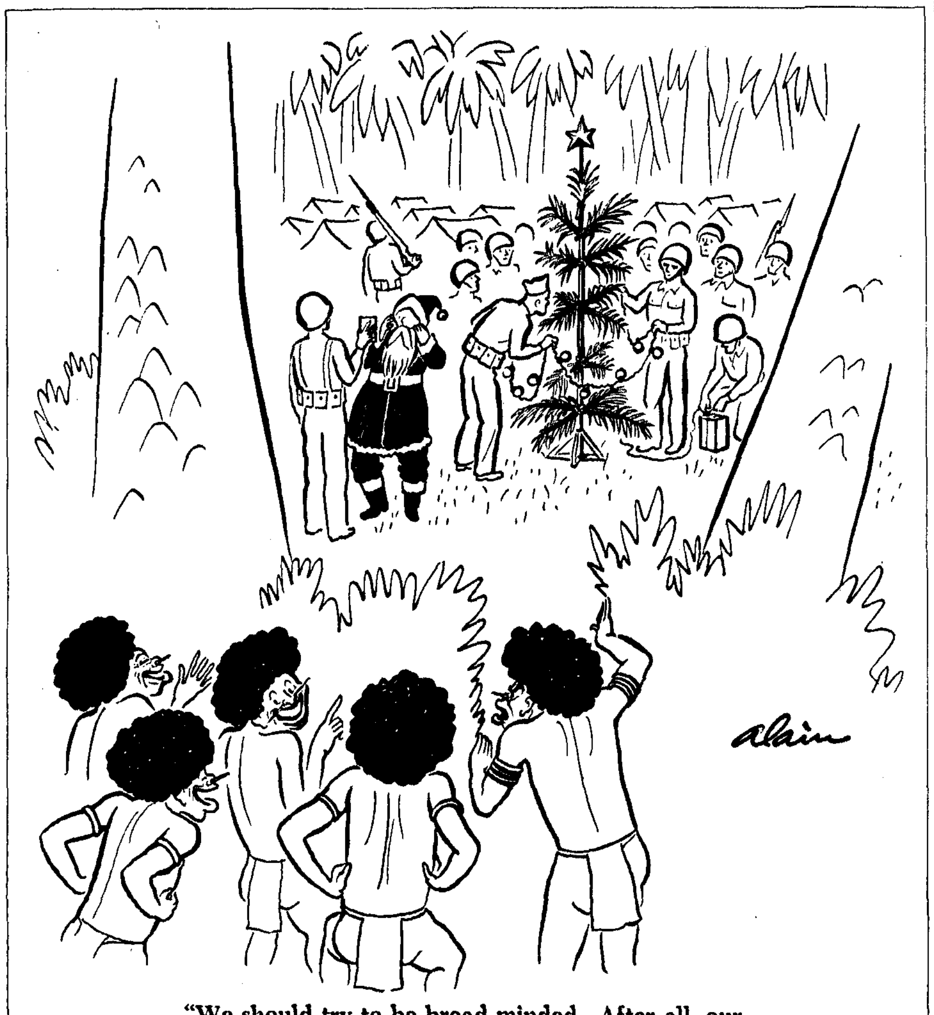
I said, "What?"

She put her lips close to my ear. She said tensely, "A horrible idea that has been sticking with me. I've been wondering whether Alan is really out of New York."

THAT night was lots of no fun. I got Sandy home before she cracked wide open. Mr. Cameron and Rita came into her room and wanted to know what was the matter. They hadn't heard about the murder of Holly Hamilton.

I told them something about what had happened and nothing at all about how I figured it might be tied up with Alan. I said that the cops had been grilling Sandy and that what she needed was a doctor with some pills to make her sleep.

Sandy protested, but Mr. Cameron called the doctor anyway. He was a nice guy—tall and bald and good-natured. He



"We should try to be broad-minded. After all, our own customs may seem just as strange to them"

COLLIER'S DANIEL ALAIN

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had a perfect bedside manner. He kidded along with Sandy for a few minutes and got a green capsule into her. She looked pretty bad. For a half-hour she was restless. Then she started to quiet down. Mr. Cameron and I left the room, and Rita stayed with Sandy. About forty minutes after that, she joined us in the living room. She said that Sandy was asleep.

What I wanted was some of the same. I wished I had asked the doc to leave one of the green capsules for me. I wanted to be knocked so cold that I wouldn't do any thinking for the next twelve hours.

The telephone started ringing. Newspapermen and cranks, but especially newspapermen. They wanted to talk to Miss Andrea Cameron. I handled the first few calls and then turned the job over to Rita. For a glamor-puss, she was doing all right. Mr. Cameron was upset. I knew that wasn't good for him, so I played the whole thing down. I let him understand that, although Sandy had been there, she hadn't actually seen anything. I asked him casually if he'd heard from Alan, and he said no. I asked if he knew when Alan would be back, and he said he understood that it wouldn't be before Tuesday. Maybe Wednesday. This was Sunday night.

Ronnie Halliday came in. He was Rita's fiancé, and he was properly excited over the front-page position Sandy had won for the family. He had a couple of the next day's morning papers with him—tabloids. Glancing at the first pages, you'd never know there was a war going on. Just Holly Hamilton stuff. Story on page 3.

I TURNED in early. I had a lovely headache. I was seeing two of Ronnie, and that was two too many. I got myself a good stiff drink and saved it until I crawled under the blanket. I knew I wouldn't be able to sleep. I was asleep in five minutes. The next thing I knew, it was morning and the sun was shining. I felt better, but not good.

At ten o'clock, Sandy still hadn't put in an appearance. Rita explained that she wasn't accustomed to anodynes, and the doctor said he'd given her a strong dose.

I loafed around in the living room, reading the morning papers. They were full of Holly Hamilton. Broadway was shocked. California was appalled. There were dozens of pictures. There wasn't much real news, though. The police, as usual, had clues. They were working on it. I had ninety cents I was willing to bet that they'd be working on it a long time. I didn't believe they knew a thing, but I was afraid they might find out.

The telephone rang, and the maid stuck her head inside the door. She said, "Fo' you, Mistuh Jerry."

I figured it was some more newspaper. But it wasn't. I said, "Hello," and heard a harsh, rasping voice. A voice I didn't like. It said, Franklin?"

"Yeah."

"Dave Larric talking."

I waited. The voice went on: "I want to see you."

I said, "I don't want to see you."

"I think you do. In fact, I'm sure of it."

I said, "What about?"

"Are you kidding? I can come over there or you can come here."

I didn't want him at the house, and he sounded like somebody who was going to see me. So I said I'd be over and wanted to know where. He said he was in his office and gave me the address. As I started out, I heard somebody moving around in Sandy's room, but I went without saying anything to her. It suited me just as well not to explain that Dave Larric had called.

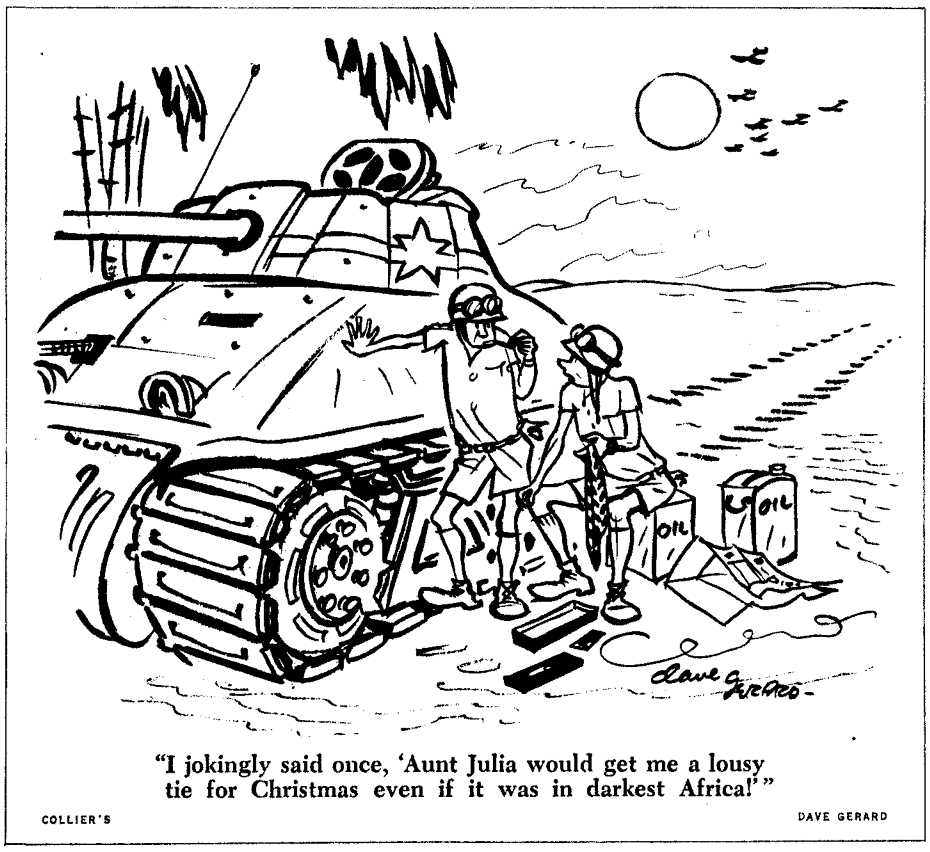
The address he gave me belonged to a building on Lexington Avenue. It wasn't an old building, but it was dingy. It had probably been dingy the day it was built. It looked as though the architects hadn't been able to make up their minds whether it was to be used for offices or lofts. There were two elevator shafts but only one elevator. The floors were of unadorned concrete. The elevator operator was a fresh kid who took me beyond my floor and then made me ride all the way to the top and back again.

I stepped out of the cage into a bleak hallway. There were a dozen doors, all looking the same. On one of the doors was the name DAVE LARRIC. Just that. I knocked and turned the knob. I went in and closed the door behind me.

Larric was sitting at his desk. It wasn't much of a desk and it wasn't much of an office, either. There was a swivel chair which he occupied. There were two other chairs and a wooden bench. There was a little stand on rollers that had a typewriter on it. There were two steel filing cabinets. On the wall was a framed license and some other kind of framed document which I couldn't make out from where I stood.

Larric had on a blue serge suit. He still looked sloppy and dangerous. He motioned toward a chair and I sat on it. He shoved a cigarette box at me, and I took a cigarette out of my own pocket. He sat down and rested his big, strong hands on the desk. He said, "You find yourself in the damnedest places, Franklin."

I didn't say anything.



"I jokingly said once, 'Aunt Julia would get me a lousy tie for Christmas even if it was in darkest Africa!'"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

AFTER a while he said, "Do you know anything about the Hamilton killing?"

"Yes," I said. "Plenty. I read all the papers."

"You're cute. What else do you know?"

"Not as much as you do."

He gave me a smile but his eyes were frosty. "Between us, then, we don't know anything."

I thought different, but there wasn't any sense saying so. Maybe I wasn't going to have any luck getting information out of Dave Larric but I didn't intend to give him any. He looked down at a letter on his desk and then up at me. He said, "I told you it wasn't healthy."

"What wasn't healthy?"

"Your gal friend palling around with Hamilton."

"Not exactly," I corrected. "You wanted to know why she was doing it, and I told you."

"That USO stuff? Don't give me that."

"It's what I believe."

"Then you're dumb. Also you're lucky."

I asked why I was lucky. He said, "Did it ever occur to you that maybe the guy who shot Holly Hamilton wasn't really after her at all?"

"No. Because who . . ."

"Don't keep on acting sappy. It ain't becoming. Maybe he was after Andrea Cameron."

I gulped. I tried not to show that the idea seemed less than impossible. I said, "Why would anybody want to kill her?"

"Why would anyone want to kill Rex Cooper?"

"I don't know that, either."

"Cooper and Miss Cameron had two things in common." Larric's voice was flat. "One: They're both friends of yours. Two: They both made it a point to seek Holly Hamilton."

"So what?"

"So I start thinking from there. Everywhere I turn, I find you. For a guy that's been out of circulation for two years, you get around. I'll make you a proposition."

"Shoot."

"You tell me everything you know, and I'll tell you what I know. How's about it?"

"No sale."

"You got a reason?"

"Yes. I don't know anything about you, and I'm not crazy about what I can guess. If I decide to talk, it will be to the police."

"That," he said, "is just why I know you won't. If you hadn't been covering for somebody, you'd have gone to the cops the day after you stumbled over John Mitchell's body. Of course, you might have done it yourself. . . ."

"That's possible. I was there."

"Smart, huh? Right now you'd like me to think maybe you did. What I'm offering is to come over and play in your back yard. You'd like me if you got to know me better."

"I'd rather not take the chance."

"You admit you're holding out."

"I don't admit one single thing."

He asked abruptly, "How's the scrapbook?"

"What scrapbook?"

"The Holly Hamilton one. The one you've got."

"Not so good," I said. "I haven't got it, never did have it, and don't want it."

"If I didn't want to avoid tangling with you again, I'd call you a liar. As it is, I only think it."

I got up. Larric's eyes were steady and dangerous. I smiled and backed toward the door. "Lovely visit," I said. "Neither of us got anywhere."

I went out. The fresh kid took me down in the elevator. I stepped out on Lexington Avenue and breathed a lot of fresh air. I didn't like Dave Larric but that wasn't the important thing. What *was* important was that he scared me. He knew a lot and suspected a lot more. He wasn't the kind of lad you could afford to kid around with . . . not if you were trying to protect someone.

The time had come for me to do something. I hadn't got halfway to first base on what I'd been trying, so it looked like my cue to tackle something else. So far I'd found myself in the vicinity of three murders. I didn't know how far the epidemic might spread.

I telephoned the house. Rita answered and said that Sandy had gone out, she didn't know where. She also didn't know when Sandy would be back. Yes, she had been looking and feeling better.

I telephoned USO and got nowhere. I drifted into a cafeteria and grabbed myself a trayful of lunch. I drank two cups of coffee. I never got over being grateful that coffee rationing had ended.

After lunch I tried the house again. Sandy was still out. I decided to visit Zora Sherman. Maybe she'd have an idea. I didn't really think she would and I didn't believe she'd spill it to me if she did. But it was something to do.

I WALKED over to her place and used the house phone. She recognized my voice even before I gave the name. She told me to come right up.

She still looked good, if you like that type. Me, I don't go in for exotic dames, but I could understand that John Mitchell could have found her exciting.

She looked better than I remembered her. Not more beautiful, but better. The hurt, dazed look had gone out of her midnight eyes. She was a shade friendlier. She asked me into the sitting room, took my hat and coat and asked whether I wanted a drink. I said no, and she said she'd fix one anyway. It was probably the only gesture of hospitality she knew how to make.

I walked around the room while she was in the kitchenette rattling ice trays. I gave a brief salute to the nude lady with the urn on her shoulder. I glanced at a couple of magazines on the coffee table. I went over to a bookcase that was backed against the wall. I was mildly curious about the sort of reading matter Miss Sherman might go for.

I got to the bookcase, but I didn't look at the books. I looked at something else—something I didn't like, something that gave me a shock.

On the top of the bookcase was the red, white and green kerchief I had bought in Tunis for Sandy. I picked it up and examined it to make sure.

There wasn't a doubt. There couldn't be two like it in the States. It was cheap and tawdry and had been bought as a gag. But it was lying on top of Zora's bookcase and it told me a story.

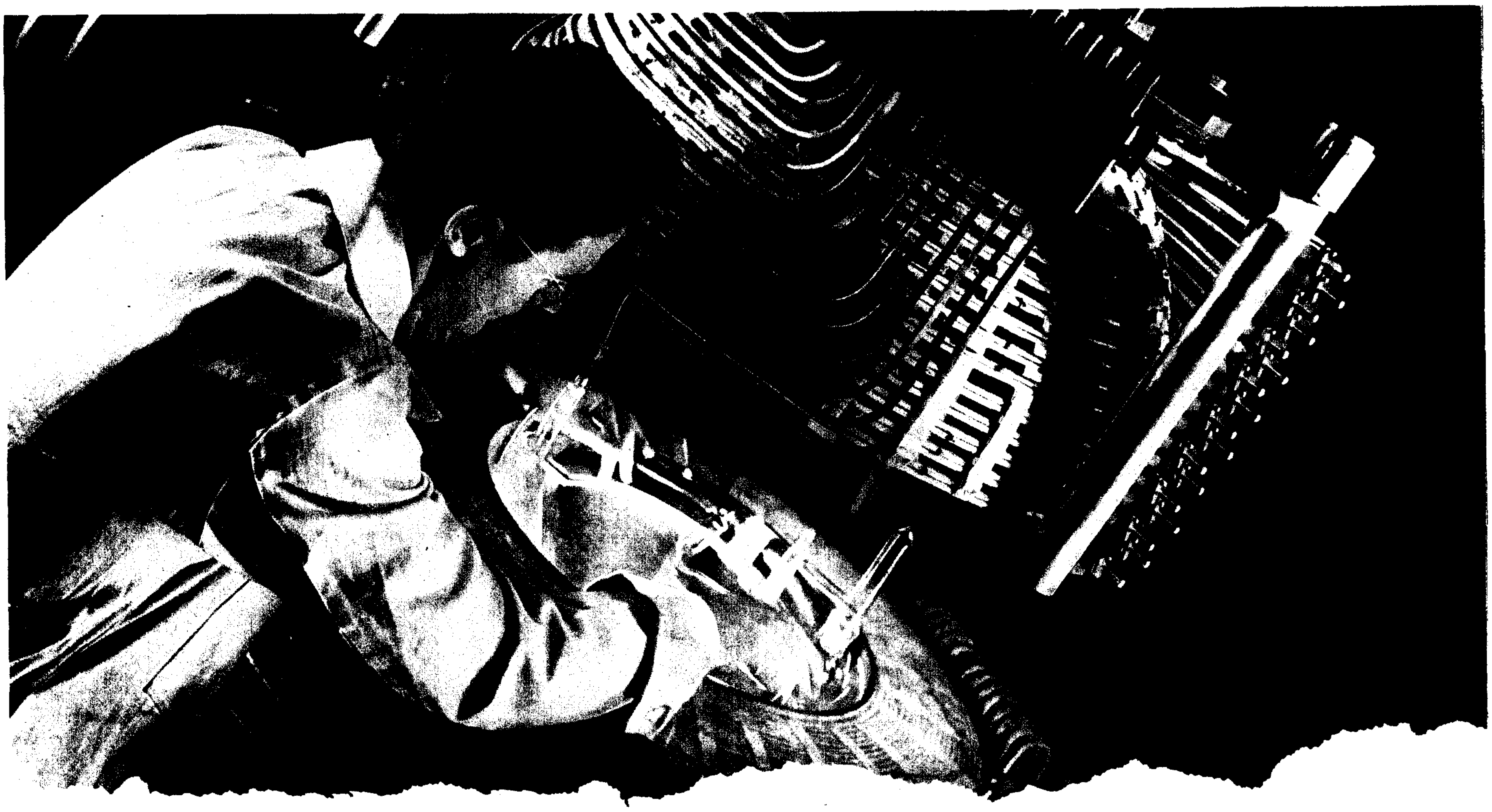
It meant that Sandy had been there. It meant that once again she had been leading with her chin. It meant that I wasn't interested in Zora any more. What I wanted was to get back to Sandy and shake her. I wanted to hammer some sense into that head of hers.

Zora came back with a drink. I sipped it; no more than that. I had put Sandy's kerchief in my pocket. I wanted proof to confront her with. I talked with Zora maybe ten minutes. I didn't say anything important, and neither did she. I wanted out and I got it as soon as I could.

Sandy was home when I got there. I grabbed her by the arm and took her into my room. I closed the door and started telling her what I thought of her. I didn't pull any punches. She listened for a while and then asked what was wrong.

I said, "You went to see Zora Sherman this morning."

She took it in stride. She said, "Yes. Of



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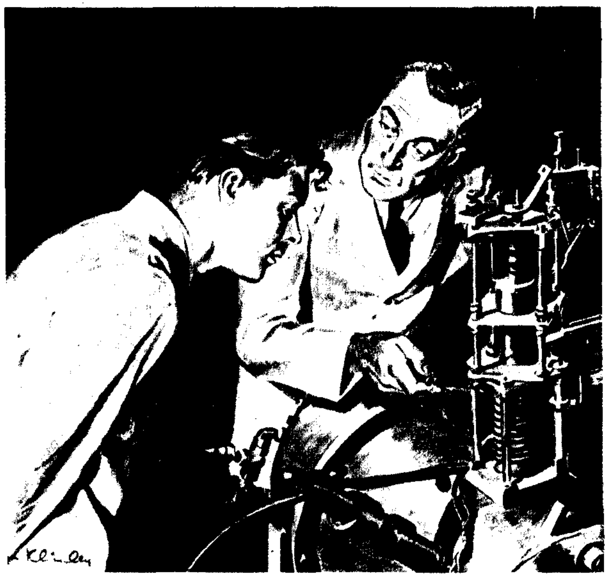

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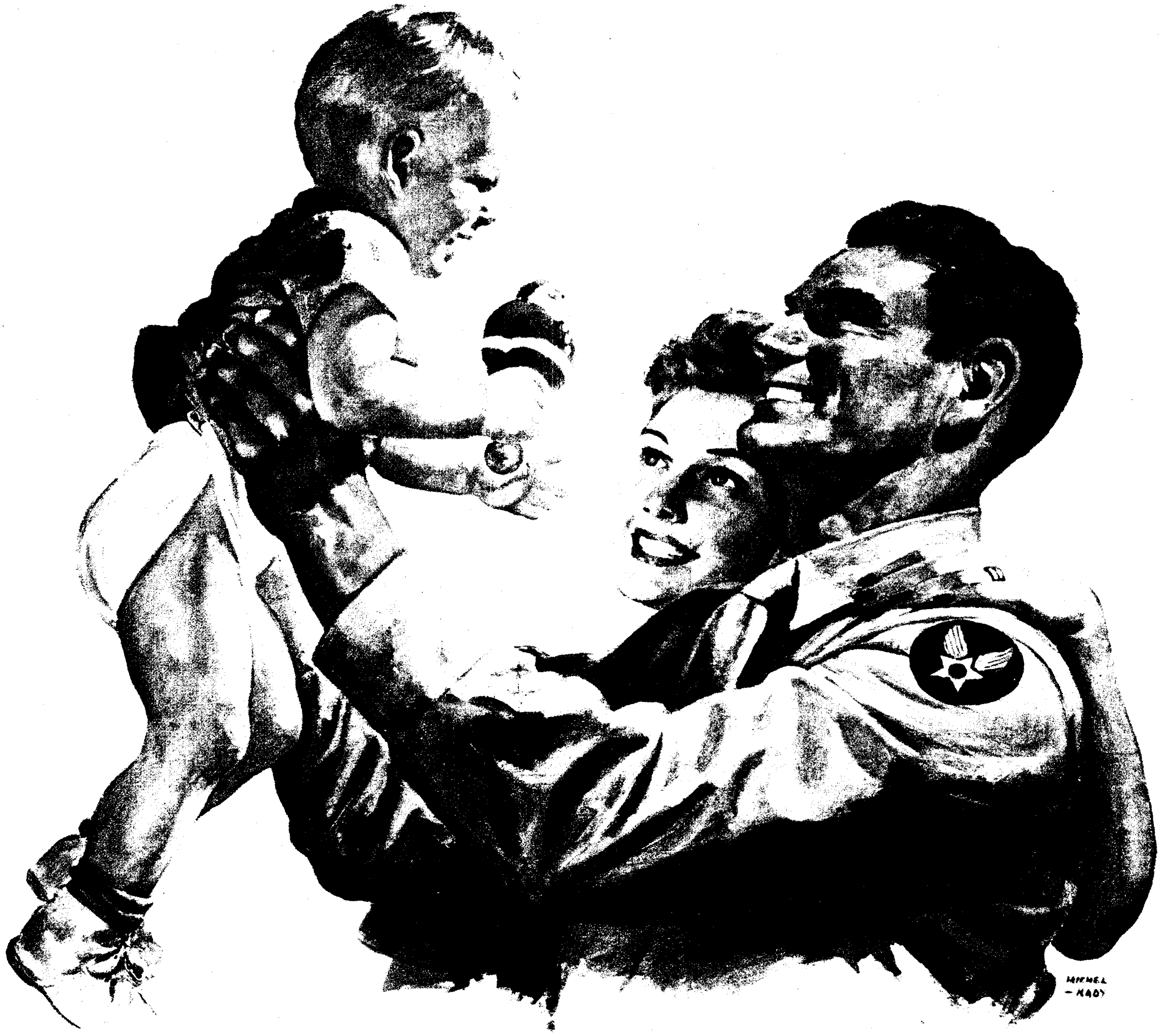

Reunion in America

. . . that's one thing we're working and fighting for!

Christmas furlough, 1943 . . . a little fellow he's never seen . . . such a lot of living to be crowded into precious days, then off again.

Ask this man, *any* man, what he's fighting for.

Ask Joe, who's done "bomb-sight-seeing" over Berlin; or Tom, who found good hunting among the cold rocks on Attu; or Pete, who can tell of bullet-spitting trees on Guadalcanal; or Al, who took his South Seas cruise in a rubber raft. They know the answers.

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It's what the thousands of men and women of North American Aviation are fighting for too—fighting for by turning out ever-more and ever-better Mitchell bombers, Mustang fighters, Texan combat trainers . . . planes to make the job of our fighting men easier, safer . . . to bring the men home sooner.

Home—not for Christmas furlough—but for a reunion in America that will have no ending.

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North American Aviation *Sets the Pace!*

course I did. What's wrong with that?"

No denial. No argument. Just a calm admission that she had been there. I started to say a few things. I got halfway through before she commenced to smile. She said, "You're worried about me, Jerry. I love it."

I said, "You haven't got an ounce of sense. I ought to shake you. Like this!"

I put my hands on her shoulders. I started to shake her. She didn't say a word. She didn't resist. Then all of a sudden I stopped shaking her. I folded her up and held her close. Her lips were warm and responsive. It didn't seem like Sandy at all, but it was wonderful.

I let her go suddenly. I said, "That's how it is, Sandy."

There was only one thing I could do under the circumstances.

I kissed her again.

LATER Monday night, I took Sandy out for a walk. I wanted to talk to her and I wanted it to be dark.

I wanted to talk about dead people and live people—about Holly Hamilton and John Mitchell and Rex Cooper and Alan and Linda and Zora Sherman and Dave Larric. I wanted to talk about Sandy. Most particularly I wanted to talk about Sandy.

I felt funny strolling in the Park with her. I had felt funny ever since our clinch a couple of hours before. I was still thinking about it and still walking on my heels. If we happened to be holding hands, that wasn't anything Central Park hadn't seen before. I said, "Zora Sherman asked you to go to her apartment?"

She nodded, and I asked, "What did she want?"

"The Holly Hamilton thing had upset her. She wanted to talk about it."

"What kind of way?"

"That's the odd thing about it, Jerry. I think she was just trying to find out things. She knew I had been there and she asked questions."

"Did you answer them?"

"Sort of. I don't know many answers. I told her I was in another room. I told her I hadn't seen anybody."

"Did she mention John Mitchell?"

"Yes.... She must have loved him a lot."

"She did."

We walked on for maybe two hundred yards more. We found a bench and sat down. I wanted to put my arm around Sandy and started to do it. I changed my mind. I grabbed her hand again. She sat there and waited. Nothing happened. After a while I said, "The time has come."

"For what?"

"The police. This thing has got too deep and too messy for us."

She nodded.

"Things have been breaking fast," I went on. "So fast that we really haven't had time to add them up. That's what I was doing a little while ago. I feel bad about it—"

"About what?"

"Falling down on the job. Your father brought me in to find out what was eating on Alan, and to straighten it out if I could. I haven't been a sensational success."

"It wasn't your fault."

"Skip it. I've got ideas. Do you know definitely when Alan will be back from Albany?"

"I think so. He telephoned Dad this afternoon. They'll be back Wednesday."

I said, "Day after tomorrow is too far away. I'm going to Albany."

"Why?"

"To talk to Alan. I've made up my mind that the cops have got to know what I know. I've probably played it all wrong, anyway; but there isn't any law that says I can't stop being foolish sometime. So, having decided that, I figured it was only fair to see Alan first. I'll tell him what I know and what I intend to do. That gives him a chance."

"For what?"

"To tell me whatever he wants to tell. To keep on going if that's the way he sees it."

Her eyes were startled. "You mean . . ."

"I don't know what I mean, honey. Alan was there the night John Mitchell was killed. There was a tie-up somewhere. He and Linda have the scrapbook. They're glad Mitchell is dead. What happened that night started lots of other things. I'm getting afraid of those things."

She said quietly, "You're afraid for me, aren't you?"

"Haven't I got a right to be? Can I help it if I don't want you pushed around? Anyway, the idea of catching Alan in Albany isn't as nutsy as it sounds. Maybe he'll want to come back with me and maybe he won't. He'll have to play it his own way. But at least he'll know what's about to happen. Can you think of a better plan?"

She was silent for a while and then she shook her head. "No, I can't," she said. "When are you going?"

"Tomorrow morning. There's a train at nine. If I can't get a seat on it, there's another at nine-twenty. I'll be back tomorrow night probably."

She said, "I'm going with you."

"Why?"

"Alan's your friend but he's my brother. If he's going to talk—or make a decision—I'd like to be there. I think I have a right."

"You won't tell anybody we're going?"

"No. We'll leave the apartment separately. We'll meet at Grand Central. If we need toothbrushes we'll buy them in Albany. I think I'm going to like it—for a little while, anyway."

I said, "You're a nice girl."

"Thanks. Do you mind doing me a favor?"

"Of course . . ."

"Kiss me."

I did the job as well as I could. It was nice. It took a long time. She pulled away finally, straightened her hat, got up and started off. I caught up with her. She said, "Thanks," and I said, "Always glad to oblige." After a while I found her hand. I said, "You know what I'd like?"

"What?"

"I'd like there to come a time when there'd be nothing to do but that."

Her fingers tightened in mine but she didn't say anything.

I SET the electric clock in my room for 7:30. While it was still ringing and I was sitting up in bed wondering how it got to be Tuesday morning so quick, I heard another clock sounding off in Sandy's room.

I got dressed in a hurry and pussyfooted into the kitchen. I was messing around with a coffee percolator when Sandy showed up. She was all dressed to go except for hat and coat. She did things to the percolator, set it on the stove and vanished. By the time she came back, the percolator was singing and the kitchen was full of that most delicious morning aroma in the world.

We had two cups of coffee and one cigarette each. At ten after eight I started out. "Information booth, Grand Central," I said. "I'll have the tickets."

Morning, afternoon or night makes no difference these days at Grand Central. It always looks like bargain day. Millions of people going somewhere. All kinds of uniforms. All kinds of looking people.

I saw Sandy milling around the information booth. I couldn't give up my place in line, not if I expected to make the nine-o'clock train. She finally found me. I was lucky enough to get two seats, and we shoved through the gates with nothing to spare.

A railroad trip is always exciting to me. This was more exciting than usual because Sandy was alongside, and I was just beginning to know her. We looked at all the dingy buildings along upper Park

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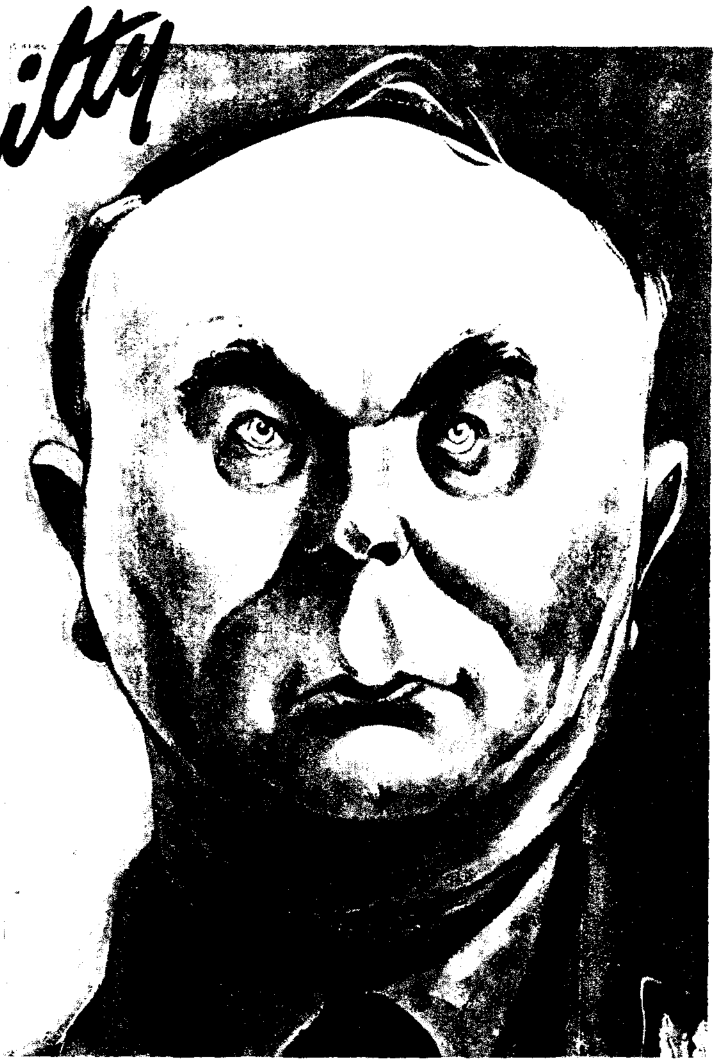


ARTHUR GREISER

XXI

ADOLF HITLER plunged into mud even deeper than usual when he picked Arthur Greiser to be *Reichstatthalter* of the so-called Wartheland, a Nazi province created by joining the Poznan district with part of southern Poland. The operator of a sight-seeing motorboat in Danzig, Greiser's real occupation was the leadership of a gang of underworld hoodlums that robbed and terrorized Polish citizens, now and then killing a Jew. A foul-mouthed illiterate, both the man and his tactics were admired by the Fuehrer. When a fake election turned Danzig over to Nazi control, orders from Berlin elevated Greiser to the presidency of the Senate, where his antics and obscenities disgusted even the German population. Once appearing before the League of Nations in Geneva, the gangster spat at the correspondents, thumbed his nose at the delegates, and bawled "Heil Hitler" in Anthony Eden's face.

After the conquest of Poland, Hitler personally selected Greiser as best fitted to "Germanize" the whole Poznan area, and the new *Reichstatthalter* lost no time in justifying his choice. A first act was to give every farmer in the Wartheland fifteen minutes to get out of his home, taking only what could be carried in the hands, and leaving everything else for the German colonists that were to come. The same course was followed in the cities, Greiser and his mob confiscating banks, stores and residences. Women in labor were dumped into streets and fields, cripples were kicked out of their wheel chairs, and little children, separated from their parents, died by the hundreds from cold and hunger.

Agricultural and industrial workers, herded into freight cars, were sent to labor camps, while other trains, loaded with the aged and infirm, were halted in wintry forests, and the helpless travelers kicked out into the snow with instructions to "follow their noses." Young women and girls were driven into brothels for the use of Storm Troopers, and Polish "intellectuals," in a steady stream, were placed before firing squads or else bayoneted as they resisted arrest in their homes. Greiser's men, like hounds, hunted in town and country, throwing hand grenades into cellars and thickets where wretched fugitives might be hiding.

Nazi moderates, pointing out that there would not be enough German colonists to till the fields, urged that some Poles be left on the land, but Greiser jeered at them as mollycoddles. What he proposed was extermination except for a certain number to serve as "slaves and pleasure women." The breeding of Poles, he declared, would be halted by sterilization, and such children as were too young for the labor camps would be sent to the Reich to be reared as Germans. That is, of course, if they were sturdy and fair-haired. As for idle acres, such land as could not be cultivated by Nazi colonists would be turned into forest or even desert.

Liquidating an entire population, however, is not a quick or easy task, for the days and nights are just so long. In four years Greiser has only been able to kill and deport to the extent of a million, and as many more remain. What he has done, therefore, is to call starvation and disease to his aid. All foodstuffs are under his control, and rationing has been reduced to a point where it is below subsistence level. Worse still, Poles are denied the medicines and medical care made necessary by malnutrition, filth and exposure.

A degenerate himself, Greiser has taken keenest delight in a carefully planned campaign to deprave Polish youth. Only Doctor Goebbels' filthy films are shown in the motion-picture houses, and pornographic magazines are given free distribution. Hundreds of supply depots sell German alcohol at prices lower than that charged for bread, and Polish boys who possess "entrance tickets" for German-operated saloons and gambling houses have the right to stay out after curfew.

And still Arthur Greiser is not a happy man, for all of his savagery has failed to break the spirit of the Poles. For example, every statue of every Polish patriot has been torn down, but the fools persist in putting flowers on the vacant pediments. Storm Troopers club them and jail them, but when one crowd has been dispersed, another takes its place. But although unhappy, the *Reichstatthalter* is not discouraged. Extermination is what he has decreed and, by Woden, he means to make good. Remember him. G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

Avenue and thought they were wonderful. We finally swung out alongside the Hudson and agreed that it was the most beautiful sight in the world. Without saying anything, we agreed not to talk ourselves into any headaches. What little conversation we had was silly and inconsequential and wonderful. It was about us and was very vague but we seemed to be in that kind of mood.

We got to Albany about noon. We perched on stools at a lunch counter and ate lightly. Sandy said, "What now?"

I took her into the waiting room and found a seat for her. I said, "I'm going to start telephoning hotels. As soon as I locate Alan, I'll pick you up."

"Better not mention that I'm here. He might not like it."

I went to the newsstand and bought a fistful of nickels. Then I went into a huddle with a telephone directory.

First attempt, no dice. Second attempt, the hotel operator said she'd connect me with Mr. Cameron's suite. I sighed with relief. I'd have felt pretty silly coming up to Albany and then missing him.

A WOMAN answered the phone. That gave me a shock until she explained that she had been engaged by Mrs. Cameron to look after the baby for a few hours. I asked whether she knew where they were and she said, oh, yes, they had given her the number in case anything went wrong with the kid. I said I was a friend of Alan's, and she gave me the number. She asked my name, but I started jiggling the hook and yelling into the mouthpiece as though something had gone wrong with the connection. I cut off and called the number she had given me.

A sweet, elderly voice answered my call. I talked carefully. I asked whose residence this was, and she said it was the home of the Reverend Micah Jordan. I said I was sorry; there was a mistake. Then I looked up the reverend in the book and jotted down his address. I went back to Sandy and reported.

She said, "Shall we?" and I said, "Why not? We don't know when they'll get back to the hotel, and what we want to talk about is certainly as important as anything they've got on their minds."

We took a taxi. We rolled into a nice residential section. Some beautiful homes, some not so beautiful and some that were just houses. I told the driver to stop at the corner. I paid him off and let him go.

We found the house easily enough. It was an old-fashioned frame building, set back of a nice front yard and protected by two trees which were bare now, but which were probably beautiful in summer. There was a fence and a gate, and a walkway leading up to a front porch. The porch spanned the house and there were two windows on either side of the door. Sandy and I went through the gate and up the walk, but, just as we got to the porch, I put my hand on Sandy's arm and held her. I pulled her toward the right, pointed in through the window and said, "Look."

We were looking into a nice, comfortable, homey parlor. The neat window drapes were pulled back so that we had a clear view. There were five people in the room. One was an elderly gentleman in clerical garb who was obviously the Reverend Micah Jordan. The second was an old lady who was probably his wife. The third was a woman who looked like a servant.

The other two were Alan and Linda.

But that wasn't what held us, that wasn't what caused Sandy to grow tense and to whisper, "Good Lord! What's happening?"

Alan and Linda had their backs to the front window. The minister was facing them and he was holding a little black book in his hands. Mrs. Jordan was beaming. Words were being said by the reverend, and Linda and Alan were answering.

Sandy said incredulously, "Jerry! They are going through a marriage ceremony!"

I squeezed her arm. The scene in the parlor was the most bewildering item in a thoroughly fantastic pattern, but there it was.

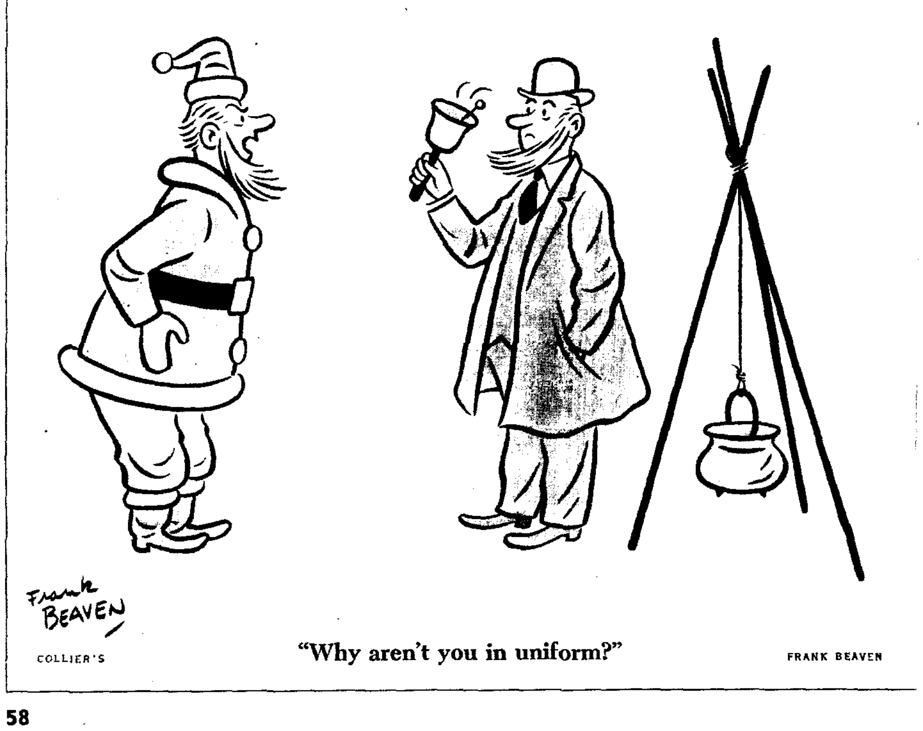
The minister stopped talking. Alan produced a ring and slipped it on the fourth finger of his wife's left hand. The Reverend Micah Jordan said something which must have been, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Alan took Linda in his arms and kissed her. The minister and his wife shook hands with the young couple. Alan slipped an envelope into the minister's hand. I clutched Sandy, and we went down the walk and through the gate as fast as we could go. We didn't slow down until we'd got to the corner.

What we had seen was absurd and impossible, but we had seen it. We boarded a crowded bus and headed for the center of town.

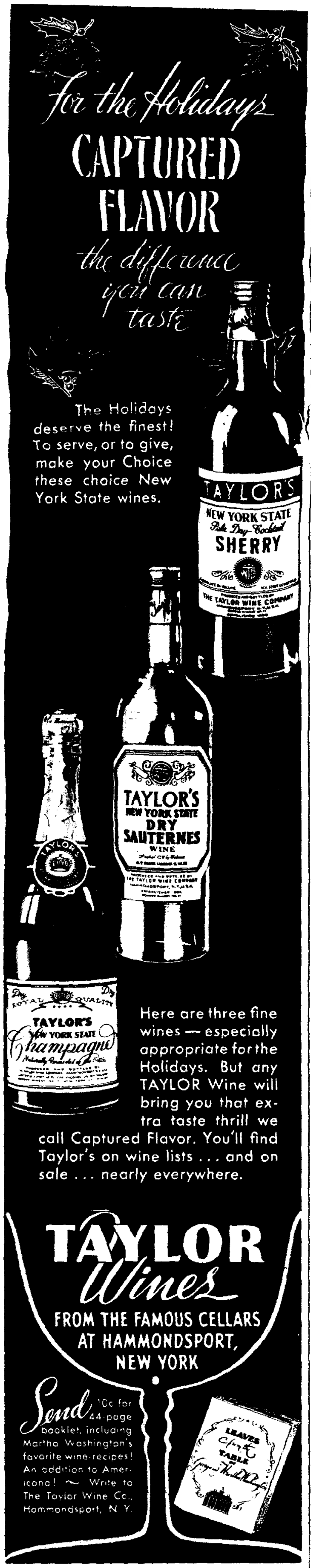
We still couldn't adjust ourselves. Sandy said, "But it's ridiculous, Jerry. They were married two years ago. It was a big wedding. I was there."

I said, "I don't get it, either. It makes less than no sense."

We talked a lot more but we didn't say



COLLIER'S "Why aren't you in uniform?" FRANK BEAVEN



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anything. No matter where we started we came back to the same words: The idea of Alan and Linda getting married was ridiculous. They'd been married a long time ago. They had a six-months-old son at the hotel.

I went to the license bureau and made a few inquiries. I came back and reported to Sandy. "They applied for the license Saturday," I said. "Went through all the routine. License was issued this morning. It was made out to Alan Cameron and Linda Wallace Lomax."

I checked a little further. I telephoned the residence of the Reverend Micah Jordan and asked whether Mr. Cameron had left yet. The rever[illegible] said yes, he had. I made like I was disappointed and said I was sorry I had missed the wedding. He said, "I'm sorry, [illegible] no, sir. It was a lovely wedding. Such nice young folks and so much in love. May I have your name, sir?" I didn't give him my name. I cut off. I turned to a bewildered Sandy. I said, "I have a hunch we'd better not talk to Alan right now."

"What should we do?"

"Go back to [illegible] York. For some in[illegible] and Linda came up [illegible] through a second marriage ceremony. [illegible] that they've done it, they'll probably go home. It would be better to talk to them there."

"Why?"

"I want to find out whether their New York marriage was legal—whether all the proper steps were taken. Then we can really start asking questions that Alan will have to answer."

The afternoon was getting on. From the station we telephoned the hotel. I wanted to be sure that Alan hadn't already checked out. I didn't want him to run into us on the train.

It was dark when we rolled out of Albany. Sandy said, "What do you make of it, Jerry?"

I shook my head. "I haven't the faintest idea," I admitted. "But I can't help believing that the answer to the puzzle is tied up in what we just saw."

WEDNESDAY morning I went downtown. I got back shortly before noon and dragged Sandy off into a corner. I said, "Last night we were selling theories to each other at a dime a dozen. Now we can start all over again."

"What did you find out?"

"Your brother and Linda were married legally in New York two years ago. Everything in the groove: medical certificate, license, the works. You were at the wedding. You saw the ceremony, and so did everybody else. The only way it adds up is that they are now the most thoroughly married couple in New York."

She said, "What do we do?"

"We stick around and keep our fingers crossed. We hope that Alan and Linda will show up this afternoon or, at the latest, tomorrow."

"And if they don't?"

"We start worrying all over again."

She said slowly, "And when they do get here . . ."

"You and I are going to talk to the pair of them. We're going to tell them what we know. Then we'll listen."

"Suppose Alan won't talk?"

"He's got to, honey. This has stopped being a case for amateurs."

Rita joined us at lunch. She seemed to know the score about Sandy and me. She was acting haughty rather than passionate.

I was getting so I could look at her without going blind. I was drawing comparisons that were all in favor of Sandy. As a matter of fact, I was letting myself get utterly sappy about the younger daughter. It was lots of fun.

Rita went shopping right after lunch. Sandy and I listened to a news broadcast and then sat on the couch together. There were so many things to talk about that we didn't talk at all. We sat holding hands like a couple of kids just home from high school. At two o'clock, a key sounded in the lock of the front door, and Alan came in with his family.

We greeted them in the hall. They didn't look tired or worried. They looked like they thought the world was one swell place to live in. They took the baby into the room and a few minutes later Alan joined us while Linda got the kid cribbed down for a siesta.

After a while Linda came in. Sandy wanted to know whether they were hungry, and they said they had eaten on the train coming down from Albany. I said, "How's about you two [illegible] visiting in my room a while? I got something I want to discuss with you."

They looked at each other and then at us. Alan winked broadly at his wife, the one he had married for the second time yesterday. They looked at Sandy again. It was obvious that they had guessed something—and even more obvious that they didn't connect the [illegible]ng with themselves.

We got into the room. [illegible] shoved out some chairs, closed the door. Passed cigarettes around and began to feel embarrassed. I was on the threshold of something and I couldn't guess whether or not I was going to like it.

I made a little speech. It was a silly thing, with a lot of flowery words scattered through it. It was all about friendship and loyalty. Neither Alan nor Linda seemed to enjoy it. They glanced at each other, and I thought I detected an exchange of silent warnings. My oratory petered out. I said finally, "We've got to talk things over. We've got to be honest."

"Yes?" Alan waited. He was cautious, like a boxer meeting a tough opponent in the center of the ring.

I said, "Things have been happening. I'm afraid if we don't do something, they'll keep on happening."

Alan asked, "What kind of things?"

"Murders."

Alan waited.

I made a fresh start. "I'm butting in, kid. Sure, I am. Believe me, I didn't ask for it, and I don't like it."

"What's on your mind, Jerry?"

He wasn't hostile but he didn't show any symptoms of co-operation, either. I realized I had to hit hard and quick. I said, "I followed you and Linda out to Palmtree Inn one night not so long ago."

Linda's cheeks turned white. Otherwise she gave no sign of being frightened. Alan was still sparring. I could see that he didn't intend to tell me a thing—unless I made him do it.

I said, "I found the dead body of a man out there. A man named John Mitchell."

Alan asked, "What else did you see?"

"Meaning, did I see you and Linda? The answer is no."

"Then how do you know we were there?"

"You started for there. You had an appointment. You could have been there and left before I arrived. I wish you could prove different."

"Perhaps we can't," said Alan. "Go ahead."

"I didn't shove into this of my own accord, Alan, believe me. Your dad asked me to. He knew something was wrong and he thought it would be simple. He figured you were in some sort of jam—the kind of thing you might spill to a friend where you'd be embarrassed talking to your father. I tried you a couple of times, and you shut the door."

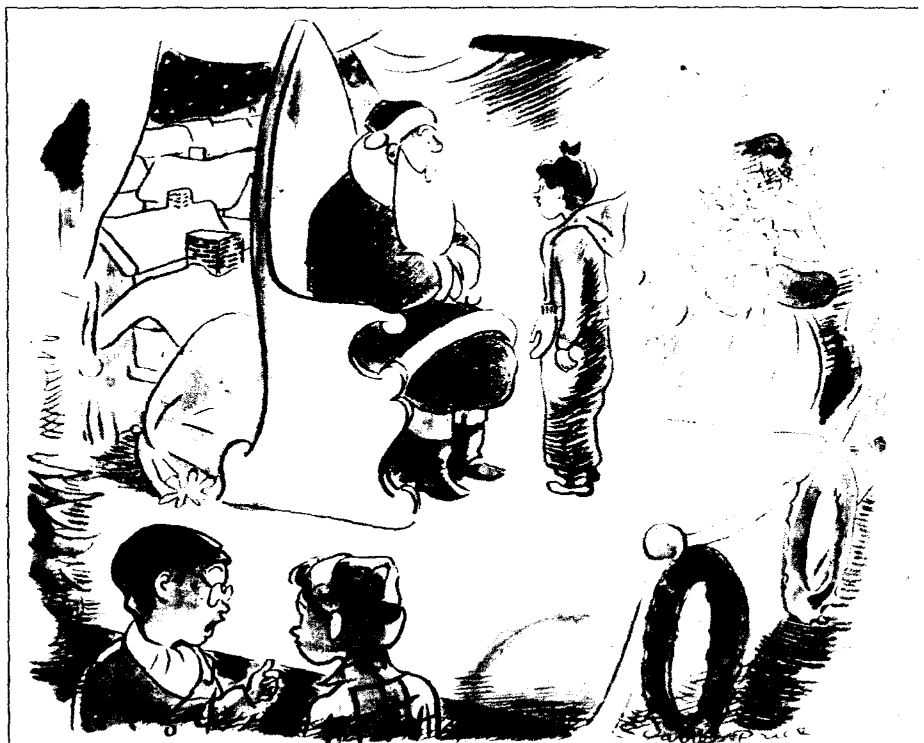
"You said it's still shut, Jerry." that's how it is. [illegible] hate it, feller, but [illegible]much not to [illegible] know more."

ALAN started to say something and [illegible] changed his mind. Linda took the play away from him. Her voice wasn't quite steady but her words were direct enough. She asked, "How much do you know, Jerry?"

"I know what I've told you so far. Unless you can prove different, I've got to believe you were there. I know that you and Alan were raising money. Cash. Somewhere between twenty and thirty thousand dollars. I know that if you'd needed that money for something legitimate, Alan would have asked his father for it. The reason he didn't was because he didn't want to do any explaining. I know that the morning after John Mitchell was killed, you received a scrapbook from him—a book full of clippings about Holly Hamilton. That book was mailed to you, Linda, the day before. I saw the note that was in it."

Alan was on his feet. He was good and mad. He started to say things but I stopped him. "Keep your shirt on, kid. I wasn't doing this because I wanted to."

Sandy said quietly, "Jerry almost got killed that night, Alan. He was found near Mitchell's body. He had every reason to think they suspected him of the killing. But he kept his mouth shut. It would



COLLIER'S

"All he did was give me a sob story about red tape, bungling and a shortage of help"

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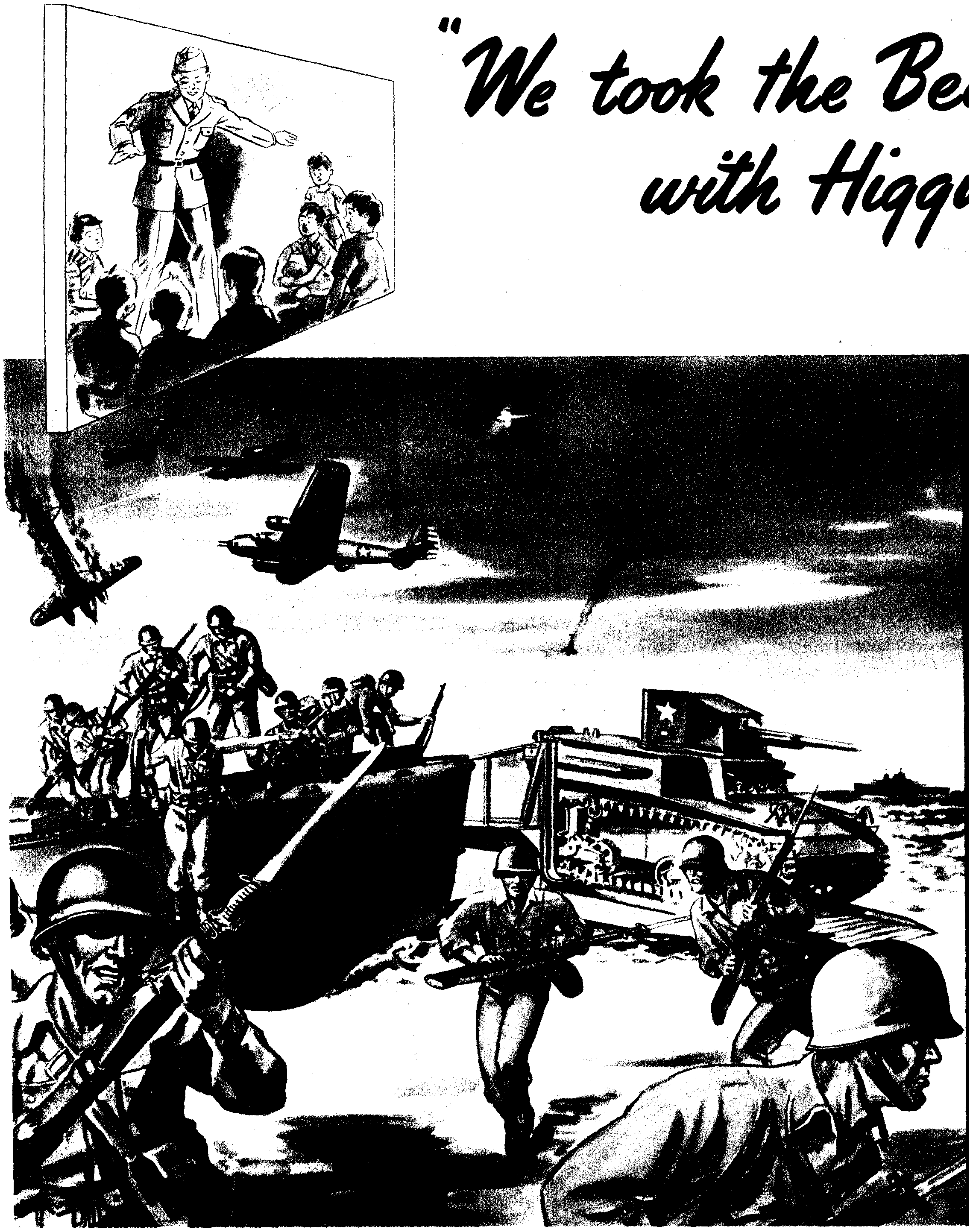

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"These Higgins boats are so tough they land directly on rocky beaches, unload troops, tanks and equipment dry-shod, retrieving themselves by their own power. They're plenty fast in assault, can turn on a dime to zig-zag away from trouble, and I never saw one capsize."

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NO question about it—the letters you write strengthen morale among our boys. And morale, too, helps bring down the enemy. Hence today, a reliable fountain pen is an essential.

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have been a lot easier if he hadn't been trying to protect you and Linda."

Alan looked at me and said, "Sorry. . . ."

"Forget it. But let's be sensible, Alan."

"I'm sorry about that, too. Don't you suppose I'd have talked it over with Dad if my hands hadn't been tied?"

That seemed reasonable, but it wasn't getting me anywhere. I said, "Did you know that Holly Hamilton was murdered?"

"We read about it."

"How well did you know her?"

"We didn't know her. Neither of us."

"Is that the truth?"

"My word of honor!"

"How about the scrapbook you got from Mitchell?"

Linda said, "That didn't make sense to us, either."

MORE truth. It was unmistakable—and bewildering. I said, "The whole thing seems to pivot around that scrapbook—or around Holly Hamilton. It's probably all the same thing."

"What is?" asked Alan.

I said, "Somebody killed John Mitchell. Maybe you had nothing to do with it, but the police might get ideas. That was the chief reason I kept my trap shut. Also, there are other things you don't know."

"As for instance?"

"I was trying to tie things up. I got a friend of mine named Rex Cooper to visit Holly Hamilton. He was supposed to ask her whether she knew a man named John Mitchell. I presume he asked the question. He was murdered that night. Now Hamilton is dead. Your sister had been cultivating her recently. How do we know that Sandy might not be next on the list?"

I did it deliberately. There wasn't any other way to break through Alan's armor. I saw I'd made some impression, so I kept pitching.

"Whatever the answer is, Alan, you and Linda know it. And you've got to tell us and let us help, because no matter who it hurts, the police have got to get in on this."

"What am I supposed to tell?"

"Don't play cagey, Alan. This isn't the time. Do I have to keep harpooning you and Linda? Do I have to tell you that Sandy and I just came back from Albany and that we saw you and Linda getting married?"

For some reason that seemed to make a deeper dent than anything else I had said. "We saw the ceremony—from outside," I went on. "We telephoned the Reverend Micah Jordan afterward and checked. We looked up the record. You've got to tell somebody—and soon. Sandy's neck is out."

Sandy started to say something but I cut her off: "I know what you're fixing to say but it doesn't register. I'm playing this my own way. You're not taking any more chances."

Alan said, "You're right, of course. Maybe if I make a few statements and if you believe them . . . perhaps that will be enough."

"You can try."

"Suppose I tell you that Linda and I did go to the Palmtree that night, and that Mitchell was dead when we got there?"

"I'd believe it, but I'm not a cop, and, if I were, I'd ask why you went."

"Of course, you would. And you probably wouldn't believe anything that I said."

"I'd argue that believing or not believing was a matter for a jury. Think it over, Alan. You're in a position where you've got to talk. Why not to us—first?"

Alan said, "Let me discuss it with Linda."

I NODDED and they went out of the room together.

Sandy said, "I'm sorry for them."

"I'm sorry for a lot of people. For you, even."

"You're serious about telling the police?"

"Right. There isn't anything else to do."

Alan and Linda came back. I looked at them and felt uncomfortable. All the lightness, all the gaiety which they had brought back from Albany had vanished. I felt a little like an executioner, and most definitely like a heel.

Linda said, "What do you want to know first?"

I said, "About John Mitchell. Where does he fit in?"

Linda drew a deep breath. "John Mitchell," she said, "was my husband."

(To be concluded next week)

Blind Devotion

Continued from page 32

and the crippled came in crowds, looking for work. To do the employing, Miss Ruth Williams, an honor graduate from Syracuse University, was given the job as personnel director.

If you have any suspicion that the Adams Street shops are not run on cold business principles, you should spend an hour in that young woman's office watching her hire labor, hearing her dispose of labor problems, and behold her dealing with workers who have real or fancied grievances. Today the Adams Street shops contain the largest unit of handicapped workers in America's history and, as far as the records reveal, in the world's.

The Peeper, regarded as a pretty sharp-eyed fellow (having ten per cent of normal sight) is an inspector. We'll tag along behind him. Totally blind workers tear out sheet and pillowcase sizes from material bolts. No open-eyed foreman supervises them, and yet they're as accurate as a machine. The proper lengths are marked clearly along the edge of their tables. Their hands flash between the little posts that guide their tearing, a fixed knife starts the tear, and the rest is done in a sweep of their arms.

The seaming is done by totally blind girls at sewing machines which have no special guards or safety attachments. It gives you a queer feeling to watch their hands. They're bent over their work, their dead eyes trained hard on the needle which they can hear but cannot see. One of them, somewhat older than the others, is supporting four children and a husband who was crushed beneath a collapsing machine in a war plant in Newark.

This is the first job she ever had. She's been blind for twenty years. She has two brothers in the service—one a Marine, the other an infantry sergeant in Italy.

Before we move on, we're told that the blind machine operators have very few accidents. The accident rate is far higher among the partially blind, and among the crippled whose eyes are fine.

While we're watching, the Peeper leaves us, saying that he'll be back with the deaf, dumb and blind man who works at a loom—not on government stuff. A tiny Irish girl, with a woefully deformed body and a lovely face, gives us a load of statistics but all so fast that the only thing we managed to jot down was that, after training, the average blind worker produces at eighty per cent of the speed of the normal factory operative. Anyway, you have enough statistics.

Like the Peeper, they're all wearing the Maritime Commission Merit Badges presented to them by Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery at the time they got that pennant with its prized "M." They have the idea that the admiral came, expecting to say something sympathetic about how remarkable it was that blind men and women were able to do such fine work. But before he had gone, he had lost that attitude and he said simply that he'd seen the American spirit at its best and American workers at their finest. All they want is that the rest of us should see them that way, give them a chance to work, save them from the clammy hands of organized charity.

Mother and Son Are Reunited

Just before lunch, we talked to a young fellow who was born blind, then abandoned by his parents. The kid's a man now, earning forty and fifty dollars a week. Two months ago, his mother came back—the first time he'd heard of her since being abandoned. Well, what would you do? He's supporting her and he made it very clear to us that he'd like our opinion. We did some artful dodging—well, anyway, it was dodging. He said hardly a day passed that he hadn't wondered where she was, and he thought every day that it would be nice to have parents—if you had them. But we had no answer for him. His old man? Oh, he just disappeared. And, come to think of it, the hell with him, said he.

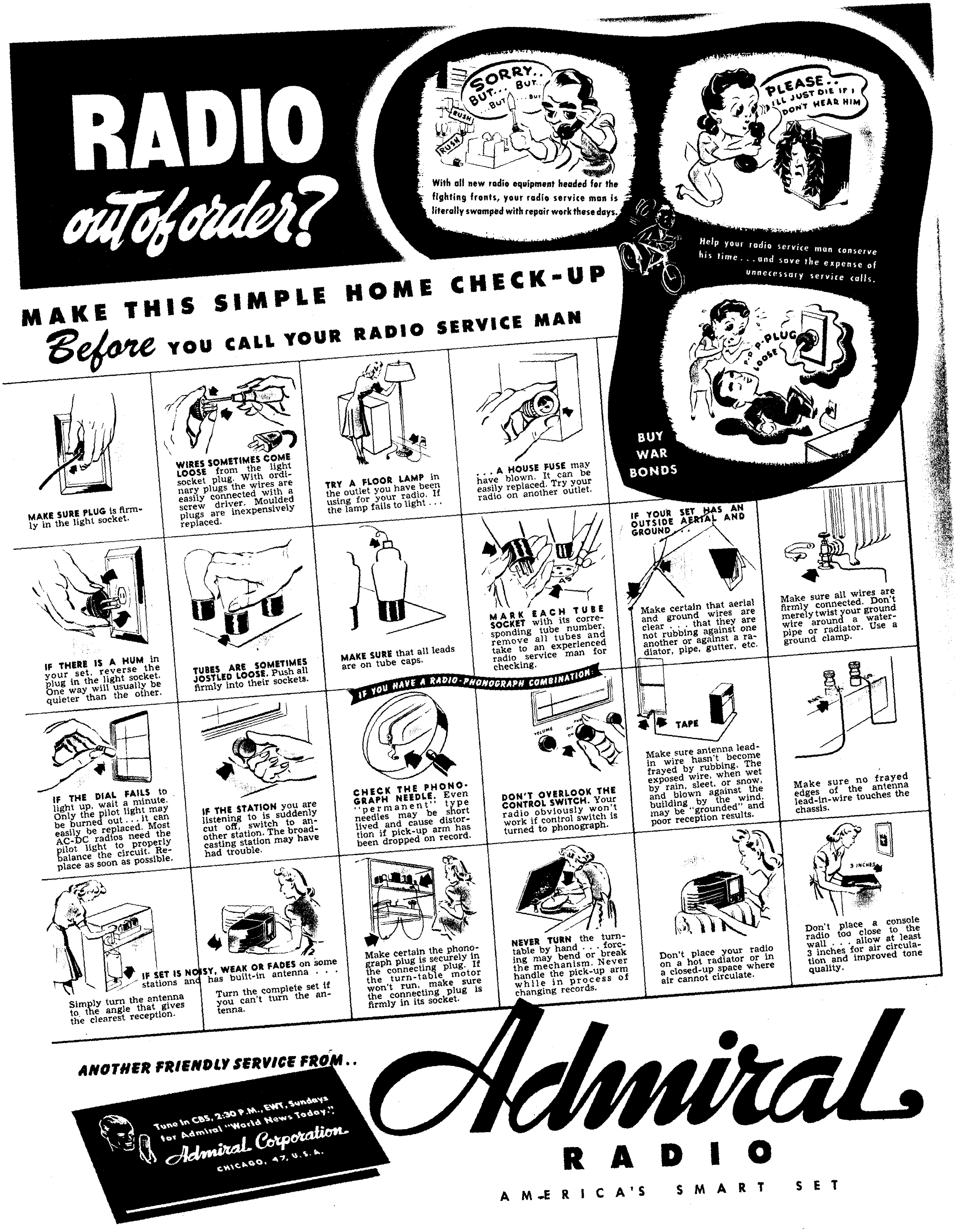
There's no case-history file in the Adams Street shops. There is no job for the social worker, and there are no social workers there. The private lives of the workers are their own affairs. What they do with their money is their business. That's the way the workers themselves want it, and that's the way they get it. All they ask is that, when the war is over and government contracts come to an end, private business houses will give them work. They ask no favors. If the work isn't perfect, well, give them no contracts. That's all—and fair enough.

Yonder on State Street, Brooklyn, the AICP has other shops. In these, the older, the slower, the even more handicapped, those handicapped by poor health, are given work to do. They call it work therapy and they quickly make the distinction clear. Occupational therapy has no much greater aim than to occupy the afflicted one's mind, save him from the mental decay which brooding brings. Work therapy aims at self-sustaining, paid labor, to build moral and mental health by paying wages for work done—work which adds comfort and happiness to the lives of normal people.

Perhaps you've seen those small buttons the government has issued to men who have been honorably discharged from the Armed Forces. Anyway, you will see them, thousands upon thousands of them, in the lapels of men's coats. As we were leaving, we saw a group of elderly and totally blind women at a table on which these discharge buttons were heaped high. Deftly, they were inserting them into slotted cards, one to a card, and they were wrapping them neatly in paper and tucking them into tiny boxes. *Hurry, hurry, hurry! Soon, please God, millions of boys would be wearing them!* We didn't speak to them. They volunteered nothing. But it was clear, even to us, what was on their minds. *Hurry, hurry, hurry! Soon, please God . . .*

The Peeper saw us to the door. He asked us whether we ever got around to the big war-production plants—plants where they did something big. Sure, we said. "Well," said the Peeper, "give them mugs our best."

THE END


SORRY.. BUT... BUT... BUT... BUT
RUSH
RUSH
PLEASE.. I'LL JUST DIE IF I DON'T HEAR HIM
P-O-P-PLUG LOOSE
AS
VOLUME
OFF ON PHO
TAPE
ANT.
GD.
3 INCHES

RADIO *out of order?*

With all new radio equipment headed for the fighting fronts, your radio service man is literally swamped with repair work these days.

Help your radio service man conserve his time . . . and save the expense of unnecessary service calls.

BUY WAR BONDS

MAKE THIS SIMPLE HOME CHECK-UP *Before* YOU CALL YOUR RADIO SERVICE MAN

MAKE SURE PLUG is firmly in the light socket.

WIRES SOMETIMES COME LOOSE from the light socket plug. With ordinary plugs the wires are easily connected with a screw driver. Moulded plugs are inexpensively replaced.

TRY A FLOOR LAMP in the outlet you have been using for your radio. If the lamp fails to light . . .

. . . **A HOUSE FUSE** may have blown. It can be easily replaced. Try your radio on another outlet.

IF THERE IS A HUM in your set, reverse the plug in the light socket. One way will usually be quieter than the other.

TUBES ARE SOMETIMES JOSTLED LOOSE. Push all firmly into their sockets.

MAKE SURE that all leads are on tube caps.

MARK EACH TUBE SOCKET with its corresponding tube number, remove all tubes and take to an experienced radio service man for checking.

IF YOUR SET HAS AN OUTSIDE AERIAL AND GROUND . . .

Make certain that aerial and ground wires are clear . . . that they are not rubbing against one another or against a radiator, pipe, gutter, etc.

Make sure all wires are firmly connected. Don't merely twist your ground wire around a water-pipe or radiator. Use a ground clamp.

IF THE DIAL FAILS to light up, wait a minute. Only the pilot light may be burned out . . . it can easily be replaced. Most AC-DC radios need the pilot light to properly balance the circuit. Replace as soon as possible.

IF THE STATION you are listening to is suddenly cut off, switch to another station. The broadcasting station may have had trouble.

IF YOU HAVE A RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATION:

CHECK THE PHONOGRAPH NEEDLE. Even "permanent" type needles may be short lived and cause distortion if pick-up arm has been dropped on record.

DON'T OVERLOOK THE CONTROL SWITCH. Your radio obviously won't work if control switch is turned to phonograph.

Make sure antenna lead-in wire hasn't become frayed by rubbing. The exposed wire, when wet by rain, sleet, or snow, and blown against the building by the wind, may be "grounded" and poor reception results.

Make sure no frayed edges of the antenna lead-in-wire touches the chassis.

IF SET IS NOISY, WEAK OR FADES on some stations and has built-in antenna . . .

Simply turn the antenna to the angle that gives the clearest reception.

Turn the complete set if you can't turn the antenna.

Make certain the phonograph plug is securely in the connecting plug. If the turn-table motor won't run, make sure the connecting plug is firmly in its socket.

NEVER TURN the turntable by hand . . . forcing may bend or break the mechanism. Never handle the pick-up arm while in process of changing records.

Don't place your radio on a hot radiator or in a closed-up space where air cannot circulate.

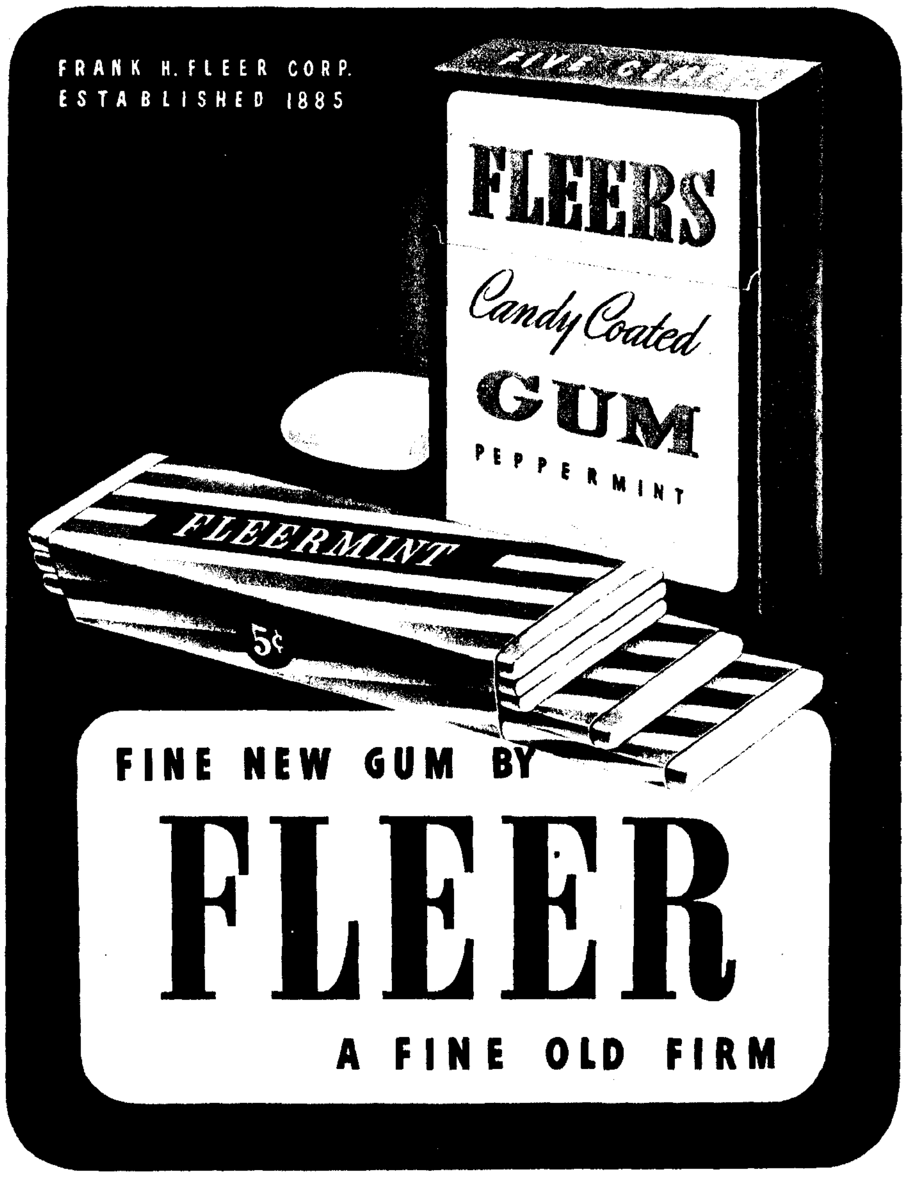
Don't place a console radio too close to the wall . . . allow at least 3 inches for air circulation and improved tone quality.

ANOTHER FRIENDLY SERVICE FROM . .

Admiral RADIO

AMERICA'S SMART SET

Tune in CBS, 2:30 P.M., EWT, Sundays for Admiral "World News Today."
Admiral Corporation
CHICAGO, 47, U. S. A.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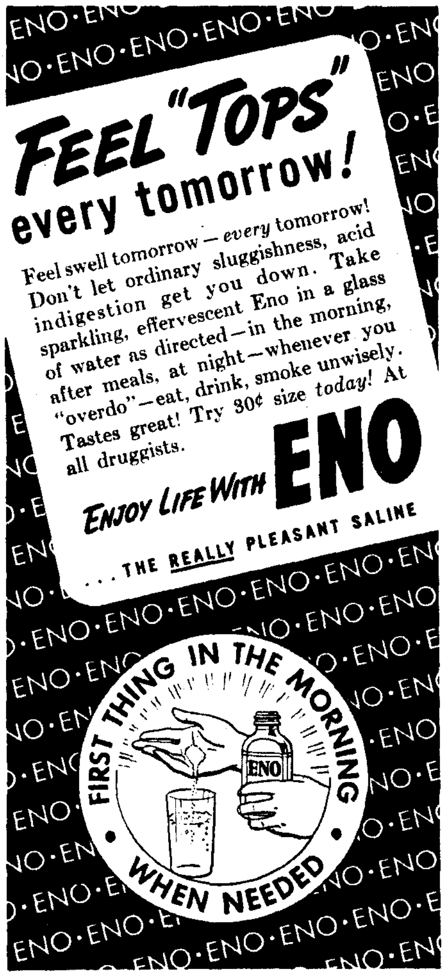
FEEL "TOPS" every tomorrow!

Feel swell tomorrow—every tomorrow! Don't let ordinary sluggishness, acid indigestion get you down. Take sparkling, effervescent Eno in a glass of water as directed—in the morning, after meals, at night—whenever you "overdo"—eat, drink, smoke unwisely. Tastes great! Try 30¢ size today! At all druggists.

ENJOY LIFE WITH ENO
. . . THE REALLY PLEASANT SALINE

FIRST THING IN THE MORNING WHEN NEEDED

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GRAVY MASTER
MAKES GRAVY MEN LIKE 15¢

MILLIONS IN AMERICA ENJOY
Guth
COLA
THE BEST COLA DRINK AT FOUNTAINS
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Dr. Scholl's Famous Prescription Now Compounded and Obtainable Everywhere

You can now obtain the original preparation for Athlete's Foot which Dr. Wm. M. Scholl, the noted foot specialist, prescribed for many years with great success. It is called Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.

This remarkably effective relief acts five quick, important ways: Allays intense itching; kills fungi on contact; promotes healing of the red, raw or cracked skin between toes or on feet; helps prevent infection from spreading; assists in rendering invasion of Athlete's Foot unfavorable.

Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX today. Liquid or Ointment, only 50c. At Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Insist on the genuine Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

The Week's Work

That's Dave Gerard in the middle

THERE'S some tempting reading for boys who'd like to be fliers, on p. 26. "You've shot two or three landings and now you fiddle with the stick and stretch your legs, and look to your instructor. And then he climbs out and says the sweet words you've been anxiously waiting to hear all your life, 'Okay, take her up alone.'"

It is an Army Air Forces recruiting advertisement, and if Collier's readers are as air-minded as we think they are, it ought to bring in a deluge of recruits.

Collier's, as our veteran readers know, has been violently pro-aviation since the time when flying was little more than a gleam in Orville Wright's eye. This issue carries a story about Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, 1943 winner of the Collier Trophy for the greatest achievement in aviation. The trophy, established 32 years ago by the late Robert J. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's Weekly, has celebrated, one by one, the steps that have brought our country to its present happy situation in the air. Inventors, doctors, courageous pilots, men of business—Wright, Sperry, the U. S. Air Mail Service, Doctor Sanford Moss, Howard Hughes, Juan Terry Trippe—have won the trophy as aviation progressed and aviation gives a postwar promise of soaring beyond the sky and into the stratosphere as a daily commonplace.

THERE must be something about Crawfordsville, Indiana, that makes its native sons see the funny side of things. In this issue, you'll recognize the work of three of your favorite cartoonists, Crawfordsvillians all. They are Dave Gerard (pp. 31 and 54), Bandel Linn (p. 65), and Frank Beaven (pp. 58 and 75). They all left the home town in the early '30s to seek their fortunes in New York. They all struggled through Greenwich Village periods of doubtful income, all edged up to success, and then scattered. Now Linn lives in Sarasota, Florida; Beaven on a New Jersey farm; while Gerard went back home to Crawfordsville to raise chickens and children.

Linn says his eight years in New York taught him how to hock his watch, and also netted him the hand of an attractive girl named Winifred Jay. Now the Linn tribe, which includes Linda, age 8, and Ted, age 6 months, arise at an early hour set by the baby, and according to age and taste, engage in tarpon fishing, drawing, loafing on the beach, riding a bicycle. Twice a week Linn dons the uniform of the Florida State Guard to serve as a private in the Signal Corps.

Linn's series of news cartoons was the outgrowth of painful personal experience with the radio.

When Gerard sold his first cartoon to Collier's in 1932, he was living in a Greenwich Village attic, "and the trucks that rumbled by used to shake my drawing board, causing me to develop a fast-breaking line that doesn't always end up where it should." Gerard married a home-town girl and now has two daughters and sixty White Rock pullets.

"In Crawfordsville," he explains, "you are either a farmer, a lumber dealer, work in the granary, or get classed as a loafer. So I raise chickens and have the respect of my neighbors. Just occasionally someone asks my wife what on earth I do for a living."

The family has become even more respectable since Gerard began teaching engineering drawing in the naval school at Wabash College. "I keep my cartooning a secret from the gobs," he says, "so they won't tempt me to draw anything but isometrics and auxiliary projections."

L. L. Foreman

YOU may have noticed that Wild West stories are coming into fashion again. A contributor to the trend is L. L. Foreman, who wrote Guardian of the Angels (p. 20). Possibly because he grew up in England and Ireland, Foreman sees our West with a fresh, appreciative eye, and makes his readers see it his way, too.

He migrated to Detroit and about ten years ago. . . . "Newly married and jobless and broke, I began writing Western stories for pulp magazines. Saving enough to buy a car and a trailer, my wife and I prowled all over the West for material, and my Westerns began slanting toward semihistoricals, until my reference library crowded us out of the trailer, and we called a halt in New Mexico."

Foreman's chief hobby, he says, is "inspecting the steady flow of house plans my wife draws up. She has been turning them out for years; they change according to financial outlook, fluctuating between patioed palaces and adobe cabins. I worry about what she will do for entertainment when we finally do build something." A. P.

Guardian of the Angels

Continued from page 20

quiet arrogance of bearing that always set his kind apart. He had made his reputation in the Lincoln County feud.

Miss Glennie, admiring the lean length of him from her front door, sighed faintly and wished she could warn him. He didn't appear to be more than about twenty-eight—not much older than herself. And he had what she called clean eyes. She thought of Emmet Bell and Phin Oldsmar, and others like them. Merciful heaven, where did that man ever get the notion he could stand guardian over pretty show girls in a town like this!

She caught his glance on her as the company halted before the house, and it seemed to her that his eyes lacked respect. He looked away, and stood by while Mr. Suttle began handing down the girls from the leading surrey.

THE first girl down was a full blonde with wide blue eyes, who paused, waiting for the others. At once, Emmet Bell sauntered out from a group of men toward her, and Miss Glennie thought with a queer anger, "Oh, dear—here it comes already!"

Emmet Bell doffed his hat and crooked an elbow. "Allow me." He had the easy ways of the cattle crowd and the blunt impudence of the miners. His Bell Land & Cattle Company nowadays was gambling heavily in the mining boom.

Lew Tanner said, "The lady don't know you, mister." The hushed quality of his voice was another mark of his kind. Emmet Bell returned his look and then smiled. "That's right," he said. "But she will."

"This way, please," Miss Glennie called quietly, and the blonde walked sedately into the house, the rest of the company following.

The blonde turned out to be Leatrice Chevalier, the sweet singer and star of the company. She was friendly and she asked Miss Glennie if she was married. No, Miss Glennie told her, and Leatrice Chevalier said generously, "I don't see why not, with all these gentlemen around here. You're pretty enough, honey, Lord knows."

"Thank you, dear," Miss Glennie said. "I shall send up the hot water for your bath."

She found Lew Tanner waiting in the front hall, after she came downstairs from getting everybody settled. He was studying the gilded plaster statue of Apollo on the newel post and, judging from his respectful expression, admiring its elegance. He appeared even taller in the house, but younger, his face less solemn.

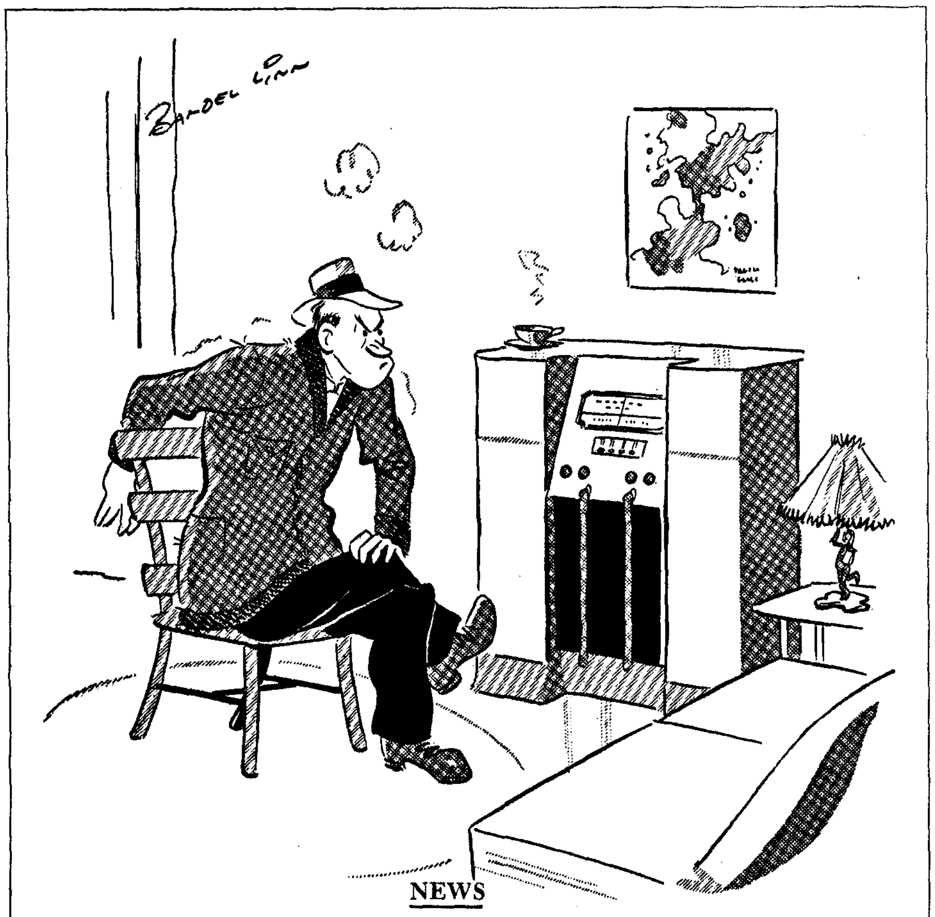
He followed her through the house to the back, briefly scanned his room, and followed her out again. "I'd be obliged," he said, "if you'll keep that back door locked."

She stopped and faced him, flushing. "Mr. Tanner, I assure you any lady is perfectly safe in my house! There is no need at all to lock the door."

His face went redder than hers. He looked like a boy who had blundered badly. "What I had in mind was, some of these fellows—that'n I spoke to, for one—I wouldn't trust 'em far," he stammered. "The ladies, they're—well, they're ladies. 'Specially Miss Leatrice. The trouble is—"

"The trouble is," Miss Glennie said more kindly, "no lady show girls have ever come here before. Until the situation is understood, I'm afraid they must expect some—er—familiarity from the men. But not in my house."

He shook his head positively. "Not anywhere. I was hired to tend to that."



NEWS

". . . and at present the fuel-oil situation is an interesting problem. Well-informed sources hinted today that there is no easing in sight, although there were some contrary views expressed. Fuel-oil users were asked to state the amount of reduction of gallons they could stand IF they weren't in need of as many gallons as last year. Some quarters took this to mean that the situation is critical. Harold Ickes pointed out, however, that the new pipe line plus the increased availability of tank cars permits a more optimistic view—and almost certainly the situation will clear up by late spring"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

"You must have wanted a job badly."

She liked his slow, one-sided grin. "I needed the money, that's a fact," he admitted. "Folks don't always want to hire a fellow like me. But it's a good thing I took it. The ladies need me, all right. Miss Leatrice herself said so, on the train."

The big simpleton! Miss Glennie said impulsively, "My livery stable is very badly run. And Abe Donovan, who manages the theater for me, does things that I don't care for." She found she was getting breathless. "Mr. Tanner, I would like to have a man like you to protect—to protect my interests. I—I would like to engage you, I mean."

Lew Tanner fingered his unlighted cigarette. "Always hankered to run a livery," he allowed slowly. "Got ideas how a livery ought to be run. I'm real sorry I can't take it. The ladies need me too much."

She came near to blurting out, "Especially Miss Leatrice!" Instead, she said, "That's quite all right, Mr. Tanner. But I do hope you realize what a difficult job you have. One might almost say that you are working against human nature, you know."

"Maybe so, ma'am," he responded soberly. "Case you're right, human nature'll just have to back up, is all."

According to the A boards outside the Melodion, the first show was on for eight o'clock that evening. As for the touch-me-not dictum concerning the show girls, Abe Donovan laughed that off as some kind of gag. He went ahead and stocked the wine room with low-grade cider in high-grade champagne bottles, for the girls, and got out his sack of bad Mexican money to pass off in change to the unobservant.

Sober, Abe had a good business head. He told Miss Glennie it was going to be a whale of a show, from what he could make of it.

Inasmuch as a chaste new day in variety shows was struggling to emerge, Miss Glennie told herself that she was morally bound to lend a candle to its dawn by publicly attending the opening performance. It was a brave decision. She was prodded into it by her imagination, which kept bothering her with visions of what could happen when Lew Tanner tried holding eighteen pretty show girls and about five hundred roaring men apart.

THE Melodion was for men. Some of the gaudiest pages of Gayville's history were splashed with its name, and Gayville loyally insisted that it remain unspoiled. There was a joyous tale for every bullet hole in its proscenium arch, a hilarious yarn for every beer-bottle blemish on its battered finery, a rowdy legend for each broken chair. It was rich in memories.

Her hands trembled a little as she did up her hair, and the eyes that looked back at her out of her bedroom mirror were big and dark in a pale, small, oval face. She touched up her lips lightly with cherry paste. It brought out the nice curve of her mouth, but made her face seem paler, so she went all the way and tinged her cheeks with a finger tip. A careful dusting with pearl powder softened the color, and she sat back and examined herself in the mirror, and thought of what Leatrice Chevalier had said: "You're pretty enough, honey, Lord knows."

The men loitering in the Melodion lobby were so taken aback they forgot to remove their hats and cigars. They broke off their talk and stared as Miss Glennie entered, and for the moment her courage chilled. She knew that she could hardly have aroused more consternation had she walked into O'Fee's barbershop. Abe Donovan stuck his bald head out of the

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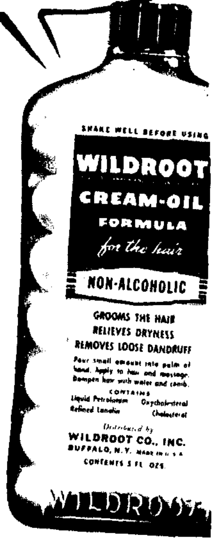
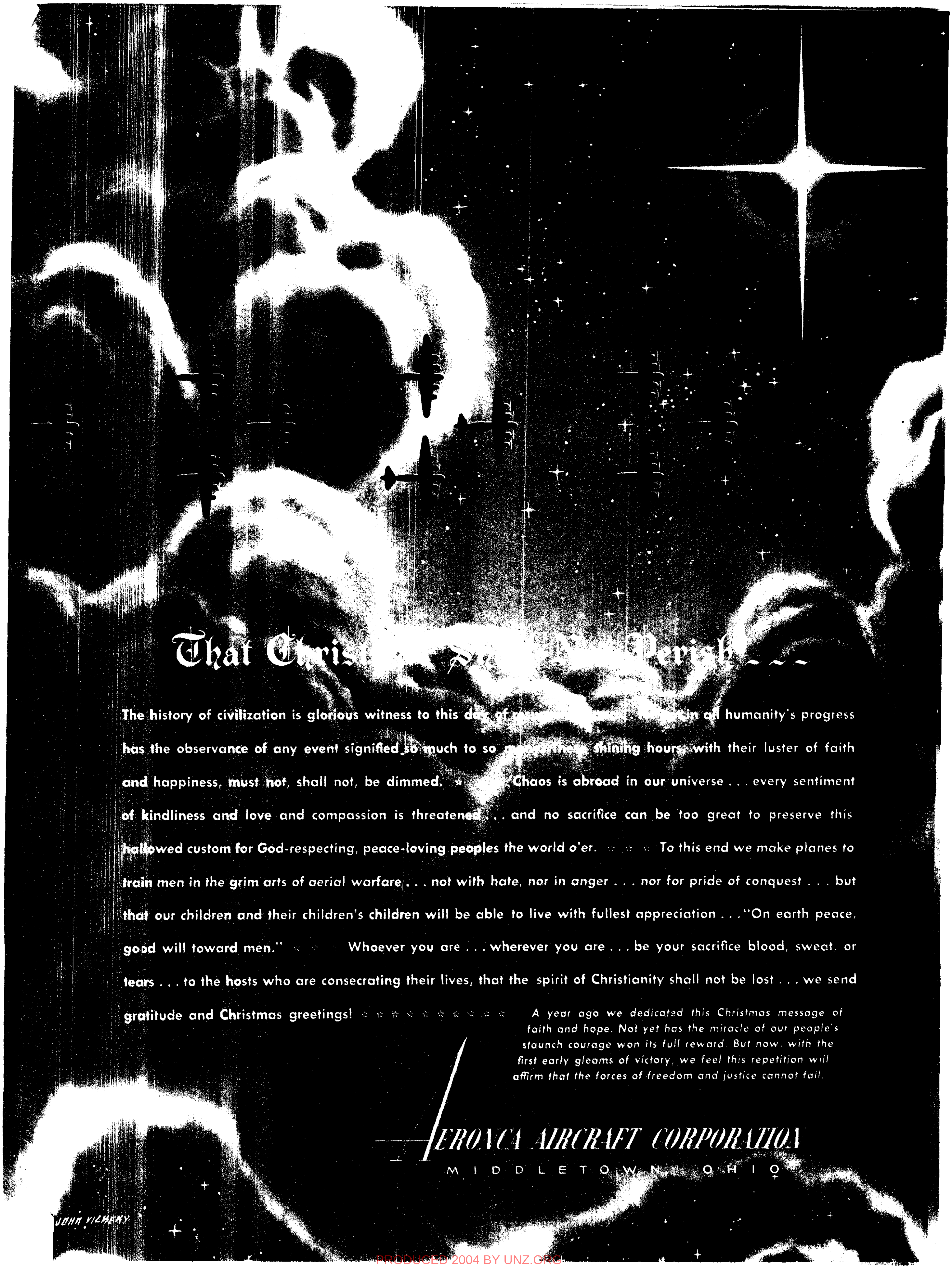


NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS



That Christmas Shall Not Perish . . .

The history of civilization is glorious witness to this day of [illegible]. Never in all humanity's progress has the observance of any event signified so much to so many, these shining hours, with their luster of faith and happiness, must not, shall not, be dimmed. ☆ ☆ ☆ Chaos is abroad in our universe . . . every sentiment of kindliness and love and compassion is threatened . . . and no sacrifice can be too great to preserve this hallowed custom for God-respecting, peace-loving peoples the world o'er. ☆ ☆ ☆ To this end we make planes to train men in the grim arts of aerial warfare . . . not with hate, nor in anger . . . nor for pride of conquest . . . but that our children and their children's children will be able to live with fullest appreciation . . . "On earth peace, good will toward men." ☆ ☆ ☆ Whoever you are . . . wherever you are . . . be your sacrifice blood, sweat, or tears . . . to the hosts who are consecrating their lives, that the spirit of Christianity shall not be lost . . . we send gratitude and Christmas greetings! ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

A year ago we dedicated this Christmas message of faith and hope. Not yet has the miracle of our people's staunch courage won its full reward. But now, with the first early gleams of victory, we feel this repetition will affirm that the forces of freedom and justice cannot fail.

AERONCA AIRCRAFT CORPORATION
MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

box office, blinking shocked disapproval. Then Mr. Suttle came bustling over, smiling, bowing, offering his arm.

“Ter'bly glad to see you here, Miss Kimball—ter'bly glad. Thank you for coming. Thank you. . . .” He led her inside.

Built originally as a combination dance-hall-saloon, the Melodion boasted curtained side boxes and a wine room as well as a fair-sized stage and orchestra pit. From the high ceiling, portrayed ladies in scanty garb leered murkily down at the single narrow gallery, and a bullet-pitted comedy mask atop the proscenium arch stuck a pointed tongue at the array of tables and chairs on the main floor. Mr. Suttle escorted Miss Glennie to a side box. They passed Lew Tanner on the way, and he, like others, put on a blank face at sight of them. Miss Glennie hurried into the side box and drew the curtains, and knew just what it felt like to be a painted hussy. The orchestra began tuning up, the hall filled noisily, and she peeped out.

Music blared and the curtain rose. The show was on.

The show girls, now resembling pink carnations in their full skirts and flouncy petticoats, danced and sang, ending with a high kick that exposed an inch or two of leg above the stockings. The applause was thunderous.

NEXT came the olio: the sand jiggers and pedestal cloggers, the blackface comics and interlocutor, the alley-oops, sketch artists, single and double specialties. . . . It went on and on, interspersed with songs by Leatrice Chevalier and more lively dancing by the girls, while perspiring waiters dashed about the main floor with drinks, and the air grew smokier and the audience got noisier.

Toward midnight came the grand ensemble, and Leatrice Chevalier sang four encores to loud demand, smiling at everybody over the kerosene footlights. Then the rush.

Miss Glennie had often heard, from her sitting room next door, the racket of a show's end. She had never before witnessed the event in all its stark reality. It looked like a sudden riot, men of the audience advancing upon the stage, laughing, others up in the gallery shouting and waving. It was boisterous, frightening.

She saw tall Lew Tanner rise in the orchestra pit, solemn and alone, the only man with his back to the footlights. The musicians had already ducked out through their little door under the stage. Lew Tanner's bark rang out harshly: “Steady, gents—steady!”

No doubt about it, he was a different man with men than he was with women. Older, arrogant, a savage edge to his voice. He had not drawn his gun, but you knew that if he did he would use it as he had used it in the Lincoln County feud—coolly, efficiently.

The men paused, although many still laughed and those up in the gallery yelled catcalls. Then everything changed, and suddenly the ugly mutter began. Four men, Emmet Bell and his three cronies—Phin Oldsmar, Jack Peattie and Sidney Turnbull—paced on toward the stage, four abreast, the way they always were when meeting trouble.

The four walked into the orchestra pit. Emmet Bell carried a quart bottle of champagne—real champagne, the Legal Tender's best, gold-foiled—and he was poking paper money into the holes of its straw wrapper. He walked up to within six feet of Lew Tanner, raised his face to Leatrice Chevalier, and tossed the bottle.

“For you, sweetheart!” It looked like a flower bouquet, all those bills sticking out of it.

Lew Tanner reached up and caught it, and in the same swift gesture he tossed it back. Emmet Bell made no attempt to catch it; he let it sail by and break on the floor behind him. Everybody quieted. There was no more laughing anywhere.

Miss Glennie stepped out of her side box. “Mr. Donovan!” Fright clamped down on her. She had to swallow to find her voice again. “Mr. Donovan,” she called clearly, “lower the curtain, please!”

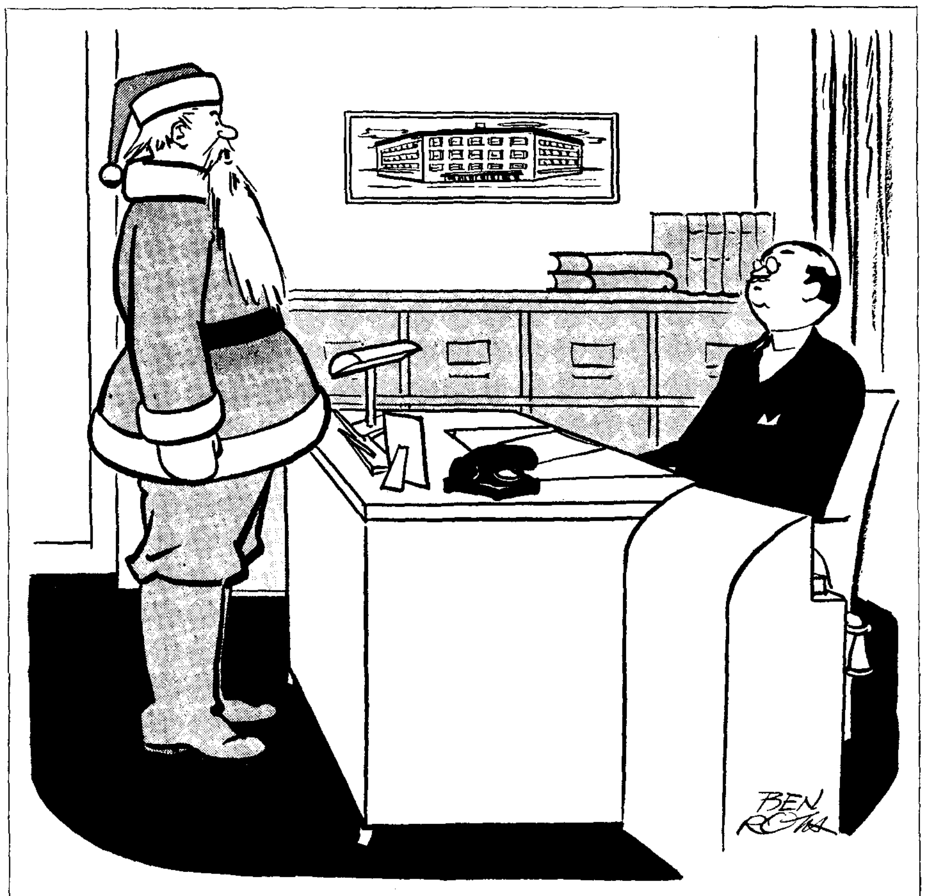
She found every face turning toward her, impatient and angry, all of them. The four men in the orchestra pit swung slowly around. She watched Emmet Bell glance aside at Phin Oldsmar and the others, and spread his hands wryly, as much as to say, “I reckon not, boys, this time.”

He even raised his hat to her, coming out of the Melodion, and said pleasantly, “Very high-class show, Miss Glennie. I'll see it again, for sure.” It was easy enough to tell, from his eyes, that he was remembering that he had asked her to marry him a year ago and was not sorry now that she had turned him down.

“I'm glad you liked it, Mr. Bell,” she said. “I—I do hope all will go well while the show is playing here.”

He nodded, his dark face unsmiling. “I hope so, too. Good night, Miss Glennie.”

“Good night, Mr. Bell. And thank you.”



“Could I have a raise, sir? My wife and kids believe in me”

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH

He frowned at that, and she knew that he would feel that he had in some way committed himself to a half promise. You could not call Emmet Bell a gentleman, but he had his good points.

THE show was to run for a week. It was in its fourth day when the town marshal called on Miss Glennie. “Something's got to be done about him,” he said, meaning Lew Tanner. “The way he rides close-herd on those gals, you'd think they're heaven's own angels and he was God's deputy. The boys don't like it. They're laying for him.”

“I'll speak to him, Mr. Mann,” she promised, and did, that afternoon. She invited Lew Tanner to have tea with her in her sitting room, and he, after some hesitation, accepted.

It was odd at first to see him sitting there, his shoulders rumpling the lace antimacassar on the chair back, drinking tea and eating cake. But they soon got to chatting along and it began to seem very natural. She pushed a carpeted footstool over to him, and he examined it warily. His manners were surprisingly careful. Tentatively, he crossed his long legs over it, leaned back, and grinned relaxedly. “Ma'am,” said he, “you sure know how to make a man comfortable.”

But when she broached the subject of the show girls, he took his legs off the footstool and sat up, shaking his head. “I never had much to do with ladies, but I reckon I know what's due them,” he stated.

“But you're going too far! It isn't natural to keep ladies and gentlemen apart. As I said before, it's against human nature.” She was positive about that. She had given some wistful thought to it from time to time.

“They ain't gentlemen,” he said simply, and that ended it.

Their parting was a shade cool. She feared that he felt she had tried to trick him somehow, with her tea and cake and big easy chair. After he left, she went into her bedroom and cried.

By Saturday night she was tense and jumpy, listening for sounds of violence next door in the Melodion. The closing performance lasted until past two o'clock in the morning. She heard the final thunder of applause and, shortly after, the solid clatter of boots on the boardwalk as the audience emerged. Some of the show members began coming into the house, yawning, not talking much, tiredly straggling upstairs to their rooms.

She hurried through the house to the kitchen, to see if the China-boy had kept the coffee hot for those who wanted it. He had, and she followed him out with a trayload of cups. Show people were always so grateful when you gave them a little extra something like that. She heard more of them entering and a mumble of talk. Then the voice of Lew Tanner, and silence.

She bumped into the cook in the passage when he stopped abruptly before reaching the front hall. She looked beyond him, saw what he saw, and pushed against him with the edge of her loaded tray, but he was not to be budged. Willie Foo recognized a bad situation when he met one.

Emmet Bell stood just inside the open front door, hat in hand, Phin Oldsmar, Jack Peattie and Turnbull close behind him. Others were outside; Miss Glennie could make out the mass of dim figures on the dark porch. Lew Tanner stood by the newel post at the foot of the stairs, facing them across the short length of the hall, his back to Leatrice Chevalier and most of the show girls, who were crowded on the stairs with Mr. Suttle.

Miss Glennie could see Lew Tanner's profile, lean-cheeked, the outer edge of the brow quirked high. She heard his hushed voice: “I said get out of this house, Bell!”

Emmet Bell dropped his hat. “This thing's gone about far enough,” he said, and the three men behind him eased forward. They stood abreast, all four, their broadcloth town coats bulging near the hips—four angry men, dangerous, armed, used to having their own way.

“All right, then.” Lew Tanner didn't move. “Miss Leatrice,” he said, “I'll be obliged if you'll—uh—retire upstairs with the other ladies.”

It was deadly quiet for a few seconds. Miss Glennie, trembling, hurriedly put her tray down on the floor and pushed Willie Foo out of her way. But she was too late. Before she could reach the hall, Leatrice Chevalier had lifted the plaster statue of Apollo off the newel post behind Lew Tanner.

“Damn' right it's gone far enough!” said Leatrice Chevalier, and she smashed Apollo over Lew Tanner's head. Right away, Salona the Egyptian pealed out a New Orleans rebel yell and led a charge down the stairs, knocking poor Mr. Suttle over the banisters.

Everybody seemed to go wild after that, and Emmet Bell kept shouting, “Come on, sweetheart! You're the girl for me! Come on. . . .”

WHEN Lew Tanner came to, on the sofa in Miss Glennie's sitting room, he looked at Miss Glennie for a long time without speaking. At last he said, as if arriving at a deep conclusion, “No lady would've done that!”

Miss Glennie was not at all sure of it. She told him how Leatrice and Emmet Bell had hired a surrey from the livery, to drive out to the Old Mission and get married. Darienne Dunluce and Phin Oldsmar had gone along with them. Also, she believed, Pearl Romaine and Jack Peattie, and Salona and Mr. Turnbull. Everybody else was having a party in the Melodion; the noise of it was audible.

“Mr. Suttle was dreadfully upset, but Mr. Bell gave him a thousand dollars to tear up Leatrice's contract,” she mentioned. “The show is staying another week, they say—by popular demand.”

She poured hot coffee into two cups, and when he asked her how he had got up here she explained that Mr. Suttle and Willie Foo helped her carry him.

“H'm. I never had a lady help carry me up to—” He caught himself, reddening furiously. “It was a mighty big thing for you to do, Miss Glennie, a lady like you.” It was the first time he had called her by her name.

“I didn't mind,” she said. “I didn't mind at all.” She put the quilted cozy cover over the coffeepot, thinking kindly of Leatrice riding off with Emmet Bell to the Old Mission. She hoped Leatrice would be very happy.

Lew Tanner sat up, winced, and held his head. “You're awful nice, Miss Glennie. I reckon I'll quit that job. If they'd been ladies, now—”

“Well, don't be too hard on them,” she said gently. “Ladies are human, too, you know.”

She sat at the other end of the sofa, her back straight, feet tucked in, stirring her coffee. After a while, Lew Tanner moved up closer to her and cleared his throat.

“How I figure a first-class livery stable ought to be run,” he began earnestly, “is this way . . .”

THE END

Don't Blame the British—Blame Us!

Continued from page 21

startling discrepancy; the American reserves have been more easily accessible.

Tomorrow, control of petroleum reserves will be one of the most effective keys to the keeping of the peace which is the primary objective of the United States. No nation will ever dare start aggression without adequate supplies of this vital war material in sight. Control of petroleum may also be the key to the control of the world.

As custodians of the peace, Russia, Britain and the United States may well plan to allocate petroleum reserves on a more equitable basis. To achieve this equality of distribution, I should like to suggest that Britain might well give the United States a share in its less accessible reserves of petroleum in the Persian Gulf in return for the very great and admittedly inequitable contribution the United States has made from its more accessible reserves for the war effort.

If the United States then chooses to squander its reserves on its civilian economy, the parable of the Prodigal Son will simply be repeated, and the United States will in time become a mendicant for petroleum at the knees of a more prudent Britain.

Main Point of Agreement

Neither have we an aviation policy adequate for the protection of America or the development of American interests. On that point, at the conclusion of our trip, our committee of five United States Senators (three Democrats, two Republicans) were unanimously agreed. We jointly declared: "The United States has constructed huge airfields all over the world at tremendous cost to our people. The use of some of these fields in the future may be just as essential to our security as battleships or divisions. We have no postwar rights of access to these fields outside the Western Hemisphere at the present time. These rights of access are also indispensable to the vitally important growth of commercial aviation."

To build this world-girdling chain of airfields and bases, the United States has probably spent no less than $500,000,000. Their present use is essential to the advance of the United Nations. Their future use concerns both the military and commercial well-being of the United States. Yet, as things stand today, the United States, at the end of the war, will be barred from all these fields outside the Western Hemisphere. In forty-two countries, we will have no aviation right of entry at all.

This not only means that we can make no military use of fields and bases. It means that our commercial planes will be prohibited from embarking or disembarking either passengers or freight in these countries. Our planes will be barred from Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, India, China, Russia. Round-the-world service for United States aviation will be impossible, unless we see to it that present arrangements are revised.

Today, to drive back and destroy the Nazi menace to Great Britain and to ourselves, Americans have helped to equip—and American planes are using—scores of fine fields in the British Isles. When our war job is done, the United States, by present arrangements, may be allowed to land in England just two commercial planes a week.

Both for our own defense and for the development of transatlantic air commerce, Newfoundland—under British control—is vitally important. We have spent millions of dollars developing Newfoundland's air facilities. After they have served their war purpose, the United States has no commercial rights in them. We may be allowed the privilege of landing a commercial plane there twice a week.

Control of Iceland means control of the North Atlantic. We have spent, to date, some $17,000,000 to build two magnificent air bases in Iceland. We have, at present, no postwar right in those bases. On the contrary, we have agreed to withdraw "immediately upon the termination of the present international emergency." The British, meanwhile, did not move out when we moved in. Neither, so far as we could find out in Iceland, have they agreed to move out when the war is over.

Dakar, on the west coast of Africa, is as important to South Atlantic strategy and commerce as Iceland is to the North Atlantic. We have no postwar rights in our great base at Dakar.

Along with the Hawaiian Islands, the most important key to our safety in the Pacific is the French-owned island of New Caledonia. If we can keep access to it or see that its control is in friendly hands, no power could successfully attack either North or South America across the Pacific without first destroying it.

"When the Army asks for it powdered, we give it to 'em powdered!"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

The United States is making New Caledonia a naval and air Gibraltar. But once we have won the war and made the island safe again, for the French, we have no rights on it.

"American boys," Senator Russell points out, "will soon be dying to free the soil of France from a foreign invader. We are now equipping many French divisions in North Africa with American arms, in order that they may join in the fight for the liberation of France. It is not too much to ask that, for the sake of the future defense of America, we be given some rights in an island which means nothing to the defense of France but may be vital to our own defense."

So far as we have been able to find out, no moves have been made by the United States government, in New Caledonia or elsewhere, to provide us with such insurance against tomorrow. In regard to airfields and bases, as in regard to oil, we have no policy adequate either for our defense or commercial expansion.

The British, meanwhile, have let no grass grow under their feet. Their bid for postwar air supremacy is backed by government funds in the great British Overseas Airways monopoly. Already an Empire conference has determined just the part that each segment of Britain's far-flung possessions and dominions will play in the protection and increase of British interests in commercial aviation. The job of seeing that this policy clicks has been entrusted to Lord Knollys, one of the Empire's ablest administrators.

While I was in North Africa, negotiations were in progress for the purchase, by United States civilian agencies, of the Moroccan wheat crop. This wheat was *not* to be used to feed the Army. It was to be used to feed the civilian populace. When word got around that Uncle Sam was in the market, the French government, which controls prices, raised the price—speedily and twice. The figure agreed to was $2.10 a bushel—sixty cents more than wheat in the United States was bringing the American farmer.

Our questions as to this exorbitant price were lightly brushed off: "We anticipate that it will be fixed up through reverse Lend-Lease." Inquiries about our purchases of vegetables were likewise dismissed: "We are working on the assumption that reverse Lend-Lease will cover it."

But we found that reverse Lend-Lease, in many instances, is either a fiction, useful for political purposes in the United States, or an unabashed imposition on our generosity with taxpayers' money.

And We Foot the Bills

Our Lend-Lease aid to Australia amounts to more than $500,000,000. Australia, which keeps an account, charges us with a little less than $200,000,000 of reverse Lend-Lease. A substantial part of that total is arrived at by computing the cost of the roads and airports which Australia built and owns but which we are using for that country's defense and in furtherance of our joint naval-military operations in the far Pacific. Some of the remainder is charged against us as rent for these and other facilities necessary to the effort to keep the Jap from Australia.

Between January 1, 1942, and June 30, 1943, the United States bought nearly $100,000,000 worth of war minerals and materials from Australia. We paid cash on the barrelhead. In fact, all of our last year's purchases from the British Empire were cash on the barrelhead. Asked about this, our Lend-Lease Administrator explained: "The over-all financial condition of the Empire has thus far required that these purchases be for cash."

Yet Australia entered the war with a debt of about five billion dollars. Today it is some $200,000,000 less than that. The total debt of Great Britain, her dominions and possessions, has increased in four years of war by 36 billion dollars. In two years of war the debt of the United States has increased 100 billion dollars.

It is altogether desirable that the United States should help to make up Britain's food shortages. It is wholly intolerable that we should contribute Lend-Lease food, then permit the British government to sell it to the British public and pocket the proceeds for the British Treasury. That is what happened to $50,000,000 worth of fish and fish products which our Food Distribution Administration purchased in Iceland and turned over on a Lend-Lease basis to England.

It is altogether desirable that we should furnish needed supplies to friendly nations in the Middle East. It is intolerable that the United States should not get credit for that contribution. Vast quantities of material sent, Lend-Lease, to England have been turned over by the British to Turkey. These contributions to Turkey (as the British frankly admit) are an instrument of British Imperial policy to gain good will, not in Turkey only, but among the world's 250,000,000 Mohammedans.

Credit Where Credit is Due

As Senator Russell observes: "If it is good business for England to get credit with Turkey and the friends of Turkey for helping that nation in time of danger, it would seem to me to be worth something to the United States."

When we were in Cairo, we found that OWI was putting out United Nations propaganda in three languages. Nonetheless, for cable service into Cairo, we pay to the British monopoly approximately $100,000 a year; we likewise pay cash for our wirephotos. When the British raised the price of such photo service, our OWI officials made inquiry about installing our own receiving set. British officials, when approached, were very considerate about it—but firm. The Egyptian government, they told us, would never permit any such thing. Behind the Egyptian government, determining such matters, are the British.

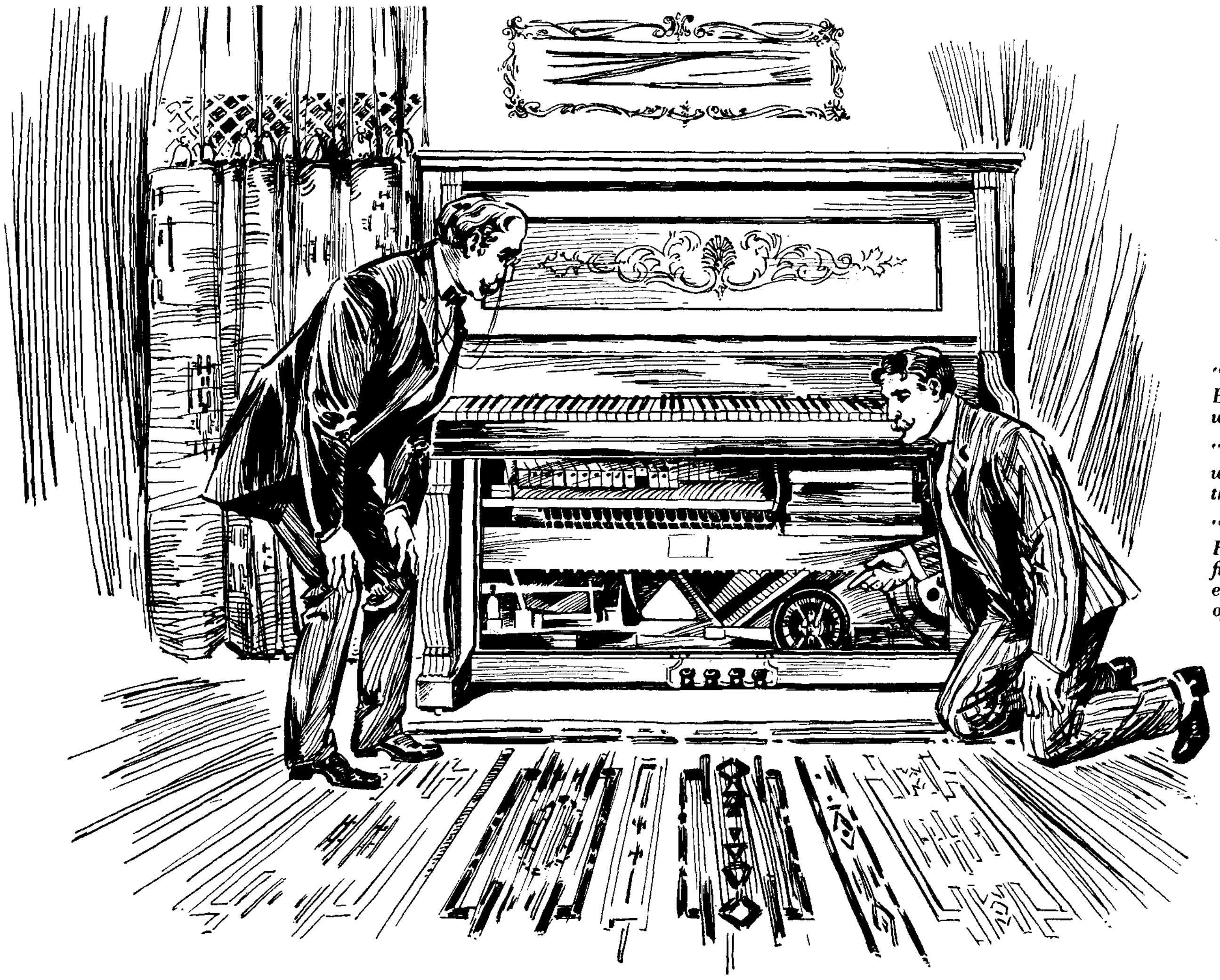
From the standpoint of radio, telegraph, cable and news, we were in an American blackout from the time we left Presque Isle, Maine, until we reached Hawaii. All news was British news, dispensed through Reuter's. All radio was the British Broadcasting Company. All telegraph, cables and wireless were British.

Save for frequently misrepresentative trivia, American news is played down; British news played up. Most of the news is slanted; some of it slanted unfairly.

For a long time, British news dispatches out of Cairo uniformly omitted mention of American air activity. American raids were always described as "Allied." When, however, the R.A.F. participated, they were always described as "British." It took protracted and energetic protests to get the British Information Service out of Cairo to use the word "American."

In Australia, we were met with streamer headlines in the press, announcing: "British Rush to Save Americans at Salerno." It was not until we got back into an American news zone at Hawaii that we discovered that half the troops imperiled on those Italian beaches were British.

A few days later, we read in the Australian press: "There is great joy in Britain that Italy's downfall should be so largely a British Empire affair. Empire forces were responsible for 90 per cent of the

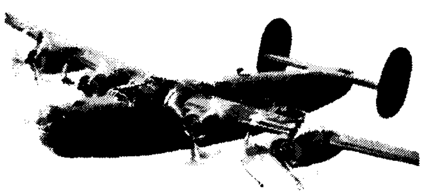


"Look, Harry, with this Emerson-Electric motor, the player piano will play itself!"

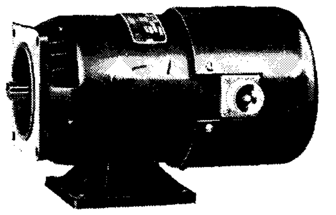
"You don't mean, George, that it will really play *without pumping the foot pedals?"*

"That's exactly what I mean, Harry—those motor people are finding new uses for electric motors every day. What will they think of next?"

A "Memorable Event" of 1904–Created by an *Emerson-Electric* Motor



Emerson-Electric power-operated gun turrets and electric motors for aircraft are in active service on all battle fronts of the world.



IMAGINE everyone's surprise when, in 1904, a player piano actually "played itself"—an Emerson-Electric Motor had been installed.

This early innovation may seem trivial compared to the contribution of Emerson-Electric Motors in later years. But, it was this pioneering that helped make present-day motor-driven appliances and equipment possible.

Think of living without electric motors to operate our washing machines, ironers, vacuum sweepers, refrigerators, fans, heating systems, and the numerous types of equipment in industry and commerce. The American way of life is powered with electric motors.

Now, Emerson-Electric is working full time for Victory. Wartime necessities are providing invaluable experience and creative research in a new and vastly enlarged field of manufacturing operations, particularly in light metals and plastics. "After Victory", manufacturers of new and improved motor-driven appliances can turn with complete confidence to Emerson-Electric for motors that will do the job better and stay on the job longer—motors that will meet the challenge of a postwar world.

THE EMERSON ELECTRIC MANUFACTURING CO.
SAINT LOUIS
Branches: New York • Chicago • Detroit
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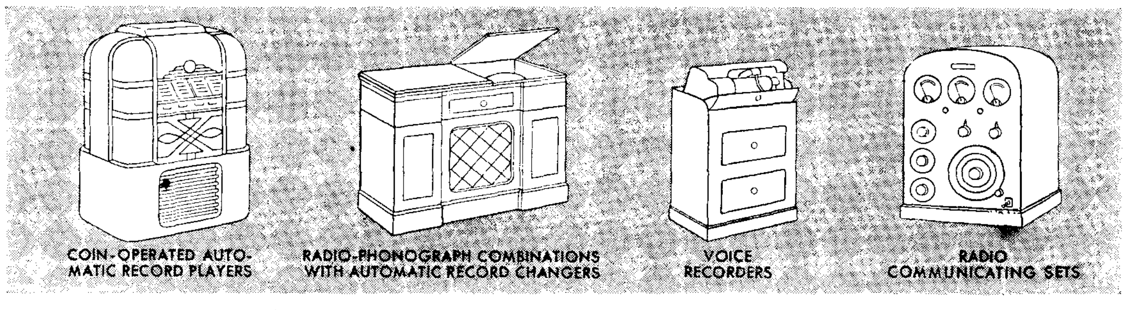
Musical, Sound and Radio Instruments Operated by Electric Motors


COIN-OPERATED AUTOMATIC RECORD PLAYERS
RADIO-PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS WITH AUTOMATIC RECORD CHANGERS
VOICE RECORDERS
RADIO COMMUNICATING SETS

The War Bonds You Buy Today Will Provide the Electrical Appliances You'll Want After Victory

341

EMERSON ELECTRIC

MOTORS • FANS • APPLIANCES

Where Performance *must* be Perfect!

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WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

PRESS—IT'S LIT!
RELEASE—IT'S OUT!

RONSONS are the tried and true companions of our armed forces the world over . . . made today for them only and obtainable by them thru government agencies.

Civilian and Military Owners, Note
If your RONSON needs attention, send it to RONSON (Service Dept., Newark 2, N. J.) for servicing at minimum cost.

Buy genuine RONSON 'Flints,' Wicks and RONSONOL (Fuel)—Tops for all lighters

BACK THE ATTACK! BUY WAR BONDS

LEPAGE'S GLUE
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A·1 SAUCE

WE ARE DOING OUR BEST

Due to Army and Navy use of vital ingredients, it's harder nowadays to get A·1 Sauce at grocery stores and restaurants.

BUT! **. . . It's worth waiting for. Be patient. Keep asking for it. We are doing our best to keep you supplied.** *Send for free recipe booklet.*

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. • Hartford, Conn.

The DASH that makes the DISH

battles from the first battle in East Africa right to the final landing on the Italian mainland."

I do not feel any ill will, because the British are a tough team to beat when their interests are at stake. I heartily resent the fact that we have no team and that we act as though we had no interest.

Here (because he is a Democrat) I again quote Senator Russell, who was chairman of our committee: "The British have a definite foreign policy with respect to every corner of the globe. Every civil servant and every officer of any rank is apparently fully acquainted with Empire policy as it applies militarily, diplomatically and commercially. Every action of the responsible officials of government is designed to promote that policy.

"If our nation has a definite policy which extends longer than six months after the conclusion of the war in any of the far-flung lands in which American troops are fighting and American dollars are being spent, I was unable to find anyone among our officers abroad who could define it."

In North Africa, our Chief Civil Administrator at the time of our visit was Robert D. Murphy, a veteran career diplomat. He had little or no control over the legions of civilian Americans who come to or are lodged in North Africa. Neither could he exercise effective supervision over the multifarious activities of the missions, commissions and agencies which they represented.

The British make no such mistake. Their top man in North Africa is Harold Macmillan. He is Resident Minister with cabinet rank. That makes him a resident Churchill—outranking ministers, ambassadors, military commanders. British policy converges in his office.

To the Middle East, the British have sent Richard G. Casey, former Australian minister to the United States. His rank is the same as Macmillan's. Casey—every morning at 9:15—summons the British ambassador to Egypt and the heads of British missions and ranking army and naval officers in the area. The British thus are never in any doubt as to what British policy is or who is responsible for its execution.

Meanwhile, though we have no policy adequate to protect and develop our own interests, our agents abroad are making gigantic commitments in the name of the United States to the peoples of the world—commitments which we can never fulfill and which, if we fail to fulfill them, will earn the world's ill will.

An Old-Fashioned Symbol!

Speaking of settlements under Lend-Lease, Mr. Roosevelt has said in effect: "What I am trying to do is to eliminate the dollar sign—get rid of the silly, foolish old dollar sign."

Such sentiments, for obvious and very human reasons, are roundly applauded everywhere outside the United States. To date, however, no British spokesman has said: "We aim to get rid of the silly, foolish old pound-sterling sign." There is every indication that, far from trying to get rid of it, the British have marked out new worlds for it to conquer.

Last May, our State Department dispatched to North Africa a Director of Wartime Economic Operations. In his letter of appointment, his job was defined as nothing less than "the development and execution of a plan *for economic support* of North and West Africa."

We found that representatives of our Office of Foreign Relief and Rehabilitation had approached some of the European governments-in-exile to ask them to draw up a list of food and equipment needs for their respective nations for the first two years after the war. The distinct impression was given that—whatever the bill—Uncle Sam will provide. It can be readily surmised with what enthusiasms a politician—in exile or not—would go to work on such an opportunity.

Recently James M. Landis, late of the Office of Civilian Defense, was sent to Cairo to clarify American policy and coordinate it. Mr. Landis' idea of American policy—as he indicated it to the press—is that it "would be attuned generally toward achieving the aims of the Atlantic Charter." As for our activities and commitments, he is reported as having declared that what America has undertaken during the war, we will continue to do after the war.

Thus the impression is further strengthened that—with no definite policy to look after our own interests—the resources of the United States, on a sky's-the-limit basis, are at the world's disposal.

Paradoxical as it may seem, it is my considered judgment that Cordell Hull is not to any substantial extent responsible for this confusion and ineptitude in our foreign policy.

Because he is a great American, Cordell Hull has remained Secretary of State in recent years in spite of the personal humiliation to which he has been repeatedly subjected by the Administration in lack of control of affairs and policies within his own sphere of activities. His devotion to his country and its welfare has eclipsed all thought of self. Events of the past summer have vindicated his vision and led straight to Mr. Hull's victory at Moscow. Today, for the first time, Cordell Hull is in a position to guide our foreign policy.

More nearly than any other man in America, Mr. Hull commands the confidence of the country and the Congress. On our Secretary of State now rests a very great responsibility. Those who know Cordell Hull best have no doubt as to the American imprint he will give to our foreign policy. Having eliminated all obstructions at home, Mr. Hull will move with equal certainty to protect American interests abroad. The miracle of Moscow demonstrates that the time is not too late. Stalin understands and respects a man like Cordell Hull.

Anthony Eden may well become acquainted with a typical American unashamed of his humble origin and fully conscious of the might and responsibilities of an awakening America.

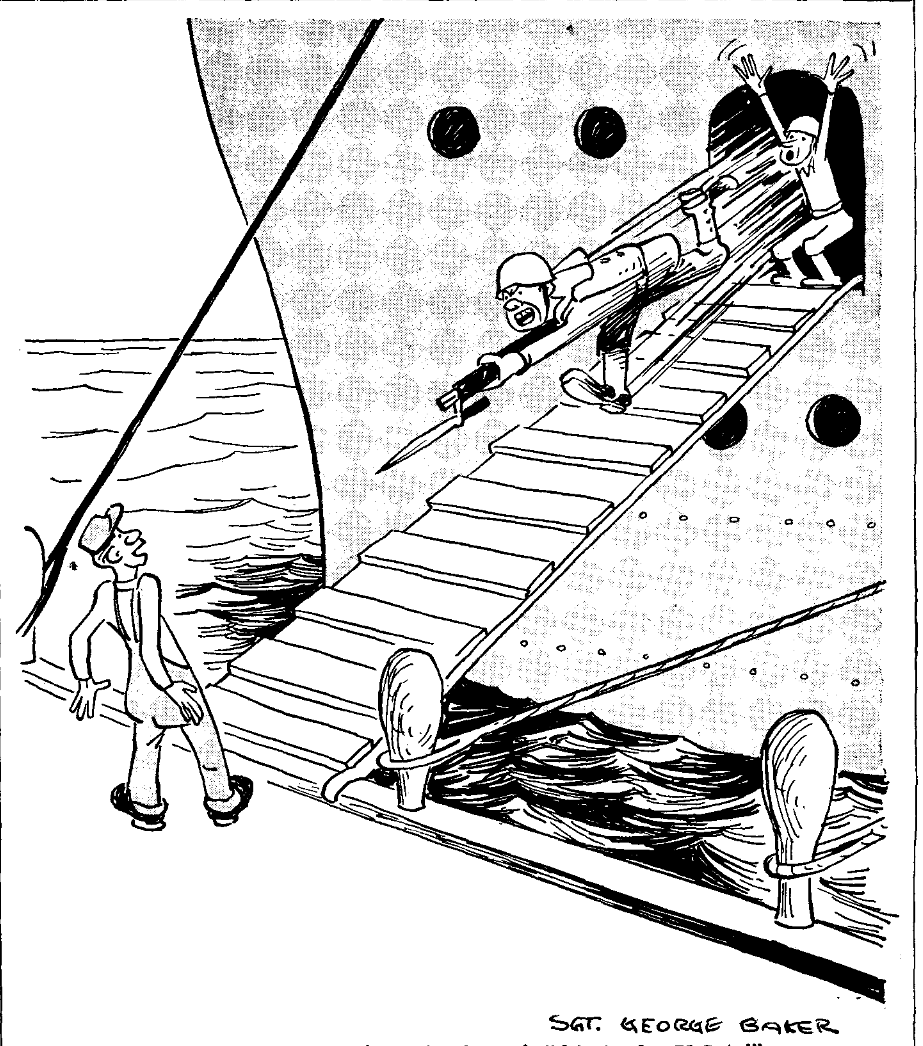
Nothing is plainer than that American self-interest has ceased to be a merely local American concern. Geography forced the British to recognize that fact about their interests a long time ago. They acted accordingly. The miracle of modern communications has done the same thing for us. We need to begin to act accordingly.

No Time for Anglophobia

That does not mean that we can afford to be anti-British. I happen to believe that much of the hope for the world's future peace and prosperity depends upon our close understanding and collaboration with Britain. I likewise believe that the most serious threat to such relationship is the attempt—some of it official—to suppress and minimize the unpleasant fact that, in many places, in matters affecting our interests, the British are outmaneuvering and outtrading us. Better far to face that fact and insist that remedial measures be taken now. The alternative is likely to be a wave of postwar disillusionment, irritation and anger that may set back the cause of Anglo-American co-operation for many years.

What we need, abroad, is a policy at home. We need a policy in which we are as hardheaded in the world as the British are and, as between ourselves, we are in the United States. We cannot expect that, when it comes to looking after their own interests, the British will be any less Yankee. We have every right to expect that, when it comes to looking after our interests, the government of the United States will begin to be more Yankee.

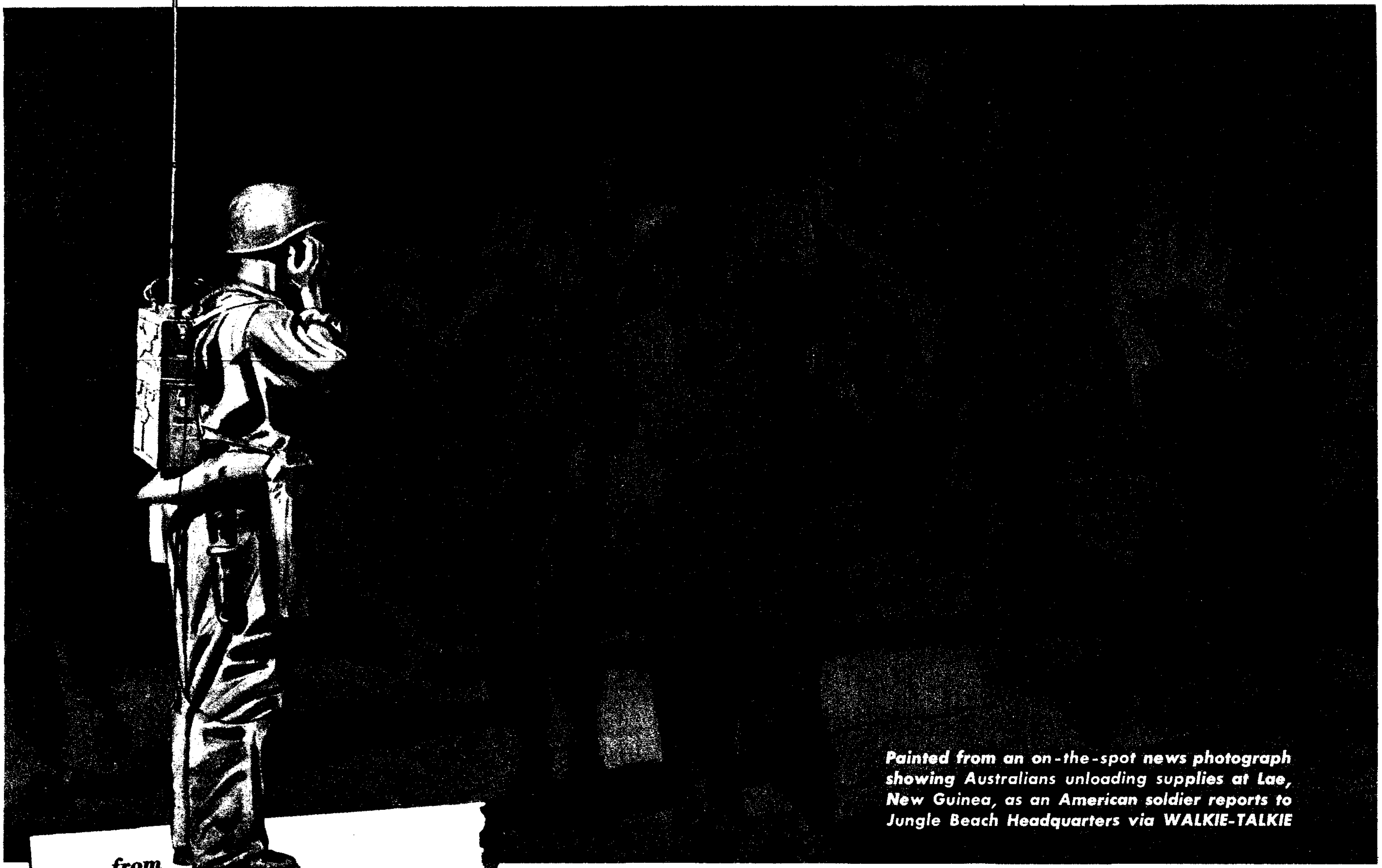
THE END



"No, no, Gilhooney! We're home! This is the U.S.A.!"

COLLIER'S SGT. GEORGE BAKER

Motorola Radio delivers!



Painted from an on-the-spot news photograph showing Australians unloading supplies at Lae, New Guinea, as an American soldier reports to Jungle Beach Headquarters via WALKIE-TALKIE

. . . from

An authoritative National Magazine October, 1943—(name on request)

Known as walkie-talkie, the first portable two-way set was developed in 1933 in the laboratories of the Signal Corps. Walkie-Talkie was the name given by soldiers to the first sets made by the Galvin Manufacturing Corporation, but as popularity of the device grew 'walkie-talkie' slipped into official Army jargon and is now applied to all similar sets. Galvin did most of the development for the Signal Corps.

The Handie-Talkie is basically a Galvin idea, having been hatched in 1940 by the Company's chief engineer while he was watching infantry maneuvers in Wisconsin.

For the continued development and production of Radio Communications and other special Electronic equipment for our Armed Forces, the Motorola organization has been awarded two stars for their Army-Navy "E" Flag. Motorola is proud of the part it has been privileged to play in the speeding of Victory.

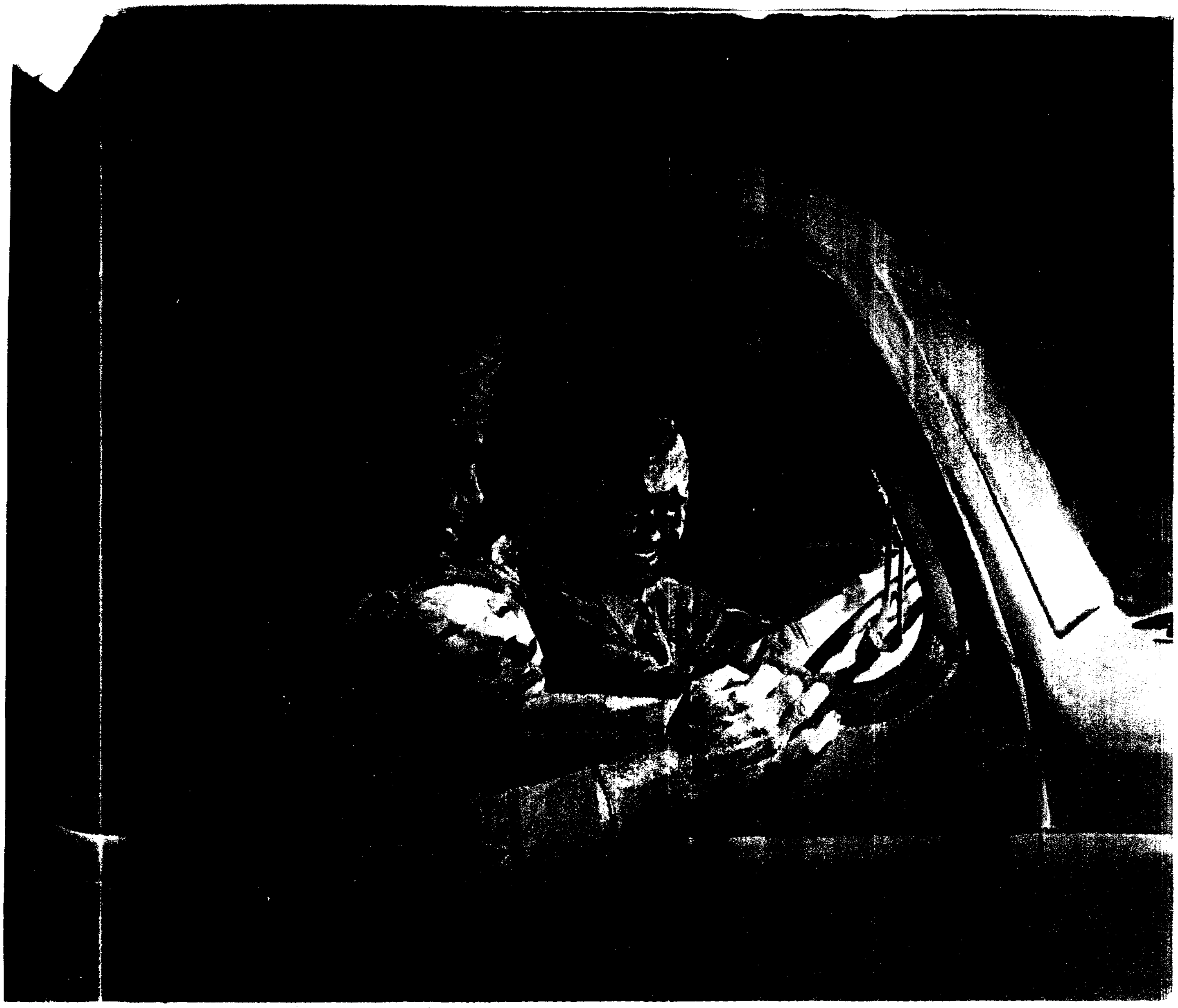
FROM the Motorola Engineering Laboratories there has come a steady stream of vital Electronic developments. As a result of our extensive pre-war pioneering in the engineering and production of Home and Car Radio, and Mobile 2-Way F-M Communications Systems for city, state and government agencies, the entire Motorola organization was fit and ready. It is a matter of record that when our government called, Motorola *delivered* and is *still delivering* in volume, the Military Radio Communications so urgently needed for Victory. It is a Motorola habit to be First!

What Electronics in War Means to Motorola Radio in Peace

Everything we have learned and are learning about Electronics during the War cannot possibly be incorporated into the first Post-War Motorola Radios. *But* you may be certain that because of our new Electronic knowledge, the new Motorolas will look smarter, sound better and bring you the maximum in Radio listening pleasure.

EXPECT BIG THINGS FROM MOTOROLA. THEY'RE IN THE MAKING!

Motorola RADIO
FOR HOME & CAR
GALVIN MFG. CORPORATION · CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



"They sure like to ride in your lap with their noses stickin' outta the window, don't they, soldier?" said the driver. The boy nodded in the darkness

Stray SOLDIER

BY HOWARD MAIER

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM HALL

THE soldier, a rawboned boy with red hair and serious dark eyes, stood on a corner at the edge of the Mexican quarter and waited for the bus. He stood quietly with his big hands dangling at his sides, and there was something in his attitude that expressed an infinite patience, an infinite aloneness.

Outside the ring of luminosity cast by the street lamp the Texas sky was blue-black. Windows in the houses across the way were bright squares of yellow light from which came music and shouts of laughter in a foreign tongue. The street was deserted.

The oppressive warmth on Christmas Day and the smell of the native cooking that hung in the still air made the boy uneasy. In sharp contrast to his surroundings, his thoughts raced a thousand miles away to a little Wisconsin house buried beneath a five-foot blanket of snow, to the music of sleigh bells and the sharp, pungent odor of wood smoke.

The soldier kicked despondently at the dust of the road with his heavy boot. The downtown USO, the party at the Army Y, the juke joint in which his squadron hung out—he had tried them all. They were no good. At least, today they were no good. Christmas was the day you should be with people you belonged to, and to whom you, in turn, belonged. Dejectedly, he kicked at a clump of grass.

A small white dog came out of the darkness and into the outer fringe of the light. It stood stock-still and stared at the soldier.

Another dog, half chow, came loping out of the night. At the sight of the little white dog, the chow slowed, then stalked stiff-leggedly forward. The little dog froze into absolute stillness, and the soldier could see the muscles jumping under the smooth hide.

The chow circled, once, twice, then still closer, walking stiffly, its hackles erect. The little dog moved. Instantly the chow was upon him. There was a quick flurry of white and red in a whirling circle.

The soldier ran across the road. His heavy boot pounded against the chow's side. On the third kick, it relinquished its death grip on the little dog's neck and whirled to meet the interrupter. The soldier carefully watched the chow in that split second of indecisiveness before it turned tail and fled into the darkness.

The boy dropped to one knee and kneaded the little dog's ears and talked to it in a low monotone. Slowly the dog got to its feet, its nervousness gone. As the soldier patted its head the dog kept twisting about in an attempt to lick his hand.

The boy laughed and said, "Good boy, you're all right; good boy." Then he stood up and dusted off his knees and went back across the road to the bus stop.

The little dog followed him. It wagged its tail two or three times and looked questioningly up at the soldier's face. The boy ignored it, and the dog sat down a bit to one side and behind him.

The bus came around the corner and pulled in at the stop. The doors opened, and the soldier got in.

"That your dog, soldier?" the driver said.

The boy looked around. The little white dog was standing with its front paws on the first step of the bus, its eyes fixed on the soldier's face.

The soldier said, "No. He ain't mine."

The driver said, "Okay, then," and pulled the door shut.

There was a sharp yelp of pain. At the sound, the boy's face became suffused with anger and his big hands clenched.

"There wasn't no need for that," he said slowly. "You could've shooed him away."

"You said he wasn't yours, didn't you?" said the driver.

"Shut up!" said the boy. "Open that door and let me out of here."

The driver shrugged indifferently and opened the door. The soldier jumped to the ground as the bus pulled away. The dog came right up to him, its tail going as fast as it could, the whole body wriggling in joy and ecstasy.

"Now see what you've gone and done!" the boy said, and the dog sat on its haunches and looked earnestly up into his face. "You've cost me a ride, that's what." And the boy turned away and started trudging down the road.

The dog attempted to follow, but the boy yelled, "Go on home! Go on now. Scat!"

The dog tucked its tail between its legs and disappeared into the darkness.

IT TOOK the soldier almost an hour before he came to the lane of lights that led to the field's main gate. He showed his pass to the guard and walked on toward the military taxi stop where the big trucks waited.

From behind him came a shout at the gate. He turned about. Away down at the end of the lighted lane, just beyond the gate, a white streak was coming. The boy's face broke into a wide grin. The white streak kept coming and coming, right down the middle, right past the laughing, gesticulating guards. Then the white streak became a little white dog, and the little white dog slowed to a wary walk as it approached the taxi stop.

"Changed your mind about goin' home, heh, boy?" the soldier said. "Maybe you ain't got no home to go to. Well, don't look at me, I ain't got none, either."

The dog cocked its head and backed warily away, and the boy dropped to one knee and talked to it, very low, very coaxingly. The dog stood still, and its tail began to wave slowly, then faster and faster, as it sidled up to the boy and allowed his fingers to knead gently behind the ears.

"Hey, soldier!" came a yell from the truck. "You comin'? I'm shovin' off for Tent City."

"Hold it," said the boy, walking toward the truck. "I'm coming." He opened the cab door and asked, "Mind if I ride up front, soldier?"

"Why not? There ain't nobody else. Hop in."

THE dog had come up and put its paws on the running board. The boy looked down, then up at the driver.

"How about the dog?"

"Sure," the driver said. "Shove 'im in."

"In the back?"

"Naw. Up here with us. That's if he ain't no St. Bernard," and the driver roared with laughter at his own humor.

The boy grinned, whistled, and the dog without hesitation jumped into the cab and sat down between the two soldiers. The driver made a wide circle turn in front of headquarters.

The boy said, "You think there'll be any trouble?"

"About what?"

"About the pooch. Think they'll let me keep him?"

"Sure, they'll let you keep 'im."

"How do you know?"

"How do *I* know! Look, kid, I been around here a long while. I say they'll let you, they'll let you. You seen all these hounds around the post? Now you got one, you think the O. D. is suddenly gonna yell, 'All right, all you dogs, fall in! On the double, get the hell off the reservation!' "

The dog shifted its weight onto the boy's lap and poked its nose against the closed window.

The boy said, "Say, mind if I roll this window down?"

"Roll away. They sure like to ride in your lap with their noses stickin' outta the window, don't they, soldier?"

The boy nodded in the darkness and rolled down the window. A strong sensation of warmth and comfort swept over him; the man at his side seemed suddenly very close, almost part of him.

"Hey, driver," he said impulsively "Merry Christmas."

In the dark, he felt the driver's start o surprise; then came his voice tinged with worry: "Say, kid, you ain't carryin' a load are you? You're okay?"

"I'm okay—now," said the boy.

A short short story complete on this page

ICK-TOCK… ICK-TOCK… IT'S WAITED YEARS FOR CHRISTMAS '43!

KENTUCKY'S FINEST
OLD CHARTER
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
SEVEN YEARS OLD

N YOU SIP IT…when you roll its silky smoothness across your tongue… 're tasting these things. You're tasting a whiskey that started finer, we believe, any whiskey ever known. You're tasting the result of long and leisure years hich it ripened to perfection. You're tasting *Old Charter*—a friend for life!

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OLD CHARTER

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AMERICAN
WHISKEY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS—TODAY!

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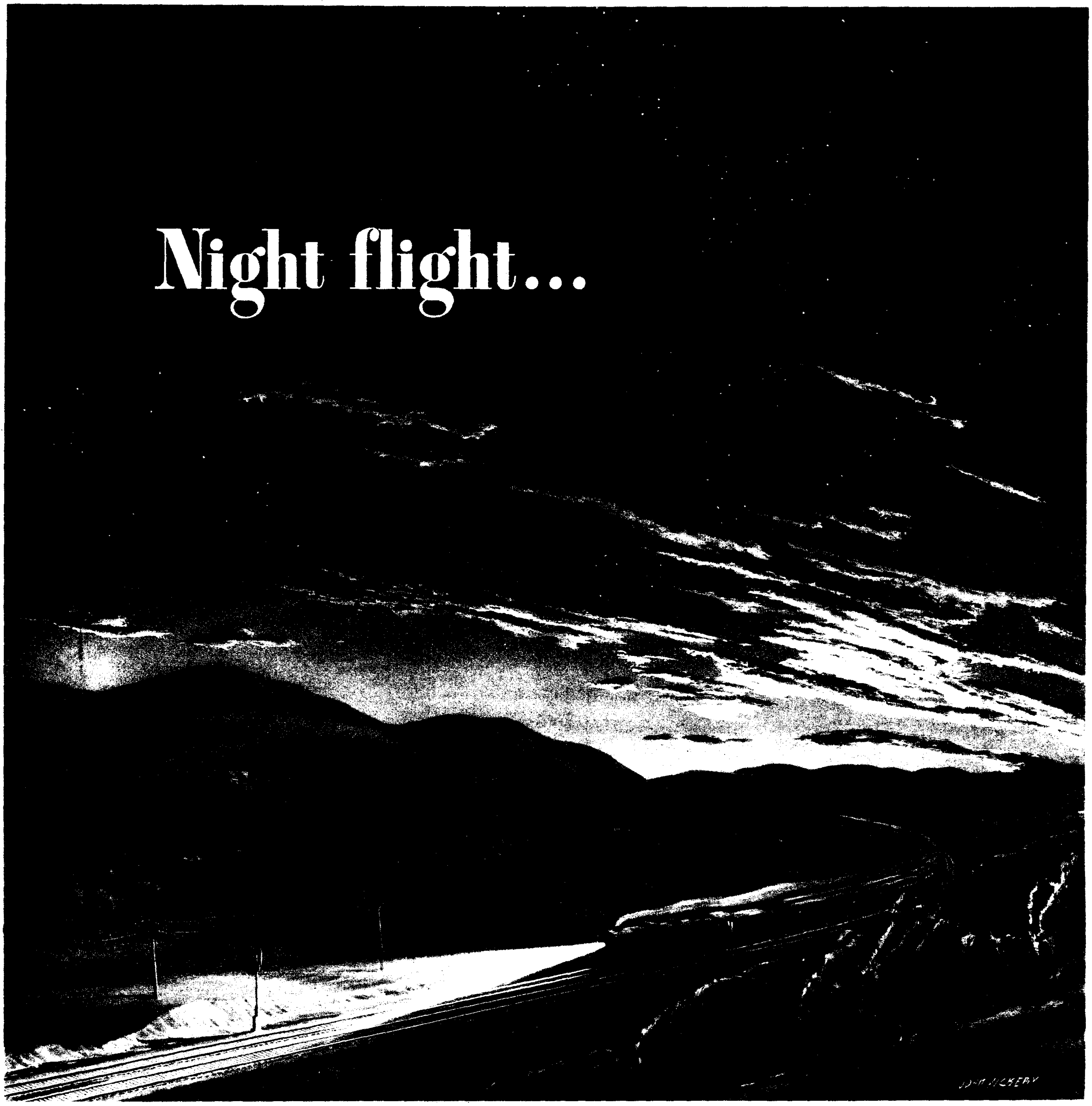
Night flight...



THE beam of a giant headlight stabbing through the black, the long call of the engine's whistle, the thunder of the train in its flight through the night — those are things which, at this season, bring thoughts of "home for Christmas."

But this year it's different. The men and women in the service — those who can be spared for a few days from their pressing business of Victory — have first call on the trains.

But if you find that you must travel at that time:

Ask your local ticket agent about the less crowded trains and the best days on which to take them.

Cut your hand-baggage to one piece — check the rest.

Tag all luggage to avoid mistakes and mix-ups.

And if your plans change, cancel your reservations promptly.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

God's Partner

Continued from page 36

than $10,000,000. The Foundation owns 317,641 out of a total of 450,000 shares of stock in R. G. LeTourneau, Inc., an outright irrevocable gift from LeTourneau in 1935.

The income—it amounted to $405,000 last year—is used to support evangelical work—missions, both home and abroad, rural preachers, gospel radio programs, schools, Bible conferences and tract distribution.

There is no trickery, no stock manipulation here. LeTourneau has only 1,000 shares left in his own company, although his control of the Foundation makes him the boss still. He has made God his partner legally as well as in his heart.

But LeTourneau feels that money is not enough for the Lord. He gives Him time and effort, too. On weekdays he works long and happily at earth-moving, finishing off fourteen hours of designing and making machinery at his Vicksburg, Mississippi, plant, with a night flight in a twin-motored Lockheed to another of his plants in Peoria, Illinois, or Stockton, California, or Toccoa, Georgia.

LeTourneau is crazy about airplanes. The Lord approved the purchase of the Lockheed job and four other planes, he says, as business and evangelical necessities.

On Saturday afternoons and Sundays, all of LeTourneau's time belongs to God. "I promised the Lord I would bear witness," he says, and he does bear witness in fire-and-brimstone sermons shouted out in churches of many denominations. He speaks once or twice every Saturday, three times on Sunday, and often on week nights as well, traveling by plane for the speedier spread of God's word.

LeTourneau's militant religion alternately inspires and exasperates the more sophisticated executives who work under him. "But Mr. R. G.," they say, "you've simply got to be in Washington Saturday. It's important."

"Young man, who do you think made Washington?" says Mr. R. G. "I've got a speaking engagement with the Lord and I'm going to keep it."

In Tune with the Infinite

His young men have learned not to try to come between R. G. and his God. It is not necessarily a matter of religion with them. They know that when R. G. fails to keep a promise to the Lord, he is good for nothing until somehow he regains his heavenly peace. Washington officials must have something of the same idea, because they do not inquire too closely into his use of gasoline for flying evangelical week-end trips.

Nor do the efficient, orthodox businessmen who serve under him dare to quarrel with LeTourneau's insistence on religious services in his plants. An executive estimated that these services cost the company $12,000 a month in employee time at the Peoria plant alone. "But," he added, "R. G. couldn't work in a plant where the Lord wasn't recognized, and R. G. is the genius of this organization, and don't you forget it."

LeTourneau's sermons are outspoken accounts of his own religious experiences. He tells how he was failing in business until he took God as his partner. "The Lord had to speak pretty loud to me. He took my first-born son and my job, and I was licked and in debt for $5,000. Then one night at a revival meeting in Stockton, California, I got down on my knees and met the Lord face to face. Mind you, I was already a Christian but I hadn't sold out to the Lord. That night I said to Him, 'Lord, I'm licked. It's up to you. If you'll give me a victorious Christian life, I'll do whatever you ask me to do from this day on.'"

The next morning, LeTourneau asked the pastor if he thought the Lord wanted him to be a foreign missionary. "I'll do it. Brother, if that's what it takes to keep my promise."

The pastor suggested prayer.

"When we arose from our knees," LeTourneau relates, "the pastor said these words to me—and they still ring in my ears like a voice from heaven: 'God needs businessmen as well as missionaries.' I answered, 'I will do my best to be God's businessman!'"

From that moment on, LeTourneau prospered, with the exception of one bad year, caused, he says, by his temporary failure to keep his promise to God. This man who had left school in the seventh grade, who had worked for years as a small-town garage mechanic, suddenly blossomed into an inventor and a manufacturer.

XMAS SUGGEST
GIVE A BOOK
Frank BEAVEN

COLLIER'S "Well, of course, a book *is* nice" FRANK BEAVEN

He was a small-time land-leveling contractor using one tractor and a borrowed scraper when he "sold out" to the Lord He devised a rig whereby one man instead of two could operate both tractor and scraper. Soon, contractors all around began asking him to fix up their scrapers the same way, and his one-man, open-lot manufacturing plant was in full operation. He developed bigger and better scrapers, pioneering in the use of the shielded arc-welding process for fabrication.

Kaiser could not build ships so fast if he had not followed LeTourneau's lead in construction by welding instead of by riveting. He made the first angle-dozer, which can sidecast dirt. He first used pneumatic tires on scrapers. "I didn't know anything about dynamometer tests then, but I just figured rubber tires would give us more power than the steel rims we'd been using."

He made the first carryall scraper, with an apron which made it possible to scoop up and carry and unload dirt all with the one piece of equipment. He increased the scraper's capacity from twelve cubic yards to sixty cubic yards. He said there was no need to dynamite big rocks, and produced a rooter with twenty tons of lifting pressure, which can tear up a 14-inch concrete pavement with ease. The very heart of his equipment, he says, is his power-control unit, the light, powerful, speedy contraption that energizes all his machines.

"I am just a mechanic," he says, "whom the Lord has blessed."

His one year of failure, right at the beginning of the depression, left him owing several hundred thousand dollars, including five weeks' wages to his employees.

"I had failed the Lord," he says. "During that time, I always pledged five thousand dollars a year to His work, but this year, well, I got too big for my britches, I guess. I said, 'It will take all my finances to handle the program I have set for this year, so I'll let the Lord wait, and next year I'll have a lot of money for Him.'

"I was wrong, because God wants the first fruits, and trust Him that the harvest will be sufficient to meet the needs. But as I struggled along on the verge of bankruptcy, once more I met God face to face. I said, 'Lord, you know this was the worst year ever. How can I pledge for missions when my money is gone?' But the still, small voice said, 'Better make the old pledge again and trust me.'"

Making Good His Pledge

LeTourneau was sitting in church as he talked to his God, he says, and right across the aisle was his foreman. "I owed that man five weeks' pay, and I reminded the Lord that I did. I said, 'Lord, what will that man think of a fellow who pledges five thousand dollars to the church when he can't meet his pay roll?' Then the Lord spoke to me and said, 'Couldn't you split up the five thousand dollars into small pledges and make them in the names of your children?' So I did."

Within a week, a contractor ordered a giant scraper and paid him $25,000 in advance.

LeTourneau first paid off his pledge, then his employees. "I tell you it pays to put God on your pay roll."

But LeTourneau insists, "A man mustn't do right because he thinks it will pay. That's no good. You need to love the Lord without caring whether it pays or not. And it will pay, as a by-product. Lots of people think I'm trying to buy my way into heaven. I know my Bible too well for that. Good works never saved anybody. It says so in a hundred places in the Bible. It's your heart that must be right, and the good works are bound to follow."

LeTourneau takes instructions from God with humbleness, but he rebels at interference from any other source. The government, the unions, his own board of directors can goad him into secular speech as fiery as his sermons. "If they hamstring a man, how's he going to do business?" asked rugged individualist LeTourneau, and lashes out at patent laws and certain union leaders and congressmen.

A damaging strike in Peoria finally coerced him into making his peace with the A. F. of L. That was in Peoria only, however. Organizers have not yet succeeded in establishing unions in his other plants. "I'm not against unions," he says, "but I do think both labor and management are sowing the seeds of hate. How then can they hope for a harvest of love?"

An Economy of Abundance

LeTourneau believes that the industrialist who creates an artificial scarcity to keep prices up is guilty of sin. "Management needs to have more heart. It needs to go a lot further in an effort to get goods to the consumer in greater quantities at lower prices. There's no such thing as overproduction; there is only underconsumption, and that's our own fault. There's plenty of raw material in this world, and plenty of people willing to work. Why, then, should any man anywhere lack for anything?"

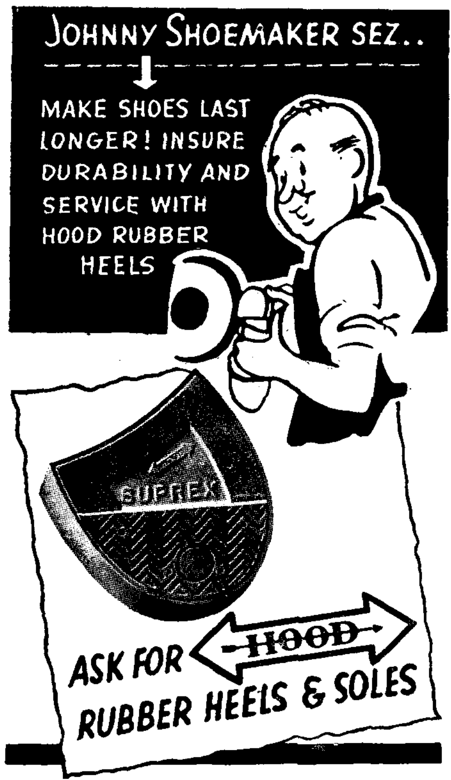
He scoffs at people who fear that America will impoverish herself trying to feed the world after the war. "We'll have to help out the hard-hit nations at first, of course. But the best thing we can do for them is give them our machines and teach them how to make more machines of their own, so that farming and all industry can be as productive in their countries as it is in ours. I tell you that, if all of us, especially us businessmen, act in a generous Christian way instead of a selfish way, there'll be plenty for everybody and to spare."

Now and then, LeTourneau employees grow restive in the heavy religious atmosphere. A rumor spread around Toccoa that a man could be the best worker in the world and still not get anywhere unless he was a testifying Christian.

"That is not so," said LeTourneau in a plant meeting. "I wish you all were Christians, but, if you were, I'd have to get rid of some of you and bring in some nonbelievers to be converted."

LeTourneau never worries. "It's a sin to worry." He never suffers from insomnia. "Oh, maybe sometimes at night when I ought to be sleeping, I get to building a machine and can't let go, but I'll tell you what I do then. I start praying, and the devil don't want me to pray, so he puts me right to sleep."

Sometimes, of course, LeTourneau fails—as when he made an unsuccessful cane-harvester for use on Hawaiian plantations. It cost upward of $100,000 and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Do you lack pep or vim?	☐	☐
Do you get irritable easily?	☐	☐
Do you feel depressed—nervous?	☐	☐

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scoffers said, "Well, Mr. R. G., where was the Lord that time?" But LeTourneau knows all the answers: "The Lord is always with me. He was just teaching me another lesson. I won't make that mistake again."

He dedicates his plants to the Lord with elaborate two- or three-day ceremonies, hiring music and preachers, spreading barbecue banquets for thousands of guests, everybody welcome.

His boundless generosity was a prewar benison to preachers everywhere. He gave a luxury yacht to a missionary to facilitate his travels up and down the coast of China He set up a sawmill and a hydraulic plant for a South African mission For the Foundation's cross-country evangelists, he bought a de luxe trailer—sleeping space for five, a gas stove, electricity, a shower bath. All these things he did, he says, at the direction of the Lord.

But when some preacher says, "The Lord directed me to come to you for money," LeTourneau answers, "Well, the Lord hasn't told me about it yet. I'll wait until He does"

LeTourneau and his family live far less luxuriously than his beneficiaries. Fortunately, his wife thinks as he thinks. "How could we disagree," she asks, "when we kneel down together every night and talk things over with the Lord?"

She has had a wistful yearning for a nice house of her own, however, especially after spending a winter in a run-down four-room house in Vicksburg. The house was built of green lumber and was not lined, and, as the lumber dried, cracks appeared between the boards, and you could see light through the cracks and the wind whistled through. With only a coal stove for heat, it got pretty chilly in that house

I sought out Mrs. LeTourneau, found her garbed in slacks, happily supervising the building of her new nonpriority concrete house on top of a hill near the Vicksburg plant. She is a robust, smiling, fair-haired woman of Swedish descent.

"It's going to be a nine-room house," she said, leading me around to look at the foundations. "I wouldn't make it so big if I didn't know the plant workers would enjoy it with us."

She kneeled to place some bricks in line.

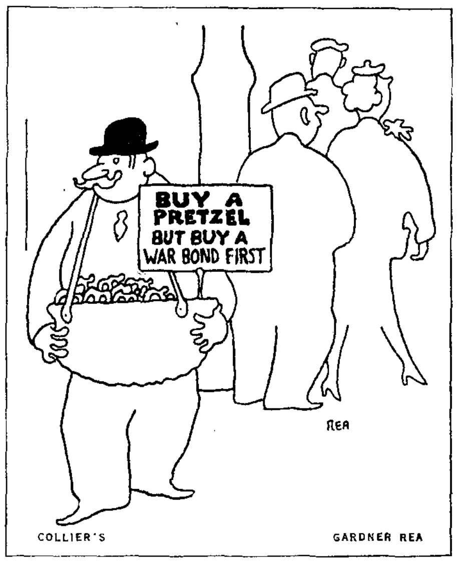
"No, I never owned a fur coat," she said, "The only one I ever saw that I really liked cost $795. It was a brown fur—mink, I believe they said. But I couldn't pay that; it would hurt my conscience. I did pay $125 for my new coat, the most expensive one I ever had. It has a fur collar."

Their Marriage Has Been Happy

She and her husband have never quarreled, she said, since they eloped from Stockton and got married in Mexico when she was only fifteen. She's forty-two now, he's fifty-four. LeTourneau chose Mexico, so they "wouldn't have to tell an untruth" about her age.

Once when her husband needed copper, Mrs LeTourneau gave him the curtain rods from her windows. She never has replaced them. "My mother ran a laundry, and I ironed so many curtains I am sick of the sight of them."

The younger workers and the boys attending the LeTourneau machinist school call her "Mom."


BUY A PRETZEL BUT BUY A WAR BOND FIRST
REA
COLLIER'S
GARDNER REA

She agrees with LeTourneau on the upbringing of their children—Benny, age 9, Teddy 11, Roy 14, Richard 18, and Louise 24. "I don't tell them they can't go to the movies," she explains. "I just tell them that I don't think the movies will help them and might hurt them, and that there are more profitable things for a Christian to do. They all seem to agree with me."

All the sons are taught, first, welding and then all of a machinist's craft, working regular hours in the plants. Even the nine- and eleven-year-olds work at least two hours after school and a half day during the summer.

LeTourneau hasn't much use for higher education. "If a man wants to know anything, let him buy a book and study it. That's how I learned trigonometry and geometry." His son Richard learned so much by this method that now he is slated to go to LeTourneau's new Australian plant as a designing machinist. Richard knows how to use a machine gun. "I find nothing in the Bible that says a man shouldn't defend himself," says LeTourneau.

As the LeTourneau enterprises grow bigger and bigger, the boss finds himself forced to hire experts. The experts beg him to stick to developing earth-moving machinery, but they can't prevent him from inventing and trying out new things. He has set up a $50,000 steel mold, shaped like a four-leaf clover, into which he intends to pour concrete to produce a house.

"You can buy a hundred dollars' worth of concrete and pour yourself a house in an afternoon," the maestro predicts, and engineers don't know whether to laugh or listen.

"My principal planks in life are speed, the welding torch and the Bible," LeTourneau says, and his motto, framed and hanging on walls in several places, is, "Not how much of my money do I give to God, but how much of God's money do I keep for myself."

THE END

Four Stars and a Heart

Continued from page 26

The Old Man (he is 59, by the way) has a sublime faith in the heavy bomber as an instrument for destroying America's enemies' ability to wage war. What is happening today with the Eighth Air Force, based on England, stems directly from the convictions of General Arnold and of Lieutenant Gen. Ira C. Eaker, one of his cronies in the days when he was delivering preachments on airpower.

Gen. Henry Harley Arnold was awarded the Collier Trophy, established in 1911 by Robert F. Collier, son of the founder of Collier's Weekly, for many reasons. One of them was that thing at Casablanca.

He had built up his air force, but it still was limited in numbers, and he had to fight for what he considered the right employment of it. The African offensive forced the diversion of bombers from the Eighth Air Force to the Northwest African Air Force for the strategical and tactical employment that made the Tunisian campaign successful. General Arnold saw a crisis developing—the Eighth was then making only token raids on selected targets in Germany. The public's faith in the bomber as a means of eroding German resistance would begin to waver.

He did some table-pounding at Casablanca. By April of 1943 the strength of the Eighth again definitely was on the rise. By June, General Eaker, the Eighth's commander, could say at a press conference that his bomber strength had doubled since March and would double again by October For the first time, Germany began feeling the full weight of American bombs at such points at Hamburg, Bremen and Schweinfurt.

The commanding general of the Army Air Forces, a native of Gladwyne, Pennsylvania, learned to fly with the Wright brothers, the fathers of the powered airplane, at Dayton, Ohio, in 1911. He was graduated from West Point in 1907 and served briefly in the Philippines. Still in the infantry (Army flying as yet was in the acetylene-light stage) he set up an aviation service in the Panama Canal Zone after he won his wings. His organizing ability already had begun asserting itself. In the First World War, he was assistant director of Military Aeronautics, responsible for 30 flying schools, 15,000 officers and 125,000 enlisted men.

The Growth of an Air Force

In 1920 he transferred from the Signal Corps to the Air Service, which had grown out of the crib of its parent organization at the start of America's participation in the war. By 1935, he had taken command of the first wing of the old General Headquarters Air Force, the precursor of today's Combat Air Army, and in the following year he became assistant chief of the Army Air Forces.

Meantime he had been graduated from the Army Industrial College and from the Command and General Staff School. He holds the ratings of command pilot and combat observer.

With Mrs. Arnold, the former Eleanor A. Pool, also of Gladwyne, he lives in one of those red brick monstrosities at Fort Myer, Virginia. The Arnolds have four children—Major Henry Harley, Jr.; Lieutenant William Bruce, newly graduated from West Point; Lois, married to a Navy flier; and David, still in prep school. Both the older boys are in the Coast Artillery.

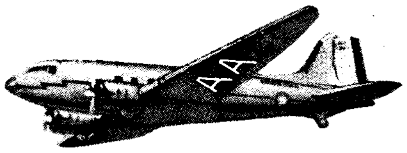
When the general is in Washington, he works in a long office that has a window giving on one runway of Washington National Airport If the wind direction is right, planes taking off, flying right through the room, so to speak, and the bellow of their engines is music to his ears.

He has another office in a building in Washington proper. As a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he sits with General George C. Marshall, Admiral Ernest J. King and Admiral William D. Leahy, America's top-flight Military Board of Strategy. He sits in a consultative capacity with the Combined Chiefs of Staff, which is the Allied Board of Strategy.

When he returned from his visit to England in 1941, he told reporters: "One thing we might as well get through our heads now is that fortifications as we used to know them are a thing of the past. The only real fortifications an army has today is a canopy of combat planes."

Hitler might well ponder that one as he girds roofless "Fortress" Europe against the forthcoming Allied invasion.

THE END



Thanks

As we redouble *our* efforts to meet the war demands, our passengers keep pace with *their* cooperation. Many non-priority passengers, often at great personal inconvenience, give the right of way to those with priority. For this you have our thanks and the thanks of the nation.

During the past year, Flagships have shortened millions of miles, saved countless hours, and immeasurably expedited our nation's war activities. Yet in relation to available space, we have transported more passengers, more cargo and more mail than in any previous year—more in volume and more in importance!

But all of the credit for this unprecedented job does not belong to members of American's own organization. Thousands of you have continually helped to make it possible. You have slept in seats, instead of berths and you have often surrendered those seats, in order to enable us to carry a greater number of the most essential travelers. You have made reservations as far in advance as possible and in many other ways you have inspired our personnel and made it even more of a pleasure to serve you.

War is a severe teacher. It has taught, among other lessons, that when time is of the essence, there is no substitute for the speed and freedom of movement of air transportation. *Without it, America would be greatly handicapped.*

When will this war end? *When we win it.* We face the new year with increasing evidence that the most effective use of airplanes, both at home as well as overseas, is *indispensable* to victory. We also see in aviation's prodigious war progress the promise of finer and faster passenger and cargo planes, equally *indispensable* to a rapid rebuilding of a better world.

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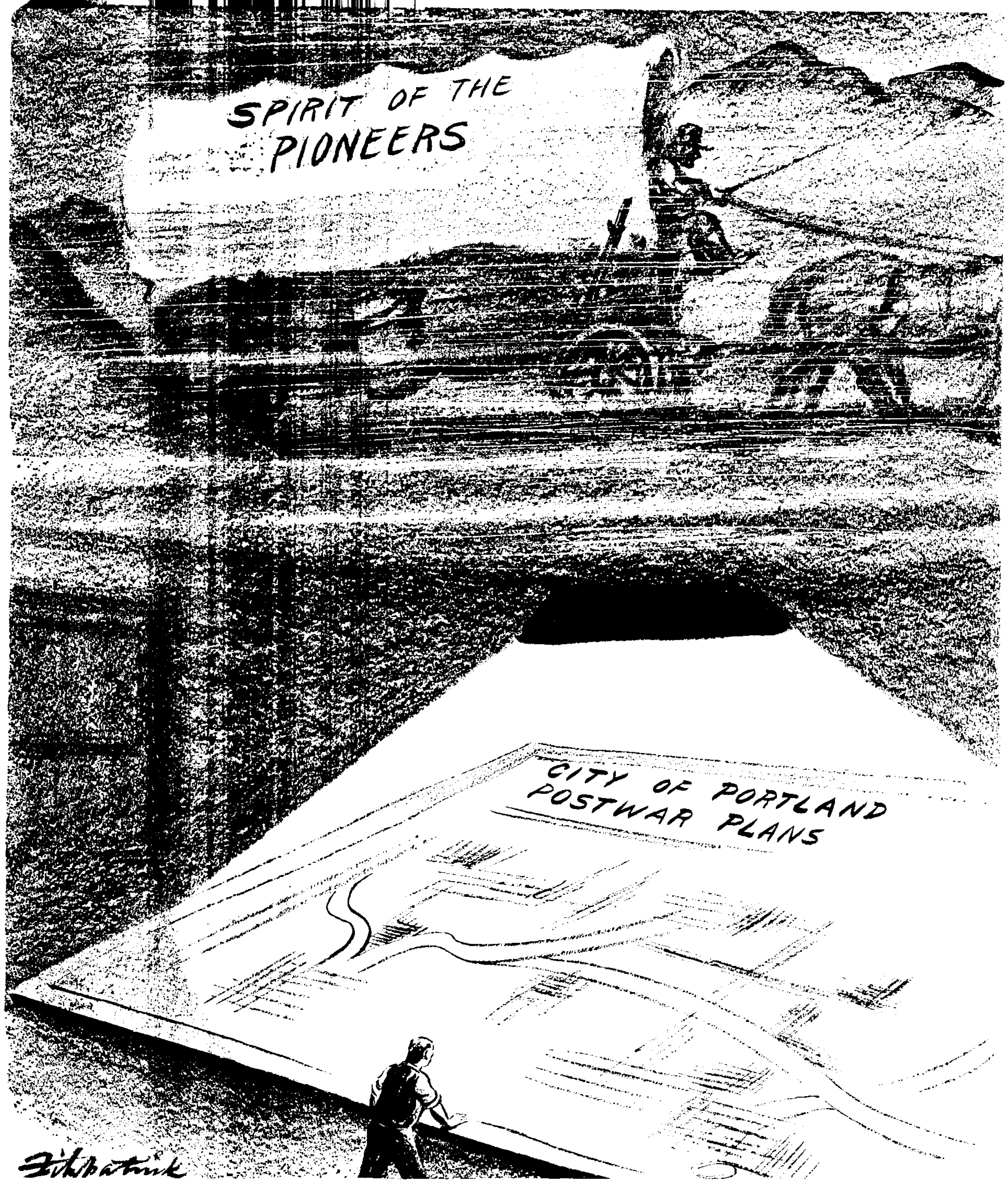

REAL POSTWAR PLANNING

THE city of Portland, Oregon, a few months ago retained Robert Moses, famed New York expert on all manner of public improvements, to draw up a comprehensive public-works plan to be put into effect in and around Portland after the war. The object was to line up as many productive and constructive jobs as possible, in the Portland metropolitan area, for the transition period between war economy and peace economy.

Mr. Moses made the survey and brought in a program which, from this distance, looks like a masterpiece. As an outsider, of course, he could analyze Portland's public improvement needs and problems objectively, and bring his vast practical experience to bear on his findings.

Among the Moses recommendations are a new bridge across the Willamette River; an interstate bridge between Portland and Vancouver, Washington, a system of "through-ways" to keep traffic circulating around instead of jamming through Portland's downtown business area; a first-class sewage-disposal system to stop pollution of the Willamette River; a sleekly functional civic center; a new railway station and bus depot; various street-widening projects, scenic drive developments, and so on.

If approved by the various city and state agencies concerned, the work will cost Portland about $75,000,000, and will provide a total of 20,000 jobs for two years after the war. Mr. Moses estimates that 72,000 jobs will be needed in war-expanded Portland after the war boom ends; but with this backlog of 20,000 jobs guaranteed by public funds, private industry in and around Portland should be able to adjust to peacetime conditions far more smoothly than if there were no such backlog. The city of Portland, too, will get a series of improvements which will make it an even better place to live in than it now is.

We think this is one of the wisest, most foresighted pieces of postwar planning we've yet heard of. It insures Portland, if the plan is adopted, against a lot of haphazard, wasteful leaf-raking projects dreamed up in a hurry as the boys come piling home. It means local control and financing of the assorted projects, with a horde of carpetbagger bureaucrats from Washington ruled off the scene. It by-passes a lot of windy promises about what's to be done for our heroes when they come back, and reduces to black, white and blueprints what can be done. The Moses fee for the survey and report was $100,000; and we doubt that Portland ever spent $100,000 to better advantage.

In the whole episode, it seems to us, there is an inspiring hint to many an American city or town now bloated with war prosperity and wondering what it will ever do when the war boom ends.

CLOSER TIES WITH CANADA

CANADA'S legation at Washington and the United States' legation at Ottawa were raised recently to the status of embassies. The step seems eminently proper and fitting, and we hope it foreshadows closer co-operation than ever between the two countries.

A postwar United States alliance, collaboration, understanding—call it what you will—with the entire British Empire would be most desirable, we believe.

The United States and the British Empire, 99 chances to 1, are going to come out of this war as the two greatest sea and air powers in world history. They are not going to be surrounded, from present indications, with friends and well-wishers. Quite the contrary, despite the current talk of undying inter-Allied friendship and unity. To us, it seems only common sense for the English-speaking peoples to team up after the war and use their combined air and sea power to keep their own peace and swing a great deal of weight in keeping the peace of the entire world.

But if we can't negotiate some postwar understanding with the whole British Empire, we should at least march along shoulder to shoulder with Canada. As regards defense problems, the North American continent is a unit—a fact which was painfully demonstrated when the bombs came whistling down at Pearl Harbor, and again when the Japs ensconced themselves on Attu and Kiska and for more than a year menaced the entire West Coast of Canada and the United States.

We are co-operating virtually 100 per cent with Canada during this war, and vice versa. We'd better improve on that record, if possible, through the years of peace to follow this war. If we let the connection loosen or rust . . . well, Benjamin Franklin once had some cogent words to say about hanging together in preference to hanging separately.

RACIAL PEACE PRESCRIPTION

THE following is quoted from the recent statement on the essentials of a good peace, by the administrative board of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, voice of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the United States:

> In the Providence of God, there are among us millions of fellow citizens of the Negro race.
>
> We owe to these fellow citizens, who have contributed so largely to the development of our country, and for whose welfare history imposes on us a special obligation of justice, to see that they have in fact the rights which are given to them in our Constitution.
>
> This means not only political equality but also fair economic and educational opportunities, a just share in public welfare projects, good housing without exploitation, and a full chance for the social advancement of their race.
>
> When given their rights in fact as well as in law, they will prize with us our national heritage and not lend ear to agitators whose real objective is not to improve but to destroy our way of living.

That seems to us to state the entire Negro question as it faces Americans today, and to state it in the fewest possible words. We do not see how it could be improved upon; or how all of us could do ourselves a bigger single favor than to take that statement to heart and strive to put it into practice all over the United States.